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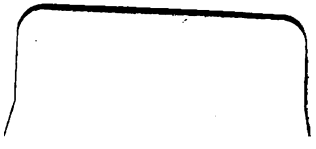

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GRAY'S WORKS

VOL. I.

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY

In Prose and Verse

EDITED BY

EDMUND GOSSE

CLARK LECTURER ON ENGLISH LITERATURE AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

IN FOUR VOLS.—VOL. I.

POEMS, JOURNALS, AND ESSAYS

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1884

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TO

MATTHEW ARNOLD

IS DEDICATED

THIS FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF A POET

WHOM NO ONE HAS JUDGED WITH A FINER OR

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THAN HE

TOYA

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

It is a great privilege to be entrusted with the collection of the writings of a classic, but the more pleasure is united with such a labour, the heavier is the responsibility. The preparation of this issue of the entire Works of Thomas Gray has been no holiday task, and I relinquish it to the printers with no certainty that the aim of so much assiduous labour has been reached. In the first place, I have to record a disappointment. In undertaking to collect for the first time the whole writings of Gray, I was buoyed up by a sanguine hope that I should be able to add very considerably to the bulk of those writings. Tradition has whispered for the last forty years of unprinted verses and unexamined letters by the exquisite author of the *Elegy*, and it was my confident expectation that I should be able to unearth the majority of these. For the last four years, by all the public and private means in my power, I have been endeavouring to lay my hand upon these manuscripts.

But I am bound to say that I have slowly become convinced that no such treasures exist, and that we know the limits of Gray's literary production. Again and again I have seemed on the brink of discovery, and each time the prose has proved a cloud, the poems a mirage. Of matter actually unprinted before, in some form or other, these volumes contain comparatively little.

If, however, I have not been fortunate enough, gleaning after Mason and Mitford, to collect a sheaf of lost *Letters* or light upon the suppositious *Ode on the Liberty of Genius*, I yet may magnify my office by boasting of some interesting additions. Several of Gray's humorous pieces have been recovered in his own handwriting, and have been here for the first time printed; the *Epitaph on a Child* is new, and in a graceful vein of elegy; while to these trifles of his old age have been added a set of copies of Latin verses, boldly signed with the word "Gray," which were lately found at the back of a drawer at Pembroke College. I fear these will not advance the poet's reputation for boyish Latinity. By far the most valuable additions to Gray's verse, however, are certain translations from Propertius and from Dante, which date from his best poetic years, and possess, it seems to me, extraordinary merit. In prose I am glad to print for the first time, with the per-

mission of Mr. John Murray, Gray's *Journal in France* in 1739, and several letters, which take their place in the general transcript of the Letter Book in the Egerton MSS. I cannot but hope that the publication of these contributions would be enough to justify the existence of this new edition, if it had no other claim to consideration.

It is, however, the collation and the arrangement of existing material which have given me by far the greatest and most responsible labour. In the first place, strange as it may seem, this is the only edition in which any attempt has been made to include in one publication the whole writings of Gray. A bibliographical statement of what has been done by my predecessors may serve as a preface to what I have attempted to do. Mason, in 1775, was the first to make a collection of the *Letters* and a few of the minor prose works. He also printed a variety of the posthumous poems. After the death of Mason the text of his writings passed through several hands, and amongst them those of Gilbert Wakefield, without any gain to their correctness or volume. In 1814 the Rev. John Mitford, who had access to MS. sources, published the first accurate edition of the *Poems*. In the same year Mathias published the Works of Gray, in two quarto volumes, reprinting Mason's text in the main, but adding very largely to

the minor prose works from the pages of the Stonehewer MSS. The *Letters* still remained in the fragmentary form in which Mason had introduced them to the world until 1816, when Mitford edited the *Poems* and the *Letters*, with very large additions to the latter. This has hitherto remained the standard text of Gray, although it does not contain half of the Mason Correspondence, any of the Norton Nicholls Correspondence, nor any of the minor prose writings. In 1843 Mitford edited the Correspondence and Reminiscences of the Rev. Norton Nicholls, in which a large number of extremely interesting letters by Gray were printed for the first time. In 1853, when he was very aged, the indefatigable Mitford added another to the publications with which he had obliged the world, in the shape of an additional volume of Gray's unedited correspondence. The letters and verses contained in these two volumes of 1843 and 1853 have never, until now, been included in Gray's Works, to obtain the whole of which it has hitherto been necessary to procure four distinct publications, of various forms and sizes. The present volumes have at least this advantage, that they present to the public for the first time a consecutive collection of Gray's letters and essays.

The text of these preceding editions has differed as much in quality as the volumes in size. Of Mason

it is difficult to speak as an editor with due moderation in censure. Mitford, in following his steps, only gradually awoke to the boundless nature of his duplicity as an editor. Mason was in many respects a worthy man, but he was neither a delicate nor a conscientious one. He did not know what it was to be scrupulous in approaching a patron or in handling a text. With him the end justified the means, and he thought no more of confuting a rascally enemy by introducing a forged paragraph into a letter, than he did of completing an unfinished stanza or of suppressing a clumsy sentence. His version of Gray's *Letters* is crowded with alterations, interpolations, and transpositions, "far too numerous and too important," as Mitford at last perceived, "to be merely the effect of a negligent transcription." I have compared Mason's text again and again with Gray's actual holograph, and have experienced a sort of amazement at the impudence that the collation reveals. In the present volumes I have ignored Mason as far as possible. Wherever it was practicable, I have rejected his authority altogether, and it is with the greatest satisfaction that I am able to say that in this edition his text, in prose or verse, is reduced almost to a minimum. Mitford, until, in his latest publication, that of 1853, his eyes were completely open to the moral worthlessness of Mason

as an authority, felt himself bound to print such interpolations as he discovered, though placing them within brackets. I have ventured to expunge these and other forgeries altogether, when it is quite certain that they were introduced by Mason, and I have not cared to disturb the reader by any current reference to them.

Mitford's views on the duty of an editor underwent complete modification during the course of his long life. He was born in the dark ages of bibliography, and lived on into a critical generation. The consequence was that his original edition of the works of Gray, in four volumes, aims at nothing more than a general adherence to the text of the original; while his supplementary volumes of 1843, and still more of 1853, are in every way far more exact and trustworthy. The last-mentioned, the Mason Correspondence, is edited in such a way as to assure me, although I have not seen the letters themselves, that if any divergences from the original exist, they must be exceedingly small, and quite accidental. In printing the bulk of the letters, in his earlier publication, he was, however, much less accurate; and it is therefore a great satisfaction to me that it is in dealing with these that I have been able to return to the poet's holograph. The Mason and Norton Nicholls letters I have been obliged to print from Mitford's latest

revision, but I do not believe that the critical reader loses anything of importance by this circumstance.

It now devolves upon me to state more particularly on what materials the text of the present volumes is based. The *Poems* may first attract our attention. In the case, then, of all poems published in Gray's lifetime, I have, with two exceptions, printed *verbatim et literatim* from the Dodsley edition, published in July 1768, which contained Gray's latest and most deliberate corrections. The exceptions are the *Long Story* and the *Installation Ode.* The *Elegy* I have printed, after much consideration, from the text of 1768, because this appears to me to be the latest existing version, later than all MS. copies. In appendices I have reprinted the same poem as it was published in 1751, and as it stands in the Pembroke MS. The *Long Story*, only once printed by Gray in his lifetime, in 1753, and in 1768 discarded by him, I have printed from a MS. which I was the first to describe, now in Pembroke College. The *Installation Ode* has been printed from the first edition, of 1769. To my very great satisfaction I discovered among the Stonehewer MSS. at Pembroke College,—where they had escaped the notice of Mathias, who alone seems to have examined those MSS. until the kindness of the College authorities submitted them to me,—holograph copies of the majority of Gray's poems, written

by him on the backs of leaves in his great common-place-book. I have thus been able to be independent of all previous editors in printing the greater part of the posthumous poems, both English and Latin. In each case I have been careful to state the source from which the text is taken.

It will be remembered that as a prose writer Gray possesses this peculiarity, that he is exclusively posthumous. No portion of his prose works saw the light until after his death. No printed text, therefore, possesses any final authority, and whenever it is possible to refer to the poet's holograph, there is no further appeal. As far, then, as regards the largest section of Gray's prose writings,—the letters which he addressed to Thomas Wharton,—I am relieved from the responsibility of reference to any previous text, for I have scrupulously printed these, as though they never had been published before, direct from the originals, which exist, in a thick volume, among the Egerton MSS., in the Manuscript department of the British Museum. The Wharton letters are so numerous and so important, and have hitherto been so carelessly transcribed, that I regard this portion of my labours, mechanical as it is, with great satisfaction; for the final correction of this part of Gray's text, which had hitherto been neglected, is of much more importance than that of the Norton

Nicholls and Mason letters, which, as I have already said, received the particular attention of Mitford at a later period, when he understood his duties as an editor in a much more serious sense than in his youth.

In his later publications Mitford was as much given to exceed in the bulk of his notes as in his earlier ones he had been needlessly scanty. I have not scrupled to cut down and even to omit notes of his, attached to the Mason Correspondence, in which the information given, however curious and interesting in itself, bears no relation whatever to Gray. Detailed political gossip, in particular, is obviously out of place in annotating the writings of a literary recluse. In the same way, I have taken the liberty of suppressing the notes of Mason, when, as is not unfrequently the case, they are purely tributes to his own inordinate vanity. The fact, however, that Mason was personally intimate with Gray gives a special value to his impressions, and I have often retained his notes where they are not in themselves important, merely because they bear slightly, but at first hand, on the habits and character of Gray. My own notes I have made as brief and business-like as possible, intruding a reference only where I fancied that it might assist in giving the general reader a clearer notion of the writer's meaning, or in putting him on a level of intelligence

with the correspondent. When the notes are Gray's I have said so, and in general each reference is attributed to its author. Those notes which are signed [ED.] are my own, throughout the volumes.

The orthography of the text may perhaps be attacked, but I am prepared to defend it. Where I had Gray's holograph before me, with no text printed in his lifetime, I had no choice but to reproduce it without modification of any kind. The odd spelling, which presents forms quite peculiar to Gray, the abundance of capitals, which was a foible with him, the eccentric punctuation,—all these may annoy certain readers, but I think the majority of students will be glad to see these preserved in an edition that does not aim at being popular on the one hand, or educational on the other. As an instance of the value of accuracy in orthography, I may refer to the extremely fine passage in blank verse, from Dante, which I print here (vol. i. 157-160), for the first time, from a MS. of the poet's in the possession of Lord Houghton. This is undated, and no one knows anything of its history; but from the peculiarities of its spelling, I have no hesitation in attributing it to the period from 1742 to 1744. Such a fact as this may be allowed to justify exactitude. The Latin poems I have not left as Gray wrote them,—that is to say, with the clumsy accents then in use,—and for

this reason, that while Gray's English orthography may be conceived to throw light on the development of the English language, his orthography in a dead tongue can possess no value or interest for any one.

My sincere thanks are due to the Master and Fellows of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who have placed their invaluable collection of Gray's holograph writings at my disposal in the most generous and sympathetic manner; to Lord Houghton, who has supplied me with two unpublished poems by Gray from his rich collection of holographs; to Mr. John Murray, who very kindly allowed me to examine and use his interesting MSS. of Gray; to Mr. William J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass., who has obliged me with interesting suggestions, and who, in his *Select Poems of Thomas Gray*, 1876, was the first to return to the revised text of 1768; to my friend Mr. J. Cotter Morison; and to Mr. R. F. Sketchley, the learned and most obliging Librarian of the Dyce and Forster Collections at South Kensington.

EDMUND GOSSE.

16*th April* 1884.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE frontispiece to vol. i. is a reproduction of a silhouette of Gray lately discovered in the Master's Lodge at Pembroke College, Cambridge. It has never before been published. The frontispiece to vol. ii. is an engraving made expressly for this edition from the oil-painting for which Gray sat in the autumn of 1747 to John Giles Eckhardt, and which was long in the gallery at Strawberry Hill. The frontispiece to vol. iii. is a reproduction of a pencil-drawing, never before published, now at Pembroke College, drawn by Mason from life in 1760; and that to vol. iv. is a facsimile of the original MS. of the *Sonnet to Richard West* among the Stonehewer Papers.

[ED.]

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POEMS

ODE

ON THE SPRING

[The *Ode on the Spring* exists in Gray's handwriting among the Stonehewer MSS. at Pembroke College, and is there entitled "Noon-tide, An Ode." At the end of the poem Gray has written :—"The beginning of June 1742, sent to Fav. : not knowing he was then Dead." Favonius was the name given by Gray to Richard West, who died on the 1st of June 1742 at Hatfield. Gray had come down from London to Stoke in the last days of May, and must have written this poem almost immediately upon his arrival at West End, the house of his uncle, Mr. Rogers, afterwards the home of the poet's mother until her death. It was first published in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by several Hands*, 1748, ii. 271, under the title "Ode," and as the first of Gray's *Six Poems* of 1753. The notes were first added by Gray in 1768.—Ed.]

ODE

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
  Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
  The untaught harmony of spring:
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade;[1]
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

[1] "... a bank
O'ercanopied with luscious woodbine."
Shakesp., *Mids. Night's Dream.*
[*Gray.*]

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great![1]

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:[2]
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.[3]

To Contemplation's sober eye[4]
Such is the race of Man:

[1] "How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!"
So these lines appeared in Dodsley. The variation, as Mason informs us, was subsequently made, to avoid the point "*little* and *great.*"

[2] "Nare per æstatem liquidam."
Virgil, *Georg.* lib. iv. [59].
[*Gray.*]

[3] "Sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their waved coats drop'd with gold."
Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book vii. [l. 410].
[*Gray.*]

[4] "While insects from the threshold preach," etc.
M. Green, in *The Grotto.*
[*Gray.*]

And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy Joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolick, while 'tis May.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

[Several copies of this poem exist in Gray's handwriting. One in a letter to Walpole, dated March 1, 1747, one in a letter a few days later to Wharton, and one at Pembroke College. The subject was the death of one of Horace Walpole's favourite cats, Zara and Selima ("Selima, was it? or Fatima?"), who fell into a china bowl and was drowned. Walpole, after the death of Gray, placed the bowl on a pedestal at Strawberry Hill, with a few lines from this poem for its inscription. The Ode, which was written at Cambridge towards the end of February 1747, was first printed in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by several Hands*, 1748, ii. 274, and forms the second piece in the 1753 edition of Gray's *Six Poems*.—ED.]

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,[1]
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

[1] In the Walpole MS. and in the 1748 edition the order of these lines was reversed:

"The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Demurest of the tabby kind."

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms[1] were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?[2]

Presumptuous Maid! with looks[3] intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:

[1] In the Walpole MS. and in the 1748 edition, "Two beauteous forms." [2] In the edition of 1748, "*A foe* to fish."
[3] *Looks*—in the Wharton MS., Eyes.

Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.[1]
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts[2] your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

[1] In the Walpole and Wharton MSS. and in the edition of 1748, "nor *Harry* heard." In the Walpole MS. and in the edition of 1748, "*What favourite has a friend!*"

[2] In the Wharton MS., Strikes.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος, ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.—MENANDER.

[This was the first of Gray's English productions which appeared in print: it was published anonymously as "'An Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.' London. Printed for R. Dodsley at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall; and sold by M. Cooper at the Globe in Pater-noster Row, 1747. (Price Sixpence, folio, pp. 8.)" According to a note by Gray at the close of the original MS. at Pembroke College, it was written "at Stoke, Aug. 1742." It appeared, still anonymously, in vol. ii., p. 267, of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* in 1748, with no alterations of the text; and finally formed the third of the *Six Poems* of 1753. In Gray's MS. at Pembroke College, the title of this poem is, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, Windsor, and the adjacent Country.* The motto from Menander and the notes were added in 1768.—Ed.]

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S[1] holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,

[1] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.—[*Gray.*]

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And redolent of joy and youth,[1]
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,[2]
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

[1] "And bees their honey *redolent of spring*," Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.—[*Gray.*]

[2] "To chase the hoop's elusive speed."—Pembroke MS.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pineing Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,

Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild[1]
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,

[1] "Madness laughing in his ireful mood." Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.—[*Gray.*]

The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Ζῆνα . . . . . .
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὰν
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agamemnone.*

[This is the old text, and I prefer to keep it. Paley reads:—

Ζῆνα . . . . . .
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώσαντα, τὸν πάθη μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ED.]

[At the close of the MS. of this poem, then called an Ode, at Pembroke College, Gray has written "At Stoke, Aug. 1742." It was first printed in Dodsley's *Collection*, iv. 7, as "Hymn to Adversity," and again as the fifth of the *Six Poems* of 1753. It continued to hold this name during Gray's life, but in the first posthumous edition Mason restored the title "Ode to Adversity." The motto from Æschylus first appears in the edition of 1768.—ED.]

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentless Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.[1]

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go

[1] In the Pembroke MS. :—
"and Misery not thine own."

The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.

PINDAR, *Olymp.* II.

[*The Progress of Poesy* was written at Cambridge in 1754. On the 26th of December Gray put the finishing touches to it, and sent it as "an Ode in the Greek manner" to Dr. Wharton. It appeared, in company with the *Bard*, in a thin quarto volume :— "*Odes by Mr. Gray.* Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι.—Pindar, Olymp. II. Printed at Strawberry Hill, for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall. MDCCLVII. Pp. 21.—(Price One Shilling.)" This was published on the 8th of August 1757 ; it had an engraving of Strawberry Hill on the title-page, immediately below the citation from Pindar. The *Progress of Poesy* bears no other title in this first edition than *Ode I.* The notes which are here printed were not in the edition of 1757, but were added by Gray in 1768, with this *Advertisement* :—"When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some explanatory Notes, but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty." The full quotation from Æschylus first appeared in 1768, when the general motto to the two Odes was dropped.—ED.]

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

[1] AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,[2]
And give to rapture [3] all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.

[1] Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰοληὶς μολπὴ, Αἰολίδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.—[*Gray.*]

[2] "Awake, my lyre: my glory, wake."—MS.

[3] *Rapture*] Transport.—MS.

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rowling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;[1]
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,[2]
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scept'red hand[3]
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark[4] clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,[5]
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

[1] "With torrent rapture, see it pour."—MS.

[2] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.—[*Gray.*]

[3] This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.—[*Gray.*]

[4] *Dark*] Black.—MS.

[5] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.—[*Gray.*]

O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports,[1] and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence[2] beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.[3]
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.[4]

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,[5]

[1] *Sport*] Sports.—MS.

[2] *In cadence*] The cadence.—MS.

[3] Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
Hom. Od. Θ. [ver. 265].—[*Gray.*]

[4] Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσε
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος.
Phrynicus apud Athenæum.—[*Gray.*]

[5] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day, by its chearful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.—[*Gray.*]

Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:[1]
Till down the eastern cliffs afar[2]
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

[1] "Or seen the Morning's well-appointed Star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar."
Cowley.—[*Gray.*]

The couplet from Cowley has been wrongly quoted by Gray, and so continued by his different editors.—[Mit.] But Mitford himself misquotes it. The lines are these, and they form ll. 55-57 of Cowley's eighth Pindarique Ode, entitled *Brutus*:—

"One would have thought 't had heard the Morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed Star
Come marching up the Eastern Hill afar."—[Ed.]

[2] "Till fierce Hyperion from afar
Pours on their scatter'd rear, his glitt'ring shafts of war,
Hurls *at* their *flying*,
o'er scatter'd
shadowy
Till o'er from far
Hyperion hurls around his."—MS.

II. 2.

[1] In climes beyond the solar road,[2]
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the shiv'ring Natives[3] dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,[4]

[1] Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]—[*Gray.*]

[2] "Extra anni solisque vias."—Virgil. [Æn. vi. 795.] "Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."—Petr. Canzon. 2.—[*Gray.*]

[3] *Shiv'ring Natives*—"buried" in the Marg. MS.
Dull abode—"chill" in the Marg. MS.

[4] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.—[*Gray.*]

Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:[1]
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling[2] laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her aweful face: The dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

[1] "Murmur'd *a celestial sound.*"—MS.
[2] "Nature's darling."—Shakespeare.—[*Gray.*]

Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour[1] that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He,[2] that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:[3]
The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,[4]
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.[5]
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,[6]

[1] *Horrour*] Terror.—MS.

[2] Milton [P. L. vi. 771].—[*Gray.*]

[3] "Flammantia mœnia mundi,"—Lucret. [i. 74].—[*Gray.*]

[4] "For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a saphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord."—Ezek. i. 20, 26, 28.—[*Gray.*]

[5] Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσε· δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.
Hom. Od. [Θ. ver. 64].—[*Gray.*]

[6] Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes.—[*Gray.*]

With necks in thunder cloath'd,[1] and long-resounding
pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed[2] Fancy hov'ring o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breath, and words, that burn.[3]
But ah! 'tis heard no more[4]——
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle[5] bear

[1] "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—Job.—[*Gray.*]

[2] *Bright-eyed*] Full-plumed.—MS.

[3] "Words, that weep, and tears, that speak."
Cowley.—[*Gray.*]
Gray here quotes incorrectly from memory. The line is the twentieth in "The Prophet," in *The Mistresse*, 1647, and runs thus:—
"Tears which shall understand and speak."—[ED.]

[4] We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses,—above all in the last of Caractacus:
"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?" etc.—[*Gray.*]

[5] Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον, Olymp. ii. [159.] Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.—[*Gray.*]

Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run [1]
Such forms,[2] as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,[3]
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

[1] "Yet when they first were open'd on the day
Before his visionary eyes would run."—MS.

[2] *Forms*] "Shapes."—MS.

[3] "Yet never can he fear a vulgar fate."—MS.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[*The Bard* was begun in December 1754, immediately upon the completion of *The Progress of Poesy*. The exordium was finished in March 1755; Gray nicknamed it "Odikle," and worked upon it fitfully until the autumn of 1755, when he laid it aside. He had begun it at Peterhouse; he took it up again at Pembroke in May 1757, being freshly inspired by a concert given by John Parry, the famous blind harper, and then finished it promptly. It was published, together with *The Progress of Poesy*, in the *Odes* of 1757, where it bore the title of Ode II. The text of 1757, which is given here, agrees in the most minute particulars with that of 1768; but the notes, though all by Gray, differ, and are here dated. Both editions are preceded by this *Advertisement*:—"The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD THE FIRST, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death."—ED.]

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.[1]
Helm, nor Hauberk's[2] twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride[3]
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's[4] shaggy side

[1] "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."
Shakespeare's *King John* [Act v. Sc. 1].—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[2] The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[3] The crested adder's pride."
Dryden, *Indian Queen.*—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[4] *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welch themselves call *Craigian-eryri:*

He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster[1] stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer,[2] and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
[3](Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)[4]
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,

it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway built by King Edward the first, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283), "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[1] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[2] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[3] The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings (both believed original), one at Florence, the other [in the Duke of Orleans' collection] at Paris. —[*Gray.* 1768.]

[4] "Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind."
Milton's *Paradise Lost.* [*Gray.* 1768.]

Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breath;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay,"

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's[1] shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd Eagle[2] screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,[3]

[1] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[2] Cambden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the eagle's nest.* That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, etc., can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's *Ornithol.*, published by Ray.]—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[3] "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."
Jul. Cæsar [Act ii. Sc. 1].—[*Gray.* 1768.]

Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,[1]
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-eccho with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King![2]
She-Wolf of France,[3] with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n.[4] What Terrors round him wait!

[1] See the Norwegian ode [*The Fatal Sisters*] that follows.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[2] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[3] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[4] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind."

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor,[1] mighty Lord!
Low on his[2] funeral couch he lies![3]
No[4] pitying heart, no[4] eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warriour[5] fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?[6]
Gone to salute the rising Morn.[7]
[8]Fair laughs[9] the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;

[1] *Victor*] Conqueror.—MS. [2] *His*] The.—MS.

[3] Death of that King, abandoned by his Children, and even robbed in his last moments by his Courtiers and his Mistress.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[4] *No . . . no*] What . . . what.—MS.

[5] Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his Father.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[6] Hover'd in thy noontide ray.—MS.

[7] *Morn*] Day.—MS.

[8] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[9] *Fair laughs*, etc.]—

"Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty
Your helpless, old, expiring master view!
They hear not: scarce religion does supply
Her mutter'd requiems, and her holy dew.
Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shall send
A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end."—MS.

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey."

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,[1]
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile[2] upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,[3]
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye[4] Towers of Julius,[5] London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
Revere his Consort's[6] faith, his Father's[7] fame,

[1] Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop [and the confederate Lords in their manifesto], by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.—[*Gray.* 1757.]

[2] *A baleful smile*] A smile of horror.—MS.

[3] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[4] *Ye*] Grim.—MS.

[5] Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, etc., believed to be murthered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[6] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[7] Henry the Fifth.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

And spare the meek Usurper's[1] holy[2] head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,[3]
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar[4] in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom."

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.[5]
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay! nor thus[6] forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here[7] to mourn:
In yon bright track,[8] that fires the western skies,

[1] Henry the Sixth very near being canonised. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[2] *Holy*] Hallow'd.—MS.

[3] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[4] The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar.*—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[5] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.—[*Gray.* 1757.]

[6] *Thus*] Here.—MS.

[7] *Me unbless'd, unpitied, here*] Your despairing Caradoc.—MS.

[8] *Track*] Clouds.—MS.

They melt,[1] they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes[2] on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring[3] skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
[4]No more our long-lost Arthur[5] we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine Kings,[6] Britannia's Issue, hail!"

III. 2.

"Girt with many a Baron bold[7]
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her[8] lyon-port,[9] her awe-commanding face,

[1] *Melt*] Sink.—MS.

[2] *Solemn scenes*] Scenes of Heaven.—MS.

[3] *Glittering*] Golden.—MS.

[4] *No more our long lost*, etc.]—
"From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains
Triumphant tell aloud, another *Arthur* reigns."—MS.

[5] It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[6] Accession of the Line of Tudor.—[*Gray.* 1757.] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[7] *Girt with*, etc.]—
"Youthful knights, and barons bold
With dazzling helm, and horrent spear."—MS.

[8] *Her . . . her*] A . . . an.—MS.

[9] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to

Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
  What strains of vocal transport round her play.
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,[1] hear;
  They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings."

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
  Fierce War, and faithful Love,[2]
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
  In buskin'd[3] measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
  A Voice,[4] as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings[5] lessen on my ear,
  That lost in long futurity expire.

Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says: "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[1] Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.—[*Gray.* 1757.]

[2] "Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralise my song." Spenser, *Proëme to the Fairy Queen.*"—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[3] Shakespeare.—[*Gray.*] [4] Milton.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

[5] The succession of Poets after Milton's time.—[*Gray.* 1768.]

Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
  Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
  And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: With joy I see
  The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and scept'red Care,
  To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE)

IN THE

Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, Folio; and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, etc.[1]

[1 More correctly:—*Vitt es orpit fyr val-falli.*—ED.]

[The *Fatal Sisters*, according to a note to the original MS. at Pembroke College, was written in 1761. It was first published, as here reprinted, in the edition of 1768. It is a paraphrase of an Icelandic court-poem of the 11th century, entitled *Darradar-Liod* or the Lay of Darts. According to Vigfusson and Powell, it refers to the battle of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday, 1014, and represents the Weird Sisters as appearing before the battle, and weaving the web of the fate of Ireland and of King Brian. See *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 281-283, for the Icelandic text.—ED.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving *the History of English Poetry*: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our Progenitors: the following three Imitations made a part of them. He has long since drop'd his design, especially after he heard, that it was already in the hands of a Person[1] well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.—[*Gray.*]

[1] Thomas Warton, the poet-laureate.—[ED.]

PREFACE.

In the Eleventh Century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian* their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas Day (the day of the battle), a Native of *Caithness* in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North, and as many to the South.—[*Gray*, 1768.]

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

Now the storm begins to lower[1]
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower[2]
Hurtles in the darken'd air.[3]

Glitt'ring lances[4] are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

[1] The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*), in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain.* They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.—[*Gray.*]

[2] "How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r."
Milton's *Par. Regained* [iii. 324].—[*Gray.*]

[3] "The noise of battle hurtled in the air."
Shakesp. *Jul. Cæsar* [Act. ii. Sc. 2].—[*Gray.*]

[4] Launces.—MS.

See the griesly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warriour's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword,[1] that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

[2]*Mista*[3] black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and[4] *Hilda* see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade[5] with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

[1] *Sword*] Blade.—Wharton MS.
[2] *Mista, black*] Sangrida, terrific.—Wharton MS.
[3] The names of the Sisters, in the original, are Hilda, Hiorthrimol, Sangrida, and Swipol.—[Ed.]
[4] *Sangrida and*] Mista black, and.—Wharton MS.
[5] *Blade*] Sword.—Wharton MS.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and *Geira*,[1] spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter[2] give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desart-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall[3] bite the ground.

Long his[4] loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep:
Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot[5] the sun.

[1] *Gondula, and Geira*] Gunna, and Gondula.—Pembroke MS.
[2] *Slaughter*] havock.—Pembroke MS.
[3] *Shall*] Must.—Wharton MS.
[4] *His*] Her.—Pembroke MS. [5] *Blot*] Veil.—Wharton MS.

Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding[1] vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.[2]

[1] *Winding*] Echoing.—Wharton MS.

[2] "Sisters, hence, 'tis time to ride:
Now your thundering faulchion wield;
Now your sable steed bestride.
Hurry, hurry to the field."—Pembroke MS.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE

(FROM THE NORSE TONGUE),

IN

Bartolinus, de causis contemnendæ mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, etc.[1]

[1 More exactly:—*Upp reis Ódinn aldinn gautr*.—ED.]

[The *Descent of Odin*, written at Cambridge in 1761, first appeared in the volume of 1768. It is a paraphrase of the ancient Icelandic lay called *Vegtams kvida*, and sometimes *Baldrs draumar*. The best edition of the original is that given in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, vol. i. p. 181, under the heading "Balder's Doom." Gray has omitted to translate the first four lines.—ED.]

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to HELA'S drear abode.[1]
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs, that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,[2])
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

[1] Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided HELA, the Goddess of Death.—[*Gray.*]

[2] *Shakes*] Quakes.—Wharton MS.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents[1] dread,
The thrilling verse[2] that wakes the Dead:
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

Pr. What call unknown,[3] what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled[4] sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he,[5] with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warriour's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;

[1] *Accents*] Murmurs.—Wharton MS.
[2] The original word is *Valgalldr;* from *Valr* mortuus, and *Galldr* incantatio.—[*Gray.* MS.]
[3] *What call unknown*] What voice unknown.—Wharton MS
[4] *My troubled*] A weary.—Wharton MS.
[5] *He*] This.—Wharton MS.

Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon[1] glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach[2] the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey,[3]
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

Pr. In *Hoder's* hand the Heroe's doom:
His Brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey,[4]
Once again arise, and say,

[1] *Yon*] The.—Wharton MS.
[2] *Reach*] Touch.—Wharton MS.
[3] *Once again*, etc.]—
" Prophetess, my call obey,
Once again arise and say."—Wharton MS.
[4] *Prophetess*, etc.]—
" Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise and say."—Wharton MS.

Who th' Avenger of his guilt,[1]
By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt?

Pr. In the caverns of the west,
By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous[2] Boy shall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake,[3] and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That[4] their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me, whence[5] their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

Pr. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——[6]

[1] *Who th' Avenger*, etc.] These verses are transposed in Wharton MS. [2] *Wond'rous*] Giant.—Wharton MS.
[3] *Awake*] Arise.—Wharton MS.
[4] *That*] Who.—Wharton MS.
[5] Say from whence.—Wharton MS.
[6] "The mightiest of the mighty line."—Wharton MS.

O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good;
But Mother of the giant-brood!

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast[1] at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till *Lok*[2] has[3] burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd[4] her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

[1] Hie thee, Odin, boast.—Wharton MS.

[2] *Lok* is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches: when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, 1755, quarto.—[*Gray.*]

[3] *Has*] Have.—Wharton MS.

[4] *Has reassum'd*] Reassumes her.—Wharton MS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. Evan's Specimens of the Welch Poetry ;
London. 1764. Quarto.

[Of the *Triumphs of Owen* no MS. is known to exist in Gray's handwriting. It was probably composed in 1764. It was published in the volume of 1768, with this Advertisement by Gray: —"OWEN succeeded his Father GRIFFIN in the Principality of North-Wales, A.D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards."—ED.]

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.[1]
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin[2] plows the watry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

[1] North-Wales.—[*Gray.*]
[2] *Lochlin*] Denmark.—[*Gray.*]

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-Son[1] of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
[Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,[2]
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.]
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,[3]
Thousand Banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly,
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * *

[1] The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.—[*Gray.*]

[2] This and the three following lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MS.—[*Mason.*]

[3] From this line, to the conclusion, the translation is indebted to the genius of Gray, very little of it being in the original, which closes with a sentiment omitted by the translator: "And the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in a hundred languages, to give him his merited praise."—[*Mason.*]

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[The *Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard* was begun at Stoke-Poges in the autumn of 1742, probably on the occasion of the funeral of Jonathan Rogers, on the 31st of October. In the winter of 1749 Gray took it in hand again, at Cambridge, after the death of his aunt, Mary Antrobus. He finished it at Stoke on the 12th of June 1750. The poem was circulated in MS., and on the 10th of February 1751 Gray received a letter from the editor of the *Magazine of Magazines*, asking leave to publish it. The poet refused, and wrote next day to Horace Walpole, directing him to bring it out in pamphlet form. Accordingly, so soon as the 16th of February, there appeared anonymously "*An Elegy wrote in a Country Church Yard.* London: Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall-Mall; and sold by M. Cooper in Pater-Noster Row. 1751. (Price sixpence)." There was a preface by Horace Walpole. The text here given is that of the Edition of 1768, which appears to be authoritative and final. Gray has appended the following bibliographical note to the Pembroke MS.: — "Published in Febry. 1751, by Dodsley, & went thro' four editions, in two months; and afterwards a fifth, 6th, 7th, & 8th, 9th, 10th, & 11th; printed also in 1753 with Mr. Bentley's Designs, of wch. there is a 2d edition; & again by Dodsley in his *Miscellany*, vol. iv., & in a Scotch Collection call'd the *Union;* translated into Latin by Chr. Anstey, Esq., and the Revd. Mr. Roberts, & published in 1762, & again in the same year by Rob. Lloyd, M.A." Besides these legitimate editions, the poem was largely pirated; the *Magazine of Magazines* printed it on the last of February, the *London Magazine* on the last of March, and the *Grand Magazine of Magazines* on the last of April. It first appeared with Gray's name as the last of the *Six Poems* of 1753. The MSS. referred to in the notes are that which belonged to Wharton, and is now among the Egerton MSS. at the British Museum, and that which belonged to Mason, and now belongs to Sir William Fraser, Bart., who printed a transcript of it in 100 copies in January 1884. The variations between the text here given and those of the first edition of 1751, and of the Pembroke MS., are not noted because both the latter are given verbatim in appendices.—ED.]

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,[1]
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And[2] all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And[3] drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

[1] . . . squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante, *Purgat.* l. 8.—[*Gray.*]

[2] *And*] Now.—Mason MS.

[3] *And*] Or.—Egerton MS.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,[1]
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,[2]
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife[3] ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or[4] climb his knees the envied[5] kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle[6] yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful[7] toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits[8] alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

[1] For ever sleep: the breezy call of Morn,
Or swallow, etc.—Mason MS.

[2] Or chaunticleer so shrill, or ecchoing horn.—Mason MS.

[3] Hus-wife.—Mason MS. [4] *Or*] Nor.—Egerton and Mason MSS.

[5] *Envied*] Coming.—Mason MS.

[6] *Sickle*] Sickles.—Egerton MS. [7] *Useful*] Rustic.—Mason MS.

[8] *Await*] Awaits.—Egerton MS.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,[1]
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle[2] and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke[3] the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod[4] of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

[1] Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
If Memory to these no trophies raise.—
Egerton and Mason MSS.

[2] *Isle*] Ile.—Mason MS. [3] *Provoke*] Awake.—Mason MS.
[4] *Rod*] Reins.—Mason MS.

Some village-Hampden,[1] that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton[2] here may rest,
Some Cromwell[3] guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And[4] shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap[5] the shrine[6] of Luxury and Pride
With[7] incense kindled at the Muse's flame.[8]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

1 *Hampden*] Cato.—Mason MS.
2 *Milton*] Tully.—Mason MS.
3 *Cromwell*] Cæsar.—Mason MS. 4 *And*] Or.—Egerton MS.
5 *Heap*] At the.—Mason MS.
6 *Shrine*] Shrines.—Egerton MS.
7 *With*] Burn.—Mason MS.
8 After this verse, in the Mason MS. of the poem, are the four following stanzas:—

The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize Success;
But more to Innocence their Safety owe
Than Pow'r and Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes[1] and shapeless sculpture deck'd,[2]
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy[3] supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these Notes their artless Tale relate,
By Night and lonely Contemplation led
To linger in the gloomy Walks of Fate:

Hark! how the sacred Calm, that broods around,
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous Passion cease;
In still small Accents whisp'ring from the Ground,
A grateful Earnest of eternal Peace.

No more, with Reason and thyself at Strife,
Give anxious Cares and endless Wishes room;
But thro' the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
Pursue the silent Tenour of thy Doom.

[1] *Rhimes*] Rhime.—Mason MS.
[2] *Deck'd*] Deckt.—Mason MS.
[3] *Elegy*] Epitaph.—Mason MS.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our Ashes live[1] their wonted Fires.[2]

[3]For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing[4] with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.[5]

[1] *E'en . . . live*] And buried ashes glow with social fires.—Mason MS. And . . . glow.—Egerton MS.

[2] Ch' i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.
Petrarch, Son. 169.—[*Gray.*]

[3] *For thee, etc.*]
If chance that e'er some pensive spirit more
By sympathetic musings here delayed,
With vain tho' kind enquiry shall explore,
Thy once loved haunt, this long deserted shade.—
Mason MS.

[4] *Brushing*] With hasty footsteps brush.—Mason MS.

[5] On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.—Mason MS. After which, in that MS., follows this stanza:—
Him have we seen the Greenwood Side along,
While o'er the Heath we hied, our Labours done,
Oft as the Woodlark piped her farewell Song,
With whistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

"There[1] at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood,[2] now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would[3] rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like[4] one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I[5] miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due[6] in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born.—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd[7] on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."[8]

[1] *There*] Oft.—Mason MS.
[2] *Hard by yon wood*] With gestures quaint.—Mason MS.
[3] *He would*] Would he.—Egerton MS.
[4] *Like*] As.—Mason MS.
[5] *I*] We.—Mason MS.
[6] *Due*] Meet.—Mason MS.
[7] *Grav'd*] Wrote.—Mason MS.
[8] Gray originally inserted at this place a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, Mason says, because Gray thought that it formed too long a parenthesis. He continued, however, to vacillate between discarding and retaining it, and it can hardly be regarded as cancelled:—

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of y^e^ Year,
By Hands unseen are Showers of vi'lets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground.—[Ed.]

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul[1] *sincere,*
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties[2] *from their dread abode,*
(There they alike[3] *in trembling hope repose,)*[4]
The bosom of his Father and his God.

[1] *Soul*] Heart.—Mason MS.

[2] *Or draw his frailties*] Nor think to draw them.—Mason MS.

[3] *There they alike*] His frailties there.—Mason MS.

[4] ". . . paventosa speme."—Petrarch, Son. 114.—[*Gray.*]

A LONG STORY.

[My authority for the text of *A Long Story* is Gray's original MS. at Pembroke College, which enables me to fill up all the blanks. The piece was only printed once in Gray's lifetime, when it formed the fourth of the *Six Poems* in 1753, and was illustrated by a view of Stoke Manor, interpreted by Bentley from a rough sketch by Gray, which is still in existence, bound up with Bentley's drawings. The poem, as stated by Gray himself in the Pembroke MS., was written in August 1750, in consequence of the incident that a Lady Schaub and Lady Cobden's niece, Miss Speed, paid the poet an afternoon call, and found him abroad. Gray declined to reprint *A Long Story* in 1768, on the ground that it was so personal as to have become unintelligible.—ED.]

A LONG STORY.

In Britain's Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of buildings stands:[1]
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

To raise the cieling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spatious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper[2] led the Brawls;
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

[1] The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.—[*Mason.*] Sir Edmond Coke's mansion at Stoke-Pogeis, now the seat of Mr. Penn, was the scene of Gray's *Long Story*. The antique chimneys have been allowed to remain as vestiges of the Poet's fancy, and a column with a statue of Coke marks the former abode of its illustrious inhabitant.—[*Mit.*] See also Gosse's *Life of Gray*, pp. 100-104.

[2] [Sir Christopher] Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful Person and fine Dancing.—[*Gray.*]

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
  His high-crown'd hat, and sattin-doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
  Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
  Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning?
  Can you do nothing but describe?

A House there is, (and that's enough)
  From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
  But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France
  Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner Beauties eye askance,
  And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
  Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But COBHAM had the polish given
  And tip'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air——
  Coarse panegyricks would but teaze her.
Melissa is her Nom de Guerre.
  Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capucine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Purt,[1]
(By this time all the Parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manour of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,

[1] It has been said that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Gray's in the country, was much displeased with the liberty here taken with his name: yet, surely, without any great reason.—[*Mason.*] Mr. Robert Purt was Fellow of King's Coll. Cant. 1738, A.B. 1742, A.M. 1746, was an assistant at Eton School, tutor to Lord Baltimore's son there, and afterwards to the Duke of Bridgewater; in 1749 he was presented to the rectory of Settrington in Yorkshire, which he held with Dorrington in the same county; he died in Ap. 1752 of the Small Pox.—[*Isaac Reed.*]

Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber,

Into the Drawers and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumor says. (Who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jarr,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of Magick was no fable.

Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did so move him,
That will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he prefer'd his case,
And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry

(*Styack*[1] has often seen the sight)
Or at the chappel-door stand sentry;

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peeress comes. The Audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the People of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of *Squib*,[2]
And all that *Groom*[3] could[4] urge against him.

[1] *Styack*] The House-Keeper.—[*Gray.*]

[2] Groom of the Chambers.—[*Gray.*] James Squibb was the son of Dr. Arthur Squibb, the descendant of an ancient and respectable family, whose pedigree is traced in the herald's visitations of Dorsetshire, to John Squibb of Whitchurch in that county, in the 17th Edw. IV. 1477. Dr. Squibb matriculated at Oxford in 1656, took his degree of M.A. in November 1662, was chaplain to Colonel Bellasis's regiment about 1685, and died in 1697. As he was in distressed circumstances towards the end of his life, his son, James Squibb, was left almost destitute, and was consequently apprenticed to an upholder in 1712. In that situation he attracted the notice of Lord Cobham, in whose service he continued for many years, and died at Stowe in June 1762. His son, James Squibb, who settled in Saville Row, London, was grandfather of George James Squibb, Esq., of Orchard Street, Portman Square, who is the present representative of this branch of the family.—[*Nicolas.*]

[3] The Steward.—[*Gray.*] [4] Might.—Pembroke MS.

But soon his rhetorick forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor *Macleane.*[1]

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old-tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had pen'd a sonnet;
Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly Prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace——
She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean?"
(Cried the square Hoods in woful fidget)
"The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners shew it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[1] A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.—[*Gray.*]

[Here 500 Stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

THE INSTALLATION ODE.

[The *Installation Ode* was the latest of Gray's poems. He offered to write it on the occasion of the installation of Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, as Chancellor of the University. He began it at the close of 1748, and in April 1749 it was finished. For three months, Dr. J. Randall of Kings, the music professor in the University, waited regularly on Gray with the score. Dr. Burney was much disappointed at not being asked to set the poem. It was performed in the Senate-House on the occasion for which it was written, and was published anonymously at the expense of the University in quarto form:—"Ode performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. Cambridge, 1769." See Gosse's *Life of Gray*, pp. 182-185.—ED.]

THE INSTALLATION ODE.

I. Air.

"Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers,
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

Chorus.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II. Recitative.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine

Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III. Air.[1]

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

IV. Recitative.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,

[1] This stanza, supposed to be sung by Milton, is very judiciously written in the metre which he fixed upon for the stanza of his Christmas Hymn: "'Twas in the winter wild," etc.—[*Mason.*]

High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon,[1] on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,[2]
And Anjou's[3] heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry[4] there,
The murder'd saint and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

[1] Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.—[*Gray.*]

[2] Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.—[*Gray.*]

[3] Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.—[*Gray.*]

[4] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.—[*Gray.*]

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

V. QUARTETTO.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

VI. RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret[1] see!
"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's[2] fire, a Beaufort's grace."

[1] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.—[*Gray.*]

[2] The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.—[*Gray.*]

AIR.

"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem."

VII. RECITATIVE.

"Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd,
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil[1] wore she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay."

VIII. GRAND CHORUS.

"Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

[1] Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—[*Gray.*]

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

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[The *Posthumous Poems* are here arranged as far as possible in chronological order. Their bibliography is as follows:— The first ten, with the exception of the *Epitaph on a Child*, were first published in Mason's *Life and Letters* of Gray in 1775. The *Impromptu on Lord Holland's House* was printed first in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1777, and *Jemmy Twitcher* in the same periodical for 1782. The *Amatory Lines* first appeared in Wharton's edition of Pope in 1782; the *Song* in Horace Walpole's *Letters to Lady Ailesbury* in 1798. The *Couplet on Birds* and several of the Epigrams and Fragments first appeared in the *Norton Nicholl's Correspondence* in 1843. The *Shakespeare Verses* first saw the light in the *Mason Correspondence* in 1853, and so did the *Comic Lines to Mason*. *Tophet* was first printed in full in Gosse's *Life of Gray* in 1882. The remaining pieces are here published for the first time.—ED.]

AGRIPPINA.

A FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY.

[*Agrippina* was begun in London in December 1741. The first scene was sent down to West in Hertfordshire in March 1742, and in consequence of his unfavourable criticism was carried no further. This fragment no longer exists in Gray's MS.—ED.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, the Empress-mother.
NERO, the Emperor.
POPPÆA, believed to be in love with OTHO.
OTHO, a young man of quality, in love with POPPÆA.
SENECA, the Emperor's Preceptor.
ANICETUS, Captain of the Guards.
DEMETRIUS, the Cynic, friend to SENECA.
ACERONIA, Confidant to AGRIPPINA.

SCENE—*The Emperor's villa at Baiæ.*

"THE argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under the idea of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite; as it will tend to show that the action itself was possessed of sufficient unity.

"The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina at receiving her son's orders from Anicetus to remove from Baiæ, and to have her guard taken from her. At this time Otho having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband Rufus

Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have recourse to that expedient but on the utmost necessity. In the meantime he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baiæ: but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly: but demands to see her son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to her honours. In the mean while, Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been intrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion: though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse; who resolves immediately on his mother's death, and, by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after which she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baiæ. In this interval Otho has an interview with Poppæa; and being duped a second time by Anicetus and her, determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she then encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish

the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baiæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama."—[*Mason.*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA.

Agrip. 'TIS well, begone! your errand is perform'd, [*Speaks as to* Anicetus *entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retir'd to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale and trembled:
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles

To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not aconite.
Acer. He's gone: and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.
Agrip. And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?
'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre, than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
To fame, or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dar'd
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Shew'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn

The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.

Acer. Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
He reigns, the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage

Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway:
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.
Agrip.[1] Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
And pleasure's flow'ry lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions

[1] In Gray's MS. Agrippina's was one continued speech from this line to the end of the scene. Mr. Mason informs us that he has altered it to the state in which it now stands.—[*Mit.*]

Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

Acer. Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp have long rever'd
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

Agrip. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,

And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried Genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Rous'd by the shout of millions: there before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.
Acer. 'Tis time to go, the sun is high advanc'd,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.
Agrip. My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me

The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.
Acer. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may——
Agrip. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful extasy: no matter
What; so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. OTHO, POPPÆA.

Otho. Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: and had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguil'd
With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclin'd, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

* * * *

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST.

[The MS. of this sonnet, here printed for the first time as Gray wrote it, exists at Pembroke College. At the close Gray has written: "At Stoke, Aug. 1742."—ED.]

IN vain to me the smileing Mornings shine,
And redning Phœbus lifts his golden Fire:
The Birds in vain their amorous Descant joyn;
Or chearful Fields resume their green Attire:

These Ears, alas! for other Notes repine,
A different Object do these Eyes require:
My lonely Anguish melts no Heart but mine;
And in my Breast the imperfect Joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy Race to chear,
And new-born Pleasure brings to happier Men:
The Fields to all their wonted Tribute bear;
To warm their little Loves the Birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

[Probably written in December 1742, immediately upon Gray's arrival at Peterhouse College, Cambridge. No MS. of this poem has been seen by me.—ED.]

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.

Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.
Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess! awake, arise! alas, my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.
Oh! sacred age! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend
* * * *

THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.[1]

[This poem was written in August 1748, at Cambridge. While it was being composed Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois* fell into Gray's hands, and his own treatment of the theme became distasteful to him. "Some years later he thought of taking it up again, and was about to compose a prefatory *Ode to M. de Montesquieu*, when that writer died, on the 10th of February 1755, and the whole thing was abandoned."—[Gosse's *Life of Gray*, pp. 91, 92.] The poem is here printed from Gray's original text, among the Egerton MSS., as far as l. 56, the rest being in Dr. Wharton's handwriting.—ED.]

ESSAY I.

. . . Πόταγ', ὦ 'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν
Οὔτι πα εἰς Ἀΐδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.
Theocritus, Id. I. 63.

As sickly Plants betray a niggard Earth,
Whose flinty[2] Bosom starves her generous Birth,
Nor genial Warmth, nor genial Juice retains
Their Roots to feed, and fill their verdant Veins.
And as in Climes, where Winter holds his Reign,
The Soil, tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,

[1] "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?"—[*Gibbon.*]

[2] *Flinty*] Barren.—[*Mason.*] It is to be presumed that this and ensuing variations from the text at the British Museum are improvements which Mason thought it his duty to introduce when he published the poem.—[ED.]

Forbids her Gems to swell, her Shades to rise,
Nor trusts her Blossoms to the churlish Skies.
So draw Mankind in vain the vital Airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly Cares,
That Health and Vigour to the Soul impart,
Spread the young Thought, and warm the opening Heart.
So fond Instruction on the growing Powers
Of Nature idly lavishes her Stores,
If equal Justice with unclouded Face
Smile not indulgent on the rising Race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal, Hand
Light golden Showers of Plenty o'er the Land.
But gloomy Sway have[1] fix'd her Empire there,
To check their tender Hopes with chilling Fear,
And blast the vernal[2] Promise of the Year.
This spacious animated Scene survey
From where the rolling Orb, that gives the Day,
His sable Sons with nearer Course surrounds
To either Pole, and Life's remotest Bounds,
How rude so e'er th' exterior Form we find,
Howe'er Opinion tinge the varied Mind,
Alike to all the Kind impartial Heav'n
The Sparks of Truth and Happiness has given.
With Sense to feel, with Mem'ry to retain,
They follow Pleasure, and they fly from Pain;
Their Judgment mends the Plan their Fancy draws,
Th' Event presages, and explores the Cause.

[1] *Gloomy sway have*] But tyranny has.—[*Mason.*]
[2] *Vernal*] Blooming.—[*Mason.*]

The soft Returns of Gratitude they know,
By Fraud elude, by Force repel the Foe,
While mutual Wishes, mutual Woes endear
The social Smile, the sympathetic Tear.
Say then, thro' Ages by what Fate confin'd
To different Climes seem different Souls assign'd?
Here measured Laws and philosophic Ease
Fix and improve the polish'd Arts of Peace:
There Industry and Gain their Vigils keep,
Command the Winds, and tame th' unwilling Deep.
Here Force and hardy Deeds of Blood prevail.
There languid Pleasure sighs in every Gale.
Oft o'er the trembling Nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living Cloud of War;
And where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their Arms, their Kings, their Gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, Host impelling Host,
The blue-eyed Myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields
Her boasted Titles and her golden Fields;
With grim Delight the Brood of Winter view
A brighter Day, and Skies[1] of azure Hue;
Catch[2] the new Fragrance of the breathing Rose,
And quaff the pendent Vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a Monarch's nod,
While European Freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her lessening lands,

[1] *Skies*] Heav'ns.—[*Mason.*]
[2] *Catch*] Scent.—[*Mason.*]

And sees far off with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own.
Can opener skies, and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As Lamps, that shed at Ev'n a cheerful ray
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly Thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied Zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway,
Their little wants, their low desires refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth,
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An Iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,

To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour train'd
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his Summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with adventrous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to distant[1] cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost.]—[*Mason.*]

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

COMMENTARY.

THE author's subject being (as we have seen) *The necessary alliance between a good form of government and a good mode of education, in order to produce the happiness of mankind,* the Poem opens with two similes; an uncommon kind of exordium:

[1] *Distant*] Neighb'ring.—[*Mason.*]

but which I suppose the poet intentionally chose, to intimate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings. 1st, He asserts that men without education are like sickly plants in a cold or barren soil (l. 1 to 5, and 8 to 12); and, 2dly, he compares them, when unblest with a just and well-regulated government, to plants that will not blossom or bear fruit in an unkindly and inclement air (l. 5 to 9, and l. 13 to 22). Having thus laid down the two propositions he means to prove, he begins by examining into the characteristics which (taking a general view of mankind) all men have in common one with another (l. 22 to 39); they covet pleasure and avoid pain (l. 31); they feel gratitude for benefits (l. 34); they desire to avenge wrongs, which they effect either by force or cunning (l. 35); they are linked to each other by their common feelings, and participate in sorrow and in joy (l. 36, 37). If then all the human species agree in so many moral particulars, whence arises the diversity of national characters? This question the poet puts at line 38, and dilates upon to l. 64. Why, says he, have some nations shown a propensity to commerce and industry; others to war and rapine; others to ease and pleasure? (l. 42 to 46). Why have the northern people overspread, in all ages, and prevailed over the southern? (l. 46 to 58). Why has Asia been, time out of mind, the seat of despotism, and Europe that of freedom? (l. 59 to 64). Are we from these instances to imagine men necessarily enslaved to the inconveniences of the climate where they were born? (l. 64 to 72). Or are we not rather to suppose there is a natural strength in the human mind, that is able to vanquish and break through them? (l. 72 to 84). It is confest, however, that men receive an early tincture from the situation they are placed in, and the climate which produces them (l. 84 to 88). Thus the inhabitants of the mountains, inured to labour and patience, are naturally trained to war (l. 88 to 96); while those of the plain are more open to any attack, and softened by ease and plenty (l. 96 to 99). Again, the Ægyptians, from the nature of their situation, might be the inventors of home navigation, from a necessity of keeping up an intercourse between their towns during the inundation of the Nile (l. 99 to * * *). Those persons would naturally have the first turn to commerce who

inhabited a barren coast like the Tyrians, and were persecuted by some neighbouring tyrant; or were drove to take refuge on some shoals, like the Venetian and Hollander; their discovery of some rich island, in the infancy of the world, described. The Tartar hardened to war by his rigorous climate and pastoral life, and by his disputes for water and herbage in a country without land-marks, as also by skirmishes between his rival clans, was consequently fitted to conquer his rich southern neighbours, whom ease and luxury had enervated: yet this is no proof that liberty and valour may not exist in southern climes, since the Syrians and Carthaginians gave noble instances of both; and the Arabians carried their conquests as far as the Tartars. Rome also (for many centuries) repulsed those very nations which, when she grew weak, at length demolished her extensive empire * * * *.—[*Gray*].

The reader will perceive that the Commentary goes further than the text. The reason for which is, that the Editor found it so on the paper from which he formed that comment; and as the thoughts seemed to be those which Gray would have next graced with the harmony of his numbers, he held it best to give them in continuation. There are other maxims on different papers, all apparently relating to the same subject, which are too excellent to be lost; these therefore (as the place in which he meant to employ them cannot be ascertained) I shall subjoin to this note, under the title of detached Sentiments:—

"Man is a creature not capable of cultivating his mind but in society, and in that only where he is not a slave to the necessities of life.

"Want is the mother of the inferior arts, but Ease that of the finer; as eloquence, policy, morality, poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, which are the improvements of the former.

"The climate inclines some nations to contemplation and pleasure; others to hardship, action, and war; but not so as to incapacitate the former for courage and discipline, or the latter for civility, politeness, and works of genius.

"It is the proper work of education and government united to redress the faults that arise from the soil and air.

"The principal drift of education should be to make men *think* in the northern climates, and *act* in the southern.

"The different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble; it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it, to give it gloss and lustre, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue.

"To a native of free and happy governments his country is always dear;

'He loves his old hereditary trees:' [*Cowley.*]

while the subject of a tyrant has no country; he is therefore selfish and base-minded; he has no family, no posterity, no desire of fame; or, if he has, of one that turns not on its proper object.

"Any nation that wants public spirit, neglects education, ridicules the desire of fame, and even of virtue and reason, must be ill governed.

"Commerce changes entirely the fate and genius of nations, by communicating arts and opinions, circulating money, and introducing the materials of luxury; she first opens and polishes the mind, then corrupts and enervates both that and the body.

"Those invasions of effeminate southern nations by the warlike northern people, seem (in spite of all the terror, mischief, and ignorance which they brought with them) to be necessary evils; in order to revive the spirit of mankind, softened and broken by the arts of commerce, to restore them to their native liberty and equality, and to give them again the power of supporting danger and hardship; so a comet, with all the horrors that attend it as it passes through our system, brings a supply of warmth and light to the sun, and of moisture to the air.

"The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society; it had its rise when Greece was declining, and perhaps hastened its dissolution, as also that of Rome; it is now propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same effect in both.

"One principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.

"Many are the uses of good fame to a generous mind: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short-lived as our frame; and prevents the prevalence of vice in a generation more corrupt even than our own. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."

Thus, with all the attention that a connoisseur in painting employs in collecting every slight outline as well as finished drawing which led to the completion of some capital picture, I have endeavoured to preserve every fragment of this great poetical design. It surely deserved this care, as it was one of the noblest which Mr. Gray ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished. That he carried it no further is, and must ever be, a most sensible loss to the republic of letters.—[*Mason.*]

STANZAS TO MR. RICHARD BENTLEY.

[These lines were written in 1752 as a compliment to Bentley for drawing the designs for the *Six Poems* of 1753. Unfortunately the sole existing MS. had the corner of the last stanza torn off when Mason found it. It seems to me unnecessary to give Mason's or Mitford's conjectural restoration, or to venture upon one myself.—ED.]

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy
And as their pleasing influence
A sigh of soft reflection

ODE
ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

FRAGMENT.

[Mason states that he heard Gray say that Gresset's *Epitre à ma Sœur* gave him the first idea of this ode, which was found after his death in a pocket-book of the year 1754. Mason printed it, as it has always hitherto been reprinted, restored and completed by himself in his gaudy style. It is here given from a copy of Gray's MS. made by Stonehewer, and preserved at Pembroke College.—ED.]

Now the golden Morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil-cheek and whisper soft
  She woo's the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
  The Birds his presence greet:
But chief, the Sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
  Rise the rapturous choir among;

Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song:

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the musick of the air,
The Herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that Joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of Bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of Life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of Pain,

At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common Sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear chrystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
Far below, the crowd.

Where broad and turbulent it grows
with resistless sweep
They perish in the boundless deep.

Mark where Indolence and Pride,

Softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull, but daily round.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.

[This was the wife of Dr. John Clerke, an early college friend of Gray's, and afterwards a physician at Epsom. The lady died in childbirth, April 27, 1757, and was buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.—Ed.]

Lo! where the silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:

A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony,[1] in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind,
Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

[This sextain, which has never been printed before, is here given from a copy in the handwriting of Alexander Dyce, lately found slipped into a book at South Kensington, and made by him when the original MS. was sold in 1854. It appears to have been written in June 1758 at the request of Dr. Wharton, whose only son had died in infancy early in the month of April. Gray's difficulty in writing it will be found described in a letter to Wharton, dated June 18, 1758.—ED.]

HERE, freed from pain, secure from misery, lies
A child, the darling of his parents' eyes:

[1] *In agony*, etc.]—
"To hide her cares her only art,
Her pleasure, pleasures to impart,

A gentler Lamb ne'er sported on the plain,
A fairer flower will never bloom again:
Few were the days allotted to his breath;
Now let him sleep in peace his night of death.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761, AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET-BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God:
A place or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.[1]

In ling'ring pain, in death resign'd,
Her latest agony of mind
Was felt for him, who could not save
His all from an untimely grave."—MS.

[1] *Squire*] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's. Dr. S. Squire died in 1766. Bishop Warburton one day met Dean Tucker, who said that he hoped his Lordship liked his situation at Gloucester, on which the sarcastic Bishop replied, that never bishoprick was so *bedeaned*, for that his predecessor Dr. Squire had made *religion his trade*, and that he Dr. Tucker had made *trade his religion*.—[*Mit.*]

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

[Sir William Peere Williams, Bart., a young soldier whose "fine Vandyck head" Gray admired, was killed at the storming of Belleisle, June 13, 1761. He was in a dejected frame of mind, and, inadvertently walking too close to the enemy's sentinels, was shot through the body. Frederick Montague induced Gray to write the Epitaph, which was to have been inscribed on a monument at Belleisle. Walpole describes Williams as "a gallant and ambitious young man, who had devoted himself to war and politics." In the expedition to Aix he was on board the "Magnanime" with Lord Howe, and was deputed to receive the capitulation.—ED.]

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendship bends, and weeps.

WELSH FRAGMENTS.

[These fragments no doubt belong to the year 1764, and were inspired, like *The Triumphs of Owen*, by Evan's *Specimens of Welch Poetry*.—ED.]

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE. SELECTED FROM THE GODODIN.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Thrice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink

Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice.

Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

CARADOC.

HAVE ye seen the dusky boar,
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caràdoc bore his lance.

CONAN.

CONAN'S name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

JEMMY TWITCHER:

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

[On the death of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, on the 16th of May 1764, the office of Seneschal of the University of Cambridge was vacated. The candidates for the office were his son, Philip Hardwicke, who was with difficulty elected, and the notorious John, Earl of Sandwich, the object of Gray's lifelong abhorrence. Accordingly the poet wrote this squib, which was not without its instant and practical effect, for Lord Sandwich attempted to win the poet over to his side, but without avail, and Cradock reports that he said to him of Gray, "I have my private reasons for knowing his absolute inveteracy."—ED.]

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold.

"Lord! sister," says PHYSIC to LAW, "I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
Not I for the Indies!—You know I'm no prude,—
But his nose is a shame,—and his eyes are so lewd!
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear."

"I don't know," says LAW, "but methinks for his look,
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;
Then his character, *Phyzzy*,—his morals—his life—
When she died, I can't tell,—but he once had a wife;—
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and whoring,
And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring!
And filching and lying, and Newgate-bird tricks;—
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six."

DIVINITY heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her band—
"What a pother is here about wenching and roaring!
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon whoring:
Did not Israel filch from the Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold?
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:
He drinks—so did Noah;—he swears—so do I:
To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd;
Besides, he repents—for he talks about God—
[*To* Jemmy]
Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. *Twitcher* myself."

* * * *

[The concluding couplet is too gross to give.—*Mit.*]

SHAKESPEARE VERSES.

[These lines were sent from Hartlepool on the 16th of July 1765 to William Mason. They have never before been included in Gray's Works.—ED.]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to MRS. ANNE, Regular Servant to the REV. MR. PRECENTOR of York.

A MOMENT'S patience, gentle Mistress Anne:
(But stint your clack for sweet St. Charitie)
'Tis Willy begs, once a right proper man,
Though now a book, and interleaved you see.

Much have I borne from canker'd critic's spite,
From fumbling baronets and poets small,
Pert barristers, and parsons nothing bright,
But what awaits me now is worst of all.

'Tis true, our master's temper natural
Was fashion'd fair in meek and dove-like guise;
But may not honey's self be turn'd to gall
By residence, by marriage, and sore eyes?

If then he wreak on me his wicked will,
Steal to his closet at the hour of prayer;
And (when thou hear'st the organ piping shrill)
Grease his best pen, and all his scribbles, tear.

Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice,
Than thus be patch'd and cobbled in one's grave.

So York shall taste what Clouet never knew,
So from our works sublimer fumes shall rise;
While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespeare due,
For glorious puddings and immortal pies.

SATIRE

UPON THE HEADS; OR, NEVER A BARREL THE BETTER HERRING.

[This is now printed for the first time from the original MS. in Gray's handwriting, in the possession of Lord Houghton. It was probably written about 1765.—ED.]

O CAMBRIDGE, attend
To the Satire I've pen'd
On the Heads of thy Houses,
Thou Seat of the Muses!

Know the Master of Jesus
Does hugely displease us;
The Master of Maudlin
In the same dirt is dawdling;
The Master of Sidney
Is of the same kidney;
The Master of Trinity
To him bears affinity;
As the Master of Keys
Is as like as two pease,
So the Master of Queen's
Is as like as two beans;
The Master of King's
Copies them in all things;
The Master of Catherine
Takes them all for his pattern;
The Master of Clare
Hits them all to a hair;
The Master of Christ

By the rest is enticed;
But the Master of Emmanuel
Follows them like a spaniel;
The Master of Benet
Is of the like tenet;
The Master of Pembroke
Has from them his system took;
The Master of Peter's
Has all the same features;
The Master of St. John's
Like the rest of the Dons.

P.S.—As to Trinity Hall
We say nothing at all.

IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN, AT KINGSGATE, KENT.

[In June 1766, after Gray had been spending two months with "Reverend Billy," the Rev. William Robinson, at his rectory of Denton, in Kent, these verses were found in a drawer of the room he had occupied. The first four stanzas were printed in the supplement to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1777. The two last stanzas were added incorrectly in the same periodical for February 1778, and the text finally corrected in February 1782. The house was that built for Lord Holland in imitation of Cicero's Formian villa at Baiæ, by Lord Newborough. The variations in the notes are taken from a copy in Wharton's handwriting now at the British Museum.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland form'd[1] the pious resolution

[1] *Form'd*] Took.—MS.

To smuggle a few[1] years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread[2] to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could[3] not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors[4] still to bring.

Here[5] mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches[6] nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our[7] eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had Bute been true,
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's[8] friendship vain,
Far better[8] scenes than these had blest our view,
And realis'd the beauties which[9] we feign:

[1] *A few* [Some.—MS.
[2] *Dread*] Fear.—[*Nicholls.*]
[3] *Could*] Cannot.—MS.
[4] *Horrors*] Terrors.—[*Nicholls.*]
[5] *Here*] Now.—MS.
[6] *Turrets and arches*] Arches and turrets.—MS.
[7] *Monast'ries . . . our*] Palaces . . . his.—MS.
[8] *Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's*] Shelburne's, Rigby's, Calcraft's.—MS.
Nor C—'s, nor B—d's promises been vain.—[*Nicholls.*]
[8] *Better*] Other.—MS. Grac'd our view.—[*Nicholls.*]
[9] *Beauties which*] Ruins that.—MS. Horrors which.—[*Nicholls.*]

"Purg'd by the sword, and purified[1] by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would[2] have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

AMATORY LINES.

[These lines appear to me to be a paraphrase of an epigram in the 6th book of the *Erotikon* of Hercules Strozius the Elder, "Ad Carolum." Nothing is known of the circumstances under which Gray wrote them, but the original MS. was in the possession of the Countess de Viry (Miss Speed), who presented it, with the ensuing "Song," to the Rev. Mr. Leman when he visited her in Switzerland. Leman handed the verses to Joseph Warton, who printed them in his edition of Pope.—ED.]

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning—
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
Ah! say, Fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia will tell me!

[1] *Purified*] Beautified.—MS.
[2] *Would*] Might.—MS. Should.—[*Nicholls.*]

SONG.

[Written at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani,—the thought adapted from the French. The text here printed is from a copy by Stonehewer at Pembroke College.—Ed.]

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the buds that deck the thorn!
'Twas the Lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the Nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

COMIC LINES.

[This address occurs in a letter to William Mason, dated Jan. 8, 1768, and written from Pembroke College. It has never hitherto been included in Gray's Works.—Ed.]

WEDDELL attends your call, and Palgrave proud,
and Delaval the loud.
For thee does Powell squeeze, and Marriot sputter,
And Glyn cut phizzes, and Tom Neville stutter.
Brown sees thee sitting on his nose's tip,
The Widow feels thee in her aching hip;
For thee fat Nanny sighs, and handy Nelly,
And Balguy with a bishop in his belly.

COUPLET ABOUT BIRDS.

["Two verses made by Mr. Gray as we were walking in the spring in the neighbourhood of Cambridge."—Norton Nicholls' *Reminiscences*. Never before included in Gray's Works.—ED.]

THERE pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air.

TOPHET.

[Written by Gray under a caricature of the Rev. Henry Etough, a converted Jew of slanderous and violent temper. The drawing was made by "placid Mr. Tyson of Bene't College." Etough, who was a creature of Sir Robert Walpole, held the rectories of Therfield in Hunts and of Colmworth in Beds. This epigram exists in Stonehewer's handwriting in Pembroke College.—ED.]

THUS Etough look'd; so grinned the brawling fiend,
While frighted prelates bow'd and called him friend;
I saw them bow, and while they wished him dead,
With servile simper nod the mitred head.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her griesly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

PARODY ON AN EPITAPH.

["Extempore Epitaph on Ann, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, made by Mr. Gray on reading the Epitaph on her Mother's tomb in the Church at Appleby, composed by the Countess in the same manner."—MS. note by Wharton. Gray was at Appleby on the 3d of September 1767. The triplet exists, in Gray's handwriting, among the Egerton MSS. It has not hitherto been included among his works.—ED.]

Now clean, now hideous, mellow now, now gruff,
She swept, she hiss'd, she ripen'd and grew rough,
At Broom, Pendragon, Appleby and Brough.

IMPROMPTUS.

[These trifles, never hitherto included in Gray's works, are given by Wharton, in the Egerton MSS., exactly as follows.—ED.]

IMPROMPTU by Mr. GRAY going out of Raby Castle.

Here lives Harry Vane,
Very good claret and fine Champaign.

EXTEMPORE by Mr. GRAY.

On Dr. K[eene], B[ishop] of C[hester].

The Bishop of Chester,
Tho' wiser than Nestor
And fairer than Esther,
If you scratch him will fester.

One day the Bishop having offered to give a Gentleman a Goose, Mr. Gray composed his Epitaph, thus :—

Here lies Edmund Keene Lord Bishop of Chester,
He eat a fat goose, and could not digest her.

And this upon his Lady :—

Here lies Mrs. Keene the she Bishop of Chester,
She had a bad face which did sadly molest her.

A COUPLET by Mr. GRAY :—

When you rise from your Dinner as light as before,
'Tis a sign you have eat just enough and no more.

STANZA.

[In May 1767 Mason wrote an elegiacal epitaph on his wife, for a tablet in Bristol Cathedral. He sent it to Gray, who showed it to Nicholls, with the final quatrain struck out. Gray remarked, "That will never do for an ending; I have altered them thus," and handed Nicholls the following lines, which Mason adopted.—ED.]

TELL them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas e'en to thee; yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

[NOTE ON THE POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

Several facetious pieces by Gray were circulated from mouth to mouth in the University until a late generation. They have, however, by this time quite dropped out of memory. Mason possessed them in MS., but is suspected of having destroyed them. Among them the following have been named :—

1. A History of Hell.
2. Duke of Newcastle's Journal going to Hanover.
3. History of the Devil : a fragment.
4. The Mob Grammar.
5. Character of the Scotch.
6. Fragments of an Act of Parliament relating to monuments erected in Westminster Abbey.—ED.]

TRANSLATIONS.

[Of these Translations, the first from Statius was first printed in 1853, and the second by Mason in 1775. That from Tasso and the second from Propertius were printed by Mathias in 1814. The first and third from Propertius are now for the first time published. Both the passages from Propertius are here printed from Gray's original MS., and that from Tasso from a copy in the handwriting of Stonehewer in Pembroke College. I have a suspicion that the text of the second passage from Statius, for which we have no authority but that of Mason, is corrupt. The translation from Dante has never been printed before.—Ed.]

STATIUS.

THEBAÏDOS VI., 646-688.

THEN thus the King:—*Adrastus.*

Whoe'er the quoit can wield,
And furthest send its weight athwart the field,
Let him stand forth his brawny arm to boast.
Swift at the word, from out the gazing host,
Young Pterelas with strength unequal drew,
Labouring, the disc, and to small distance threw.
The band around admire the mighty mass,
A slipp'ry weight, and form'd of polish'd brass.
The love of honour bade two youths advance,
Achaians born, to try the glorious chance;
A third arose, of Acarnania he,
Of Pisa one, and one from Ephyre;
Nor more, for now Nesimachus's son,—(*Hippomedon,*)
By acclamations roused, came tow'ring on.
Another orb upheaved his strong right hand,
Then thus: "Ye Argive flower, ye warlike band,
Who trust your arms shall rase the Tyrian towers,
And batter Cadmus' walls with stony showers,
Receive a worthier load; yon puny ball
Let youngsters toss:"——

He said, and scornful flung th' unheeded weight
Aloof; the champions, trembling at the sight,
Prevent disgrace, the palm despair'd resign;
All but two youths th' enormous orb decline,
These conscious shame withheld, and pride of noble line.
As bright and huge the spacious circle lay,
With double light it beam'd against the day:
So glittering shows the Thracian Godhead's shield,
With such a gleam affrights Pangæa's field,
When blazing 'gainst the sun it shines from far,
And, clash'd, rebellows with the din of war.
Phlegyas the long-expected play began,
Summon'd his strength, and call'd forth all the man.
All eyes were bent on his experienced hand,
For oft in Pisa's sports, his native land
Admired that arm, oft on Alpheus' shore
The pond'rous brass in exercise he bore;
Where flow'd the widest stream he took his stand;
Sure flew the disc from his unerring hand,
Nor stopp'd till it had cut the further strand.
And now in dust the polish'd ball he roll'd,
Then grasp'd its weight, elusive of his hold;
Now fitting to his gripe and nervous arm,
Suspends the crowd with expectation warm;
Nor tempts he yet the plain, but hurl'd upright,
Emits the mass, a prelude of his might;
Firmly he plants each knee, and o'er his head,
Collecting all his force, the circle sped;
It towers to cut the clouds; now through the skies

Sings in its rapid way, and strengthens as it flies;
Anon, with slacken'd rage comes quiv'ring down,
Heavy and huge, and cleaves the solid ground.
So from th' astonish'd stars, her nightly train,
The sun's pale sister, drawn by magic strain,
Deserts precipitant her darken'd sphere:
In vain the nations with officious fear
Their cymbals toss, and sounding brass explore;
Th' Æmonian hag enjoys her dreadful hour,
And smiles malignant on the labouring power.

May 8, 1736.

STATIUS.

THEBAÏDOS VI., 704-724.

THIRD in the labours of the disc come on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;

The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 8, 1736.

TASSO.

GERUS. LIB. CANT. XIV. ST. 32.

[The passage translated begins with :—
Preser commiato : e sì 'l desio gli sprona,
and ends with :—
Diamante ; e lieto ride il bel Smeraldo.—ED.]

DISMISS'D at length, they break through all delay
To tempt the dangers of the doubtful way;
And first to Ascalon their steps they bend,
Whose walls along the neighbouring Sea extend,
Nor yet in prospect rose the distant shore;
Scarce the hoarse waves from far were heard to roar,
When thwart the road a River roll'd its flood
Tempestuous, and all further course withstood;
The torrent-stream his ancient bounds disdains,

Swoll'n with new force, and late-descending rains.
Irresolute they stand; when lo! appears
The wondrous Sage: vigorous he seem'd in years,
Awful his mien, low as his feet there flows
A vestment unadorn'd, though white as new-fal'n
Snows;
Against the stream the waves secure he trod,
His head a chaplet bore, his hand a Rod.
As on the Rhine, when Boreas' fury reigns,
And winter binds the floods in icy chains,
Swift shoots the Village-maid in rustic play
Smooth, without step, adown the shining way,
Fearless in long excursion loves to glide,
And sports and wantons o'er the frozen tide.
So mov'd the Seer, but on no harden'd plain;
The river boil'd beneath, and rush'd toward the Main.
Where fix'd in wonder stood the warlike pair,
His course he turn'd, and thus relieved their care:
"Vast, oh my friends, and difficult the toil
To seek your Hero in a distant Soil!
No common helps, no common guide ye need,
Art it requires, and more than winged speed.
What length of sea remains, what various lands,
Oceans unknown, inhospitable Sands!
For adverse fate the captive chief has hurl'd
Beyond the confines of our narrow world:
Great things and full of wonder in your ears
I shall unfold; but first dismiss your fears;
Nor doubt with me to tread the downward road
That to the grotto leads, my dark abode."

Scarce had he said, before the warriors' eyes
When mountain-high the waves disparted rise;
The flood on either hand its billows rears,
And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed;
The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
Discover'd half, and half conceal'd their way;
As when athwart the dusky woods by night
The uncertain Crescent gleams a sickly light.
Through subterraneous passages they went,
Earth's inmost cells, and caves of deep descent;
Of many a flood they view'd the secret source,
The birth of rivers riseing to their course,
Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
Floats into Lakes, and bubbles into rills;
The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
Euphrates' font, and Nile's mysterious head.
Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
And embryon metals undigested glow,
Sulphureous veins and liveing silver shine,
Which soon the parent sun's warm powers refine,
In one rich mass unite the precious store,
The parts combine and harden into Ore:
Here gems break through the night with glitt'ring beam,
And paint the margin of the costly stream,
All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
And mix attemper'd in a various day;
Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,

And rubies flame, with sapphire's heavenly blue,
The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
Proud of its diamond dies, and luxury of light.

1738.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS.

LIB. III. ELEG. 5, V. 1, 2.

["Pacis amor Deus est," etc.]

Love, gentle Power! to Peace was e'er a friend;
Before the Goddess' shrine we too, love's vot'ries, bend,
Still may his Bard in softer fights engage;
Wars hand to hand with Cynthia let me wage.

Dec. 1738.

PROPERTIUS.

LIB. III. 5. V. ELEG. 19.

[From "Me juvat in primâ coluisse Helicona juventâ," to the end.—ED.]

LONG as of youth the joyous hours remain,
Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
Fast by th' umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
I'd in the ring knit hands, and joyn the Muses' dance.
Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
Let on this head unfadeing flowers reside,
There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride;
And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
Age step 'twixt love and me, and intercept the joy;

When my changed head these locks no more shall
know,
And all its jetty honours turn to snow;
Then let me rightly spell of nature's ways;
To Providence, to Him my thoughts I'd raise,
Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
That first, eternal, universal Cause;
Search to what regions yonder Star retires,
That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
And whence, anew revived, with silver light
Relumes her crescent Orb to cheer the dreary Night:
How riseing winds the face of Ocean sweep,
Where lie th' eternal fountains of the deep,
And whence the cloudy Magazines maintain
Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain;
How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world;
What colours paint the vivid arch of Jove;
What wondrous force the solid earth can move,
When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
Shakes all his Pines, and bows his hundred heads;
Why does yon Orb, so exquisitely bright,
Obscure his radiance in a short-liv'd night;
Whence the seven Sisters' congregated fires,
And what Bootes' lazy waggon tires;
How the rude surge its sandy Bounds control;
Who measured out the year, and bad the seasons roll;
If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
Earth's monster-brood stretch'd on their iron bed,

The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
Famine at feasts, and thirst amid the stream;
Or are our fears th' enthusiast's empty dream,
And all the scenes, that hurt the grave's repose,
But pictured horrour and poëtic woes.
These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown my Age.
You whose young bosoms feel a nobler flame
Redeem, what Crassus lost, and vindicate his name.

December 1738.

PROPERTIUS.

Lib. II. Eleg. 1.

TO MÆCENAS.

You ask, why thus my Loves I still rehearse,
Whence the soft Strain and ever-melting Verse?
From Cynthia all that in my numbers shines;
She is my Genius, she inspires the Lines;
No Phœbus else, no other Muse I know,
She tunes my easy Rhime, and gives the Lay to flow.
If the loose Curls around her Forehead play,
Or lawless, o'er their Ivory Margin stray:
If the thin Coan Web her Shape reveal,
And half disclose those Limbs it should conceal;
Of those loose Curls, that Ivory front I write;
Of the dear Web whole Volumes I indite:

Or if to Musick she the Lyre awake,
That the soft Subject of my Song I make,
And sing with what a careless Grace she flings
Her artful hand across the sounding Strings.
If sinking into Sleep she seem to close
Her languid Lids, I favour her repose.
With lulling Notes, and thousand beauties see
That Slumber brings to aid my Poetry.
When, less averse, and yielding to Desires,
She half accepts, and half rejects, my Fires,
While to retain the envious Lawn she tries,
And struggles to elude my longing Eyes,
The fruitful Muse from that auspicious Night
Dates the long Iliad of the amorous Fight.
In brief whate'er she do, or say, or look,
'Tis ample Matter for a Lover's Book;
And many a copious Narrative you'll see
Big with the important Nothing's History.
Yet would the Tyrant Love permit me raise
My feeble Voice, to sound the Victor's Praise,
To paint the Hero's Toil, the Ranks of War,
The laurell'd Triumph and the sculptured Carr;
No Giant Race, no Tumult of the Skies,
No Mountain-Structures in my Verse should rise,
Nor Tale of Thebes, nor Ilium there should be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant Sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian Wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggleing with her Fate.
Here should Augustus great in Arms appear,
And thou Mecænas, be my second Care;

Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguined Wave of Sicily,
And scepter'd Alexandria's captive Shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman Gore:
Then, while the vaulted Skies loud Ios rend,
In golden Chains should loaded Monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive Aspect seem
To mourn the Glories of his sevenfold Stream,
While Prows, that late in fierce Encounter mett,
Move through the Sacred Way and vainly threat,
Thee too the Muse should consecrate to Fame,
And with her Garlands weave thy ever-faithful Name.
  But nor Callimachus' enervate Strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted Plain;
Nor I with unaccustom'd Vigour trace
Back to it's Source divine the Julian Race.
Sailors to tell of Winds and Seas delight,
The Shepherd of his flocks, the Soldier of the Fight,
A milder Warfare I in Verse display;
Each in his proper Art should waste the Day:
Nor thou my gentle Calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the Bed of Love.
  Happy the Youth, and not unknown to Fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied Happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my Wishes I confine;
Or if, alas! it be my Fate to try
Another Love, the quicker let me die:
But she, the Mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the Charms of Constancy confest,

Condemns her fickle Sexe's fond Mistake,
And hates the Tale of Troy for Helen's Sake.
Me from myself the soft Enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my Desires control,
Or if I fall the Victim of her Scorn,
From her loved Door may my pale Coarse be borne.
The Power of Herbs can other Harms remove,
And find a Cure for every Ill, but Love.
The Melian's Hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow Chief, and send again to War;
To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost Sight,
And Phœbus' Son recall'd Androgeon to the Light.
Here Arts are vain, e'en Magic here must fail,
The powerful Mixture and the midnight Spell;
The Hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted Peace,
May the long Thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal Vulture from his Prey.
For Ills unseen what Remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscover'd Wound?
The Bed avails not, nor the leeche's Care,
Nor changing Skies can hurt, nor sultry Air.
'Tis hard th' elusive Symptoms to explore:
To-day the Lover walks, to-morrow is no more;
A train of mourning Friends attend his Pall,
And wonder at the sudden Funeral.
When then my Fates that breath they gave shall claim,
And the short Marble but preserve a Name,
A little Verse my All that shall remain;

Thy passing Courser's slacken'd Speed restrain;
(Thou envied Honour of thy Poet's Days,
Of all our Youth the Ambition and the Praise!)
Then to my quiet Urn awhile draw near,
And say, while o'er the Place You drop the Tear,
Love and the Fair were of his Life the Pride;
He lived, while she was kind; and when she frown'd,
he died.

April 1742.

DANTE.

Canto 33, dell' Inferno.

[This translation from Dante has never been printed before. It is here given from a MS., in the handwriting of Mitford, in the possession of Lord Houghton. The holograph of Gray, which cannot now be traced, is said to have been sold for £18 in 1845.—Ed.]

From his dire Food the griesly Fellon raised
His Gore-dyed Lips, which on the clotter'd Locks
Of th' half devoured Head he wiped, & thus
Began. Would'st thou revive the deep Despair,
The Anguish, that unutter'd nathless wrings
My inmost Heart? yet if the telling may
Beget the Traitour's Infamy, whom thus
I ceaseless gnaw insatiate; thou shalt see me
At once give loose to Utterance, and to Tears.
I know not, who thou art; nor on what Errand
Sent hither: but a Florentine my Ear,
Won by thy Tongue, declares thee. Know, thou seest

In me Count Ugolino, and Ruggieri,
Pisa's perfidious Prelate this: now hear
My Wrongs, and from them judge of my Revenge.
That I did trust him, that I was betray'd
By trusting, and by Treachery slain, it rekes not
That I advise thee. That which yet remains
To thee and all unknown (a horrid Tale)
The Bitterness of Death, I shall unfold.
Attend, and say if he have injured me.
Thro' a small crevice opening, what scant Light
That grim and antique Tower admitted (since
Of me the Tower of Famine hight, and known
To many a Wretch) already 'gan the Dawn
To send: the whilst I slumb'ring lay, and Sleep
Prophetic of my Woes with direful Hand
Oped the dark Veil of Fate. I saw methought
Towards Pisa's Mount, that intercepts the View
Of Lucca, chas'd by Hell-hounds gaunt and bloody
A Wolf full-grown; with fleet and equal Speed
His young ones ran beside him. Lanfranc there
And Sigismundo, and Gualandi rode
Amain, my deadly Foes! headed by this
The deadliest. He their Chief, the foremost He
Flash'd to pursue, and chear the eager Cry:
Nor long endur'd the Chase: the panting Sire
Of Strength bereft, his helpless offspring soon
O'erta'en beheld, and in their trembling Flanks
The hungry Pack their sharp-set Fangs embrued.
The Morn had scarce commenc'd, when I awoke:
My Children (they were with me) sleep as yet

Gave not to know their Sum of Misery,
But yet in low and uncompleated Sounds
I heard 'em wail for Bread. Oh! thou art cruel,
Or Thou dost mourn to think, what my poor Heart
Foresaw, foreknew: oh! if thou weep not now,
Where are thy Tears? too soon they had aroused 'em
Sad with the Fears of Sleep, and now the Hour
Of timely Food approach'd; when at the Gate
Below I heard the dreadful Clash of Bars,
And fast'ning Bolts: then on my Children's Eyes
Speechless my Sight I fix'd, nor wept, for all
Within was Stone: they wept, unhappy Boys!
They wept, and first my little dear Anselmo
Cried, Father, why, why do you gaze so sternly?
What would you have? yet wept I not, or answer'd
All that whole Day, or the succeeding Night
Till a new Sun arose with weakly Gleam,
And wan, such as mought entrance find within
That House of Woe. But oh! when I beheld
My Sons, and in four Faces saw my own
Despair reflected, either Hand I gnaw'd
For Anguish, which they construed Hunger; straight
Ariseing all they cried, far less shall be
Our Suffering, Sir, if you resume your Gift;
These miserable Limbs with Flesh you cloath'd;
Take back, what once was yours. I swallow'd down
My struggling Sorrow, nor to heighten theirs:
That Day, and yet another, mute we sate,
And motionless; oh Earth! could'st thou not gape
Quick to devour me? yet a fourth Day came

When Gaddo, at my Feet out-stretch'd, imploreing
In vain my Help, expir'd: e'er the sixth Morn
Had dawn'd, my other three before my Eyes
Died one by one; I saw 'em fall; I heard
Their doleful Cries; for three days more I grop'd
About among their cold Remains (for then
Hunger had reft my Eye-sight) often calling
On their dear Names, that heard me now no more:
The fourth, what Sorrow could not, Hunger did.
He finish'd: Then with unrelenting Eye
Askaunce he turn'd him, hasty to renew
The hellish Feast, and rent his trembling Prey.

LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

PLAY EXERCISE AT ETON.

[Now for the first time printed from Gray's autograph in the Stonehewer collection.—ED.]

"Quem te Deus esse
Jussit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re
Disce . . ."

PENDET Homo incertus gemini ad confinia mundi
Cui parti accedat dubius; consurgere stellis
An socius velit, an terris ingloria moles
Reptare, ac muto se cum grege credere campis:
Inseruisse choro divum hic se jactat, & audet
Telluremque vocare suam, fluctusque polumque,
Et quodcunque videt, proprios assumit in usus.
"Me propter jam vere expergefacta virescit
Natura in flores, herbisque illudit, amatque
Pingere telluris gremium, mihi vinea fœtu
Purpureo turget, dulcique rubescit honore;
Me rosa, me propter liquidos exhalat odores;
Luna mihi pallet, mihi Olympum Phœbus inaurat,
Sidera mi lucent, volvunturque æquora ponti."
Se secum insistit, tantumque hæc astra decores
Æstimat esse suæ sedis, convexaque cœli
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri.

At tibi per deserta fremit, tibi tigris acerbum
Succenset, nemorum fulmen, Gangeticus horror?
Te propter mare se tollit, surgitque tumultu?
Hic ubi rimavi, atque impallescere libris
Perstetit, anne valet qua vi connexa per ævum
Conspirent elementa sibi, serventque tenorem;
Sufficiant scatebræ unde mari, fontesque perennes
Jugis aquæ fluviis, unde æther sidera pascat,
Pandere? nequaquam: secreta per avia mundi
Debile carpit iter, vix, et sub luce maligna
Pergit, et incertam tendit trepidare per umbram.
Fata obstant; metam Parcæ posuere sciendi,
Et dixere, veni huc, Doctrina, hic terminus esto.
Non super æthereas errare licentius auras
Humanum est, at scire hominem; breve limite votum
Exiguo claudat, nec se quæsiverit extra.
Errat, qui cupit oppositos transcendere fines,
Extenditque manus ripæ ulterioris amore;
Illic gurges hiat late, illic sæva vorago
Et caligantes longis ambagibus umbræ.
Oceani fontes, et regna sonantia fluctu,
Machina stellantis cœli, terræque cavernæ
Nullis laxantur mortalibus, isque aperiret
Hæc qui arcana poli, magnumque recluderet æquor,
Frangeret æternos nexus, mundique catenam.
Plurimus (hic error, demensque libido lacessit)
In superos cœlumque ruit, sedesque relinquit,
Quas natura dedit proprias, jussitque tueri.
Humani sortem generis pars altera luget,
Invidet armento, et campi sibi vindicat herbam.

O quis me in pecoris felicia transferet arva,
In loca pastorum deserta, atque otia dia?
Cur mihi non Lyncisve oculi, vel odora canum vis
Additur, aut gressus cursu glomerare potestas?
Aspice ubi, teneres dum texit aranea casses,
Funditur in telam, et late per stamina vivit?
Quid mihi non tactus eadem exquisita facultas,
Taurorumve tori solidi, pennæve volucrum
Pertæsos sortis doceant responsa silere
Si tanto valeas contendere acumine visûs,
Et graciles penetrare atomos; non æthera possis
Suspicere, aut lati spatium comprendere ponti.
Vis si adsit major naris; quam, vane, doleres
Extinctus fragranti aura, dulcique veneno!
Si tactus, tremat hoc corpus, solidoque dolore
Ardeat in membris, nervoque laboret in omni;
Sive auris, fragor exanimet, cum rumpitur igne
Fulmineo cœlum, totusque admurmurat æther:
Quam demum humanas, priscasque requirere dotes?
Attonitus nimium cuperes, nimiumque reverti
In solitam speciem, veterique senescere forma.
Nubila seu tentes, vetitumque per aëra surgas,
Sive rudes poscas sylvas, et lustra ferarum;
Falleris; in medio solium Sapientia fixit.
Desine sectari majora, minorave sorte,
Quam Deus, et rerum attribuit natura creatrix.

IN D: 29AM MAII.

[Now for the first time printed from a MS. in the handwriting of the poet, signed "Gray," lately found at Pembroke College.—Ed.]

Bella per Angliacos plusquam civilia campos
Præteritæ videre dies: desævit Enyo,
Tempestasque jacet; circum vestigia flammæ
Delentur, pacisque iterum consurgit imago:
Littore, quo nuper Martis fremuere procellæ,
Alcyone tutum struit imperterrita nidum.
Reddita spes solii regno, regemque vagantem
Patria chara tenet, dictisque affatur amicis.

Quas ego te terras, quot per discrimina vectum
Accipio, quantis jactatum, Nate, periclis?
Quam metui, nequid tibi Gallica regna nocerent,
Belgarumque plagæ, perjuraque Scotia patri!
Quam tremui, cum læva tuas Vigornia turmas
Fudit præcipites, hostemque remisit ovantem!
Tuque, Arbor, nostræ felix tutela coronæ,
Gloria camporum, & luci regina vocare:
Tota tibi sylva assurget, quæ fronde dedisti
Securas latebras, nemorosa palatia regi?
Sacra Jovi Latio quondam, nunc sacra Britanno.
Olim factus honos, illi velasse capillos,
Qui leto civem abripuit, salvumque reduxit;
Jam potes ipsa tribus populis præstare salutem.

IN 5TAM NOVEMBRIS.

[Now for the first time printed from an MS. in the handwriting of the poet, signed "Gray," lately found at Pembroke College.—Ed.]

Lis anceps, multosque diu protracta per annos,
Judice nec facili dissoluënda fuit;
Cui tribuenda modo sceleratæ premia palmæ?
Quem merito tantus nobilitaret honos?
Multa sibi Romæ sævi ascivere tyranni,
Multa sibi primus, posteriorque Nero:
Qui retulit prædam nostro de litore Conchas:
Quem dedit ex pura Flavia stirpe domus:
Multa sibi Phalaris petiit, Trinacria pestis;
Diraque causa tui, magna Diana, rogi:
Quæque referre mora est, portenta replentia famæ
Invitæ annales, crimine nota suo.
At demum innumeris belli Anglia clara triumphis
Militis ostentat parta tropæa manu;
Nec satis est, gemina palma insignita nitere
Artibus et bellis, orbis et esse decus;
Accedat nactæ sceleris nisi gloria famæ,
Et laudis numeros impleat illa suæ:
Ex natis surgit mens aspernata priores,
Et tentare novas ingeniosa vias,
Quæ cæcis novit Martem sepelire latebris,
Tectosque a visu Solis habere dolos;
Scilicet, ut fallat, non ire in viscera terræ,
Non dubitat simili clade vel ipse mori.
Jamque incepit opus: caveat successibus, opto;

Et vetet inceptum Sors, precor, istud opus:
Nec frustra; effulget subito lux aurea cæli,
(Aspice) rimanti dum domus atra patet;
Reclusamque vides fraudem, letique labores,
Antraque miraris sulphure fœta suo:
Quod si venturi hæc armamentaria fati
Panderat haud sacri gratia dia poli;
Jure scelus se jactaret, procerumque ruina
Tantum una gentem perdomuisse manu.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[Reprinted from *Gratulatio Academiæ Cantabrigiensis Auspicatissimas Frederici Walliae Principis et Augustae Principissae Saxo-Gothae Nuptias celebrantis.—Cantab: Typis Acad.* fol. 1736.—Ed.]

Ignaræ nostrum mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et Sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ Solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flamma
Dulci, quæ dono Divum, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia norunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:
Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela *Venus*, cæcique armamentaria Divi,

Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;[1]
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque Oh! *Angliacis*, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum: quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et Ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta *Venus* potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese *Augusta Britanno*
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore

[1] This line, which is unmetrical, is so printed in the Cambridge collection; and in Park's edition, without remark. The fault is probably in the author, and not in the printer; as the line is composed of two hemistichs of Virgil: Æn. xii. 336, "Iræque, Insidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur;" and Æn. iv. 67, "Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus." Or perhaps a line is omitted, which should intervene.—[*Mit.*]

Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fluctusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese *Augusta Britanno*
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris;
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit *Hymen*, et subridens cum matre *Cupido*
Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Ilicet haud pictæ incandescit imagine formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
Implorata *Venus* jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœmineam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque nova splendescere flamma;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburneæ.

LUNA HABITABILIS.

[Published in the *Musæ Etonenses*, vol. ii. p. 107. Written in 1737.—Ed.]

DUM Nox rorantes, non incomitata per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;
Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecem gelida spatiere sub umbra.
Scilicèt hos orbes, cœli hæc decora alta putandum est,
Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere; virumque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri;
Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva
Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?

Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
Non pennis opus hìc, supera ut simul illa petamus:
Disce, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultrò
Visa tibi ante oculos, et nota major imago.

Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere spectas),
Compositum tubulo; simul imum invade canalem

Sic intenta acie, cœli simul alta patescent
Atria; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,
Ingrediere solo, et caput inter nubila condes.
Ecce autem! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta consita terris
Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
Sublustri; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem;
Integram Solis lucem quippè haurit aperto
Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes:
Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis;
Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque
Lumen depascunt liquidum; sed tela diei
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes;
Montes queis Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa nivali
Vertice: tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra
Nigrescunt clivorum umbra, nemorumque tenebris.
Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo;
Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus imber;
His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.
Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem
Destitui? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque triumphos
Victores: sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia tangunt
Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,

Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profundum;
Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
Sub sudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis;
Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem
Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes;
Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat;
Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras;
Jam tandem in Borean, en! parvulus Anglia nævus
(Quanquam aliis longè fulgentior) extulit oras;
Formosum extemplò lumen, maculamque nitentem
Invisunt crebri Proceres, serùmque tuendo;
Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant:
Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus
Se dominum vocat, et nostra se jactat in aula.
Terras possim alias propiori sole calentes
Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queis parcior usus,
Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi;
Ni, meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.

Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta silebo
Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
Tempus erit, sursùm totos contendere cœtus
Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates:
Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
Insolitas explorat aves, classemque volantem.

Ut quondàm ignotum marmor, camposque natantes
Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Columbus;

Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque biformes,
Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
Fœdera mox icta, et gemini commercia mundi,
Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere cerno.
Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat undæ;
Aëris attollet fasces, veteresque triumphos
Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.

SAPPHIC ODE.

[Sent to West in June 1738. This is the first independent composition of Gray's now existing. It is here printed from his MS. at Pembroke College.—Ed.]

Barbaras ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen;

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musa?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expedita
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre

Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favoni
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpura tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris; amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus?

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

[Added to the preceding, in a postscript, and here printed from Gray's MS.—ED.]

O LACRYMARUM Fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit!

SAPPHICS.

[This is the opening of a letter, otherwise in prose, sent to Richard West from Genoa on the 21st of November 1739. Mason is responsible for the text.—ED.]

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.

ELEGIACS.

[Suggested by a visit to the site of the Battle of Trebia, and sent to R. West from Florence on the 15th of January 1740. Mason is responsible for the text.—Ed.]

Qua Trebiae glaucas salices intersecat unda,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis,
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas,
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fuga.

CARMEN AD C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.

[Sent to Richard West from Rome in May 1740. It is here printed from the copy in Gray's handwriting among the Stonehewer MSS., to which the poet has himself appended this note:—"Wrote at Rome, the latter end of the spring 1740, after a journey to Frascati and the Cascades of Tivoli."—Ed.]

Mater rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere qua diem
Amat sub umbra, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro,
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi

Umbrosa, vel colles amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naiasin ingeminasse rupes;
Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvida
Videre ripa, qua niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen;
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea luci (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM ON THE GAURUS.

[Sent to Richard West from Florence in a letter dated September 25, 1740. It is here printed from a copy in Gray's handwriting among the Stonehewer MSS., to which the poet has appended this note:—"Rome, July 1740; just returned from Naples."—Ed.]

* * * *

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus oliva
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, media dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt: tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò sè aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigraque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Silvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè alta voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus

Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos
Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
Unà colligere et justa componere in urna.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbun
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favilla
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxi
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri

Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.
Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

[Enclosed in a letter to West sent from Florence, April 21, 1741. Printed here from Gray's autograph copy among the Stonehewer MSS.—Ed.]

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucaque sua canescere sylva!
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta corona
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

ALCAIC ODE.

[This ode was written in the album of the Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiny, in August 1741. The original, which was much valued by the monks, was destroyed during the French Revolution by a mob from Grenoble. It is here printed from a copy in the poet's handwriting existing among the Stonehewer MSS. —Ed.]

Oh Tu, severi relligio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
  Nativa nam certè fluenta
    Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
  Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
    Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citrea
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiaca manu)
  Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
    Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
  Vetat volentem, me resorbens
    In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
  Tutumque vulgari tumultu
    Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF AN HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

[Mason is responsible for this text.—Ed.]

Egregium accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel una;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
Nec fueram fastus, Roma Superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumphi
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
Objecta et sævæ plausibus orbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si, tardius utar
Munere. Non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit:
Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?

(Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Tota vix nocte quievi,
Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
Atque iterum hesterno numere victor ades.

* * * *

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

[Of these fragments of a didatic poem,—here printed, with the marginal headings never before given, from Gray's original MS., now at Pembroke College,—the earlier portion was written at Cambridge in the summer of 1740, and the rest was added at Stoke in the autumn of 1742. This is the longest of Gray's poetical writings.—ED.]

Plan of th Poem.

UNDE Animus scire incipiat; quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,

Invocatio to Mr. Locl

Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
Oh decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quà primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incerta, tremulaque insistere planta.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi, enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,

Use and I tent of th Subject.

Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid

[1] John Locke (1632-1704), whose *Essay on the Human Understanding* provides the matter of this poem.—[ED.]

Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.
Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirum) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non alia se jactat origine Musa.

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Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno:
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras

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vous
em.

Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motus,
Hinc indè accensa contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illìc posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit

Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientum, ultròque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius ille
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem

Sensation the Origin of our Ideas.

The Touch, our first and most extensive Sense.

Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
ght, our cond . nse. Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, justaque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.
igression i Sight. Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique lætitia florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
ght, imper- ct at first, adually iproves. Nescio qua tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur

Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo, Ideas of Beauty, Proportion, and Order.
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus, Hearing, also improveable by the Judgment.
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa Taste.
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales Smell.
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant,
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtìm sub vesperis hora
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci Reflection, the other source of our Ideas.
Alma Parens, sensusque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Qua sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.

Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripa
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
ap- Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
1 the some Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
gle ies, Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia norunt;
y two, by Sense. Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
ation. Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
an ple of st. Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque locique
Mo- Exten- Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
of the Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.
re, of ye Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur

Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et porta glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.

Also, Power, Existence, Unity, Succession, Direction.

Nunc age quo valeat pacto, qua sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimìs spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.
Hæc conjuncta adeò tota compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.

Primary Qualities of Bodies.

Magnitude, Solidity, Mobility, Texture, Figure.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figura
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministra
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè

Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditus queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum non ullo interprete per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * *

Liber Quartus.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctus,
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque oh si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olìm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplere, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo; quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * *

INSCRIPTION FOR A WOOD IN A PARK.

[Printed from the original among the Stonehewer MSS.; Gray has given the date, "May 1742."—Ed.]

Ἀζόμενος πολύθηρον[1] ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος Ἀνάσσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λεῖπε, κυναγὲ, θεᾶς,
Μοῦνοι ἄρ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγεῦσιν ὑλαγμοὶ,
Ἀνταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδῳ.

[1] Gray has πολυθήρον.—[Ed.]

PARAPHRASES.

[These were first printed by Mathias in 1814.]

PETRARCA, PART I., SONETTO 170.

"Lasso ch' i' ardo, ed altri non me 'l crede," etc.

IMITATED.

UROR, io; veros at nemo credidet ignes:
Quin credunt omnes; dura sed illa negat,
Illa negat, soli volumus cui posse probare;
Quin videt, et visos improba dissimulat.
Ah, durissima mi, sed et, ah, pulcherrima rerum!
Nonne animam in misera, Cynthia, fronte vides?
Omnibus illa pia est; et, si non fata vetassent,
Tam longas mentem flecteret ad lacrymas.
Sed tamen has lacrymas, hunc tu, quem spreveris, ignem,
Carminaque auctori non bene culta suo,
Turba futurorum non ignorabit amantum:
Nos duo, cumque erimus parvus uterque cinis,
Jamque faces, eheu! oculorum, et frigida lingua,
Hæ sine luce jacent, immemor illa loqui;
Infelix musa æternos spirabit amores,
Ardebitque urna multa favilla mea.

Mr. Gray paid very particular attention to the *Anthologia Græca*, and he enriched an interleaved edition of it (by Henry Stephens in 1566) with copious notes, with parallel passages from various authors, and with some conjectural emendations of the text. He translated, or imitated, a few of the epigrams, and as the editor thinks that the reader may not be displeased with the terse, elegant, and animated manner in which Mr. Gray transfused their spirit into the Latin language, he is presented with a specimen.—[*Mit.*]

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA.

IN BACCHÆ FURENTIS STATUAM.[1]

Credite, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:
Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

IN ALEXANDRUM, ÆRE EFFICTUM.[2]

Quantum audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære
Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:
Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:
Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

IN MEDEÆ IMAGINEM, NOBILE TIMOMACHI OPUS.[3]

En ubi Medeæ varius dolor æstuat ore,
Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent!
Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris
Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

[1] Anth. Plan. iv. 57.
[2] Anth. Plan. iv. 119.
[3] Anth. Plan. iv. 136.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,
Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros;
Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram;
Et de languidula spicula lapsa manu,
Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella
Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apis.

IN FONTEM AQUÆ CALIDÆ.

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam
Dormiit, in ripa deposuitque facem.
Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,
Tempus adest, ultra quid dubitamus? ait.
Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divumque hominumque
Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis:
Demens! nam nequiit sævam restinguere flammam
Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Irrepsisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,
Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?
Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,
O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,
Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas;
Est viola, est anemone, est suave-rubens hyacinthus,
Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo:
Sume; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ;
Qui pinxit, brevis est, sertaque teque, color.

AD AMOREM.

PAULISPER vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,
Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces;
Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori:
Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati!
Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,
Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis:
Quòd si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,
Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.
Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,
Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur;
Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas!
Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

GENERICK CHARACTERS
OF THE ORDERS OF INSECTS,

AND OF THE GENERA OF THE FIRST SIX ORDERS, NAMED,

Coleoptera, Hemiptera, Lepidoptera, Neuroptera, Hymenoptera, & Diptera;

EXPRESSED IN TECHNICAL VERSES.

[Preserved at Pembroke College among the Stonehewer MSS. Never before included in Gray's *Poetical Works*.—Ed.]

I. COLEOPTERA.

Alas lorica tectas Coleoptera jactant.

Antennis Clavatis.

Serra pedum prodit Scarabæum et fissile cornu.
Dermesti antennæ circum ambit lamina caulem,
Qui caput incurvum timidus sub corpore celat.
In pectus retrahens caput abdit claviger Hister.
Occiput Attelabi in posticum vergit acumen.
Curculio ingenti protendit cornua rostro.
Silpha leves peltæ atque elytrorum exporrigit oras.
Truncus apex clavæ, atque antennula Coccionellæ.

Antennis Filiformibus.

Cassida sub clypei totam se margine condit.
Chrysomela inflexa loricæ stringitur ora.
Gibba caput Meloë incurvat, thorace rotundo.
Oblongus frontem et tenues clypei exerit oras
Tenebrio. Abdomen Mordellæ lamina vestit.
Curta elytra ostentat Staphylis, caudamque recurvam.

Antennis Setaceis.

Tubere cervicis valet, antennisque Cerambyx.
Pectore Leptura est tereti, corpusque coarctat.
Flexile Cantharidis tegmen, laterumque papillæ.
Ast Elater resilit sterni mucrone supinus.
Maxilla exerta est oculoque Cicindela grandi.
Bupresti antennæ graciles, cervice retracta.
Nec Dytiscus iners setosa remige planta.
Effigiem cordis Carabus dat pectore trunco.
Necydalis curto ex elytro nudam explicat alam.

Curtum, at Forficulæ tegit hanc, cum forcipe caudæ.
Depressum Blattæ corpus, venterque bicornis.
Dente vorax Gryllus deflexis saltitat alis.

II. Hemiptera.

Dimidiam rostrata gerunt Hemiptera crustam.
Fœmina serpit humi interdum: volat æthere conjux.

Rostro Nepa rapax pollet, chelisque: Cicada
Remigio alarum et rostrato pectore saltat.
Tela Cimex inflexa gerit, cruce complicat alas
Notonecta crucem quoque fert, remosque pedales;
Cornua Aphis caudæ et rostrum; sæpe erigit alas;
Deprimit has Chermes, dum saltat, pectore gibbo.
Coccus iners caudæ setas, volitante marito;
Thrips alas angusta gerit, caudamque recurvam.

III. Lepidoptera.

Squamam alæ, linguæ spiram Lepidoptera jactant.

Papilio clavam et squamosas subrigit alas.
Prismaticas Sphinx antennas, medioque tumentes;
At conicas gravis extendit sub nocte Phalæna.

IV. Neuroptera.

Rete alæ nudum, atque hamos Neuroptera caudæ.

Dente alisque potens, secat æthera longa Libella.
Cauda setigera, erectis stat Ephemera pennis.

Phryganea elinguis rugosas deprimit alas,
Hemerinusque bidens; planas tamen explicat ille:
Et rostro longo et cauda Panorpa minatur.
Raphidia extento collo setam trahit unam.

V. Hymenoptera.

At vitreas alas, jaculumque Hymenoptera caudæ
Fœmineo data tela gregi, maribusque negata.

Telum abdit spirale Cynips, morsuque minatur.
Maxillas Tenthredo movet, serramque bivalvem,
Ichneumon gracili triplex abdomine telum.
Haurit Apis lingua incurva quod vindicat ense.
Sphex alam expandit lævem, gladiumque recondit.
Alæ ruga notat Vespam caudæque venenum,
Squamula Formicam tergi telumque pedestrem,

Dum minor alata volitat cum conjuge conjux.
Mutilla impennis, sed cauda spicula vibrat.

VI. Diptera.

Diptera sub geminis alis se pondere librant.

Os Oestro nullum est, caudaque timetur inermi.
Longa caput Tipula est, labiisque et prædita palpis.
Palpis Musca caret, retrahitque proboscida labris;
Qua Tabanus gaudet pariter, palpis sub acutis.
Os Culicis molli e pharetra sua spicula vibrat,
Rostrum Empis durum et longum sub pectore curvat;
Porrigit articuli de cardine noxia Conops,

Porrigit (at rectum et conicum) sitibundus Asilus,
Longum et Bombylius, qui sugit mella volando.
Unguibus Hippobosca valet; vibrat breve telum.

VII. APTERA.

Aptera se pedibus pennarum nescia jactant.

DOUBTFUL POEMS.

ODE. POETICAL RONDEAU.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE CHRIST-CROSS ROW.

ODE.

[This *Ode*, which has never, I believe, been hitherto printed, occurs in Gray's handwriting, and among other pieces known to be his, in the Stonehewer MSS. Gray has written "Celadon, Dec. 1736," at the foot of it. At that date Gray was an undergraduate at Pembroke College. The verses do not bear the stamp of his mature manner, but I know not to whom they must be attributed, if not to Gray.—ED.]

1.

SEEDS of Poetry and Rhime
  Nature in my Soul implanted:
But the genial Hand of Time
  Still to ripen 'em is wanted;
Or, soon as they begin to blow
My cold soil nips the Buds with Snow.

2.

If a plenteous Crop arise,
  Copious numbers, swelling grain;
Judgment from the Harvest flies
  And careless spares to weed the Plain:
Tares of Similes choak the roots,
Or Poppy-thoughts blast all the shoots.

3.

Youth, his torrid Beams thay plays,
Bids the poetick Spirit flourish;
But, tho' Flowers his ardour raise,
Maggots too will form and nourish;
And variegated Fancy's seen
Vainly enamelling the Green.

4.

First when Pastorals I read,
Purling streams and cooling breezes
I only wrote of; and my head
Rhimed on, reclined beneath the Tree-zes;
In pretty Dialogue I told
Of Phœbus' heat and Daphne's cold.

5.

Battles, Sieges, Men, and Arms,
(If heroïc Verse I'm reading)
I burn to write; with Myra's charms
In Episode, to show my breeding:
But if my Myra cruel be
I tell her so in Elegy.

6.

Tragick Numbers, buskin'd Strains,
If Melpomene inspire,

I sing; but fickle throw my trains
And half an act into the Fire:
Perhaps Thalia prompts a Sonnet
On Chloe's Fan, or Cælia's Bonnet.

7.

For one Silk-worm thought that thrives
Twenty more in Embrio dye;
Some spin away their little lives
In ductile Lines of Foolery:
Then for a Moiety of the Year
Part in a Chrysalis appear.

8.

Till again the rolling Sun
Bursts the inactive Shell, and thoughts
Like Butterflies, their Prison shun
Buzzing with all their parent Faults;
And, springing from the sluggish mould,
Expand their wings of flimzey Gold.

9.

But, my Dear, these Flies, they say,
Can boast of one good Quality;
To Phœbus gratefully they pay
Their little Songs, and Melody;
So I to you this Trifle give,
Whose influence first bid it live.

POETICAL RONDEAU.

[The *Poetical Rondeau*, which, as far as I am aware, has escaped the notice of every previous editor of Gray, was printed in a satirical *Criticism on the Elegy*, published anonymously in 1783. This pamphlet was attributed to Professor Young. The author of it prints the poem which follows as "a little relic of Gray," which has been placed in his hands, in Gray's handwriting, "by the kindness of Dr. Curzon, late of Brazen Nose." Whether all this is a mystification or no, I am unable to discover; but I think it worth while to reprint the piece, for the original of which I have to thank my friend Mr. Frederick Locker.—ED.]

FIRST to love,—and then to part,—
Long to seek a mutual heart,—
Late to find it:—and, again,
Leave and lose it,—oh the pain!

Some have loved, and loved (they say)
'Till they loved their love away;
Then have left, to love anew:
But, I wot, they loved not *true*.

True to love,—and then to part,—
Long to seek a mutual heart,—
Late to find it,—and, again,
Leave, and lose it,—oh the pain!

Some have lov'd, to pass the time,
And have loved their love in rhyme:
Loath'd the love; and loath'd the song;
But their love could not be *strong*.

Strong to love,—and then to part,
Long to seek a mutual heart,—
Late to find it,—and, again,
Leave, and lose it,—oh the pain!

They who just have felt the flame
Lightly lambent o'er their frame,—
Light to them the parting knell:
For, too sure, they love not *well.*

Well to love,—and then to part,
Long to seek a mutual heart,—
Late to find it,—and, again,
Leave and lose it,—oh the pain!

But when once the potent dart
Cent'ring, rivets heart to heart,
Then to sever what is bound,
Is to tear the closing wound.

Thus to love,—and then to part—
Long to seek a mutual heart,—
Late to find it,—and, again,
Leave and lose it,—oh! the pain.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE CHRIST-CROSS-ROW.

[This fragment was preserved by Horace Walpole, who says: —"Gray never would allow the foregoing Poem to be his, but it has too much merit, and the humour and versification are so much in his style, that I cannot believe it to be written by any other hand.—(Signed) H. W." It has never been included in Gray's works, but was printed by Mitford in 1843. Dyce mentions, in a MS. note at South Kensington, that Gray's original autograph of these lines has been destroyed.—ED.]

* * * *

GREAT D *d*raws near—the *D*utchess sure is come,
Open the *d*oors of the with*d*rawing-room;
Her daughters deck'd most daintily I see,
The Dowager grows a perfect double D.
E enters next, and with her Eve appears,
Not like yon Dowager deprest with years;
What Ease and Elegance her person grace,
Bright beaming, as the Evening-star, her face;
Queen Esther next—how fair e'en after death,
Then one faint glimpse of Queen Elizabeth;
No more, our Esthers now are nought but Hetties,
Elizabeths all dwindled into Betties;
In vain you think to find them under E,
They're all diverted into H and B.
F follows fast the fair—and in his rear,
See Folly, Fashion, Foppery, straight appear,
All with fantastic clews, fantastic clothes,
With Fans and Flounces, Fringe and Furbelows.
Here Grub-street Geese presume to joke and jeer,

All, all, but Grannam.Osborne's Gazetteer.
High heaves his hugeness H, methinks we see,
Henry the Eighth's most monstrous majesty,
But why on such *mock* grandeur should we dwell,
H mounts to Heaven, and H descends to Hell.

* * * *

As H the Hebrew found, so I the Jew,
See Isaac, Joseph, Jacob, pass in view;
The walls of old Jerusalem appear,
See Israel, and all Judah thronging there.

* * * *

P pokes his head out, yet has not a pain;
Like Punch, he peeps, but soon pops in again;
Pleased with his Pranks, the Pisgys call him Puck,
Mortals he loves to prick, and pinch, and pluck;
Now a pert Prig, he perks upon your face,
Now peers, pores, ponders, with profound grimace,
Now a proud Prince, in pompous Purple drest,
And now a Player, a Peer, a Pimp, or Priest;
A Pea, a Pin, in a perpetual round,
Now seems a Penny, and now shews a Pound;
Like Perch or Pike, in Pond you see him come,
He in plantations hangs like Pear or Plum,
Pippin or Peach; then perches on the spray,
In form of Parrot, Pye, or Popinjay.
P, Proteus-like all tricks, all shapes can shew,
The Pleasantest Person in the Christ-Cross row.

* * * *

As K a King, Q represents a Queen,
And seems small difference the sounds between;

K, as a man, with hoarser accent speaks,
In shriller notes Q like a female squeaks;
Behold K struts, as might a King become,
Q draws her train along the Drawing-room,
Slow follow all the quality of State,
Queer Queensbury only does refuse to wait.

* * * *

Thus great R reigns in town, while different far,
Rests in Retirement, *little* Rural R;
Remote from cities lives in lone Retreat,
With Rooks and Rabbit burrows round his seat—
S, sails the Swan slow down the Silver stream.

* * * *

So big with Weddings, waddles W,
And brings all Womankind before your view;
A Wench, a Wife, a Widow, and a Whore,
With Woe behind, and Wantonness before.

[Walpole has preserved the following fragment of a letter from Gray, in which the verses printed above were introduced:—

"When I received the testimonial of so many considerable personages to adorn the second page of my next edition, and (adding them to the Testimonium Autoris de seipso) do relish and enjoy all the conscious pleasure resulting from six penny-worths of glory, I cannot but close my satisfaction with a sigh for the fate of my fellow-labourer in poetry, the unfortunate Mr. Golding, cut off in the flower or rather the bud of his honours, who had he survived but a fortnight more, might have been by your kind offices as much delighted with himself, as I. Windsor and Eton might have gone down to posterity together, perhaps appeared in the same volume, like Philips and Smith, and we might have sent at once to Mr. Pond for the frontispiece, but these, alas! are vain reflections. To return to myself. Nay! but you are such a wit! sure the gentlemen an't so good,

are they? and don't you play upon the word. I promise you, few take to it here at all, which is a good sign (for I never knew anything liked here, that ever proved to be so any where else,) it is said to be mine, but I strenuously deny it, and so do all that are in the secret, so that nobody knows what to think; a few only of King's College gave me the lie, but I hope to demolish them; for if *I* don't know, who should? Tell Mr. Chute, I would not have served him so, for any brother in Christendom, and am very angry. To make my peace with the noble youth you mention, I send you a Poem that I am sure they will read (as well as they can) a masterpiece—it is said, being an admirable improvement on that beautiful piece called Pugna Porcorum, which begins

Plangite porcelli Porcorum pigra propago;

but that is in Latin, and not for their reading, but indeed, this is worth a thousand of it, and unfortunately it is not perfect, and it is not mine.

"When you and Mr. Chute can get the remainder of *Mariane*,[1] I shall be much obliged to you for it—I am terribly impatient."]

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[1] In July 1745 Gray returned the whole of Marivaux' *Mariane* to Chute. This may serve to indicate the date of this letter.—[ED.]

APPENDIX I.

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

AN ELEGY WROTE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

London: Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall-mall; And sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster-Row. 1751. [Price Six-pence.]

ADVERTISEMENT.—The following Poem came into my Hands by Accident, if the general Approbation with which this little Piece has been spread, may be call'd by so slight a Term as Accident. It is this Approbation which makes it unnecessary for me to make any Apology but to the Author: As he cannot but feel some Satisfaction in having pleas'd so many Readers already, I flatter myself he will forgive my communicating that Pleasure to many more. THE EDITOR.

AN

ELEGY, &c.

THE Curfeu tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plow-man homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds;
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
And drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds.

Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r
The mopeing Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her sacred Bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yew-Tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

The breezy Call of Incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the Straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, or the ecchoing Horn,
No more shall wake them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Housewife ply her Evening Care:

No Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
Or climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share.
Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke;
How jocund did they they [*sic*] drive their Team afield!
How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys and Destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile,
The short and simple Annals of the Poor.
The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour.
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.
Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault,
If Memory to these no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Isle and fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.
Can storied Urn or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death!
Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd
Or wak'd to Extacy the living Lyre.
But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desart Air.

Some Village-*Hampden* that with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his Country's Blood.

Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes

Their Lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noisless Tenor of their Way.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhimes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th'unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Elegy supply:

And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to dye.
For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring Look behind!
On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries
Awake, and faithful to her wonted Fires.
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some hidden Spirit shall inquire thy Fate,
Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
'Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away
'To meet the Sun upon the upland Lawn.
'There at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech
'That wreathes its old fantastic Roots so high,
'His listless Length at Noontide wou'd he stretch,
'And pore upon the Brook that babbles by.
'Hard by yon Wood, now frowning as in Scorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies he wou'd rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.
'One Morn I miss'd him on the custom'd Hill,
'Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree;
'Another came; nor yet beside the Rill,
'Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.

'The next with Dirges due in sad Array
'Slow thro' the Church-way Path we saw him born.
'Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the Lay,
'Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere,
Heav'n did a Recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a Tear:
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.
No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.

FINIS.

APPENDIX II.

THE PEMBROKE TEXT OF THE ELEGY.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY-CHURCH YARD, 1750.[1]

The Curfeu tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Tinkleings lull the distant Folds,

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower
The mopeing Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret Bower
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yewtree's shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,

[1] Publish'd in Febry: 1751, by Dodsley; & went thro four Editions; in two months; and afterwards a fifth, 6th, 7th, & 8th, 9th, & 10th, & 11th. Printed also in 1753 with Mr. Bentley's Designs, of w^{ch} there is a 2d Edition & again by Dodsley in his Miscellany, Vol: 7th & in a Scotch Collection call'd *the Union.* translated into Latin by Chr: Anstey Esq, & the Rev$^{d.}$ M$^{r.}$ Roberts, & publish'd in 1762; & again the same year by Rob: Lloyd, M: A:—[*Gray.*]

Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.
The breezy Call of incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twittering from the straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, & the ecchoing Horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.
For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Huswife ply her evening Care,
No Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
Nor climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share.
Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their Team a-field,
How bowed the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys, & Destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile
The short and simple Annals of the Poor.
The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth, e'er gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour.
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.
Forgive,[1] ye Proud, *th' involuntary*[2] Fault,
If *Memory to These*[3] no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Ile, & fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.
Can storied Urn, or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?

[1] *Forgive*] Nor you. [2] *Th' involuntary*] impute to These the.
[3] *Memory to These*] Memory o'er their tomb.

Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands, that the *Reins*[1] of Empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to Ecstasy the living Lyre;
But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll:
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.
Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And wast its Sweetness on the desert Air.
Some Village-Hambden, that with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his Country's Blood.
Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain & Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes.
Their Lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
Or shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,
The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,

[1] *Reins*] Rod.

Or heap the Shrine of Luxury & Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.
Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiseless Tenour of their Way.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhimes & shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years spell't by th' unletter'd Muse
The Place of Fame & Epitaph supply;
And many a holy Text around She strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfullness a Prey
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring Look behind?

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires;
Even from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
And in our Ashes glow their wonted Fires.

For Thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate:
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
'Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away
'To meet the Sun upon the upland Lawn.

'There, at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech,
'That wreaths its old fantastic Roots so high,
'His listless Length at Noontide would he stretch,
'And pore upon the Brook, that babbles by.

'Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
'Muttering his wayward Fancies, would he rove;
'Now drooping woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
'Or crazed with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.

'One Morn I miss'd him from the custom'd Hill,
'Along the Heath, & near his fav'rite Tree:
'Another came; nor yet beside the Rill,
'Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.

'The next with Dirges due in sad Array
'Slow thro' the Churchway Path we saw him born.
'Approach & read, for thou can'st read, the Lay
'Graved on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.

'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the Year,[1]
'By Hands unseen, are Show'rs of Violets found:
'The Red-breast loves to build, & warble there,
'And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground.'

EPITAPH.

Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune & to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

[1] Omitted in 1753.—[*Gray.*]

Large was his Bounty, & his Soul sincere;
Heav'n did a Recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a Tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.
No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father, & His God.

JOURNALS.

JOURNAL IN FRANCE.

[It is by the generous courtesy of Mr. John Murray that I am able to print for the first time, and from the beautiful handwriting of the poet, this *Journal in France* in 1739. Horace Walpole and Gray left Paris for Rheims on the 1st of June of that year.—ED.]

JOURNAL IN FRANCE, 1739.

RHEIMS.

CHIEF city of Champagne, 3rd in France for bigness, water'd by the little River Vele, famous for Crawfish —a manufacture of Woollen—Pluviers de Champagne —Croquants de Rheims—Cathedral of Nôtre Dame —beautiful Gothic front with two towers of surprising lightness, Kings of France crowned here, by the Archbishop, who is first Peer of the Kingdom—high Altar plated over with Gold wrought in figures of rude workmanship—Tomb of Card: John of Lorraine behind it—the Treasury, and rich vestments for the Coronation—Church of S^{t}. Remi, the patron of the city, his Tomb behind the Altar, surrounded with the statues of the 12 Peers of France in a composition like white marble; within it the shrine of the Saint, of massy Gold; his Crosier set with jewels; the holy vial brought from heaven to anoint Clovis the 1st— in one corner of the Church, an ancient Sarcophagus with a boar-hunting in Relievo—neat cloister, and library of Benedictins. Church of S^{t}. Nicaise—a hand-

some, light, ancient structure—Buttresses, that tremble upon the ringing a bell—a Sarcophagus with a Lion-hunting in high Relief, said to be about the age of the Emp. Julian—neat refectory and library—Benedictins. Church of S^{t}. Pierre-aux-Dames. Handsome altar with rich Ornaments—in the Choir, the tomb of Margaret of Lorraine, Queen of Scotland, of the house of Guise, Mother to Mary Stuart, and Foundress of this Convent—Benedictine Nuns—Abbess, of the house Roucy.

Within the ramparts near the Porte de Mars lies buried under the mound a triumphal Arch, a narrow passage leads into it; it is composed of 3 arches pretty near of a height, adorn'd with Reliefs representing Romulus and Remus with the Wolf; Jupiter and Leda; the Seasons, and employments proper to them; with a border, of armour, thrown in heaps; and victories at the corners, writing on shields; 6 Corinthian round Pilasters, fluted, appear without-side the rampart, and two are wanting; it is here said to be erected to Jul: Cæsar, but the workmanship appears of a much later age. In the middle of the city is another small Roman Arch ill-preserved, called now La Porte-Basse. Staid 3 months here—lodged at Mons^{r}. Hibert's, Rue S^{t}. Dennis, June, July, August, 1739.

Mons^{r} and Mad^{me} Lelue.†—
Mons^{r} and Mad^{me} Roland.†—
Mons^{r} and Mad^{me} de Résicourt.†
Mons^{r} and Mad^{me} Cogbert.—

Mad^me^ la Baronne de Pouilly.—
Mons^r^ and Mad^me^ de Pouilly.†[1]
Mons^r^ and Mad^me^ Faval.†
Mons^r^ and Mad^me^ D'Herbigny.†
Mons^r^ and Mad^me^ Renart.†
Mons^r^ and Mad^me^ D'Aubert.†
Mad^lle^ Petit.†
3 Dem^lles^ Rouillé.†
Mad^me^ Bonvalon.
Mons^r^ and Mad^me^ D'Agny.
3 Mess^rs^ Rogier.
Mons^r^ de Beaugilliers.
Mons^r^ Fremin.
M^r^. l'Abbé Paumier.
M^r^. L'Abbé Huillote.
M^r^. L'Abbé de Vinet.
M^r^. L'Abbé Carbon.

From Rheims to Dijon.

Past by Verzenay, famous for the best red wines in Champagne, and Sillery, where is a house and gardens of the Marquis de Puisieux—the road running thro' a fertile, open country, but unpleasant enough to the eye; being without enclosures, and thinly sprinkled with trees. Dined at

Chaâlons sur Marne—à la Poste. Cathedral of S^t^. Etienne. Parish Church of Nôtre Dame. Fine Back-front of the Benedictin's Convent.

[1] This must have been Levesque de Pouilly, a member of the *Académie des inscriptions et belles-lettres.*—[Ed.]

Le Jars, the publick walks, an agreeable place, planted with alleys of large elms, en Patte d'Oye, and the river Marne, running along on one side of it. The Ramparts, handsomely painted with Elms.

Left Vitry le François, a large town, to the right, passing thro' its suburbs—road from Chaâlons—Hemp, Buckwheat—Vineyards upon a flat, on each side, a little before you come to S^{t}. Dizier—au Lion d'or. Lay. An ugly old town, with suburbs bigger than itself.

2. [Sept. 8.]

Beautiful way, commonly on the side of a hill, cover'd with woods, the river Marne winding in the vale below, and Côteaux cover'd with vines riseing gently on the other side: fine prospect of the town of Joinville, with the castle on the top of a mountain, overlooking it, dined at a village, called Vignoris.

Ruins of an old Castle on the brow of a mountain, whose sides are cover'd with woods.

Langres. Lay au Cerf volant. A small city on a high hill. The Bishop is Duke, and Peer of France, the Cathedral, an ill-shaped old structure with one square tower, and one spire in front, dedicated to S^{t}. Mammet—Tombs of the bishops, some of Bronze, but unadorn'd—that of Card: Gesuves, with his figure of Bronze kneeling.

3. [Sept. 9.]

Enter'd Burgundy at a village, called Ghil, passed through a fine fertile plain by an Avenue of Lime trees, that leads to

Dijon.—4 days—à la Croix d'or, the Capital of the Dutchy, a very small, but beautiful city, of an oval form, full of People of Quality, and a very agreeable Society.

Palais des Etats, a magnificent new building—the Vestibule, and grand Staircase fine—the Chappel small and unfinished, Altar of various beautiful marbles; Gates and wainscoting of handsome Menuiserie—Chamber of the States, Throne of blue velvet sprinkled with Gold Fleurs de Lis; Picture of the King under it.

Palais du Roy, a large handsome structure, built in the beginning of the Late King's Reign on the ground where stood the Palace of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, a tower of the old building left standing from whose top you have a fine prospect of the City, and its Environs. The Duke of Bourbon is lodged here, when he comes every 3 years to hold the Assembly of the States, it is wholly unfurnish'd. Before it is The Place; being in a Semicircle, neatly built, a huge equestrian statue of Louis 14 of Bronze in the midst of it, into this leads on one side The Rue de Condé, a street of regular new Houses, 4 stories high, the entrance of every Shop is an Arch. Church of S^{t}. Michael, fine front in the latter Gothic taste. Church of the Cordeliers, much adorn'd, several handsome modern tombs. Church of the Bernardines, a neat Dome, cover'd with tiles of various colours. Abbey of S$^{t.}$ Benigne, in it an ancient Christian church, composed of 3 vaults one upon another, that are sup-

ported by 104 pillars, forming a kind of Rotonda, which receives its light from an opening in the top. The Chartreuse, a quarter of a mile out of the town thro' an alley of Limes. In their chappel are the tombs of Philip le Hardi, and Jean Sanspeur, Duke of Burgundy with his Dutchess, Margaret of Bavaria, both these monuments are much in the same taste, the 3 figures are of white marble, but painted to represent the life: the body of the tombs of black marble finely polish'd, and the sides adorn'd with hundreds of small figures, representing all the Religious Orders in various attitudes of Grief.

The Parc, about a mile from the City thro' a double Avenue of fine Limetrees. It is a charming place, laid out into an Etoile with high Hedges of Hornbeam, and Grass-Walks, a Mall, and a Parterre intermixed with tall Fir trees; on one side runs the River Ouche, across which is an old house of the Dukes, called La Colombiere: the other sides command a view of the town, and country adjacent.

1. [Sept. 14.]

Passed thro' Nuys & Beaune, 2 small cities near which grow the best wines of Burgundy, a most fertile, & beautiful country cover'd with vineyards, & fruit-trees, went without stopping thro' Chalons sur Saône, a large city, tolerably handsome. Lay at Macon. From Chalons, hither, one has commonly in sight the Saône, glideing very slowly thro' a delightful country, from the top of Mount Tornus you have a noble prospect

of that River with the province of La Bresse on the other side of it, & the town of Tornus with the rich Abbey of S$^{t.}$ Philibert below you.

2. [Sept. 17.]

Thro' Villefranche, a little City, but the capital of the Beaujolois. This Province, & the Lionnois are fine countries, laid out into enclosures, full chiefly of Hemp, Buck-wheat, and Maize, with some few Vines. A charming view in descending a very steep Hill just before you come to Lyons, of the Fauxbourgs of that City, the Saône, & the little mountains about it, covered with Convents, Houses and Gardens of the Bourgeois.

Lions. Lodged à l'Hotel de Bourgogne, pres de la Grande Place, a fortnight.

Principal quarters of that great city lie in a Peninsula formed by the confluence of the Rhône and Saône, a Stone bridge of 18 Arches laid over the first, which runs with extreme rapidity, and is full of Islands, joins this, and the Fauxbourg de la Guillotiere: another stone bridge, and 3 wooden ones over the Saône connect it with the rest of the City, and Suburbs, which lie mostly on the declivity of several very steep hills, the streets are generally extreme narrow & the houses high, but the whole enliven'd by its great Populousness & Commerce. The best prospects are from the Chartreuse, & S$^{te.}$ Marie de Fourviere. See Les Antiquites de Lyon par le Pere Colonia en 2 vol: 12:$^{mo.}$

Journey to Geneva, thro' Dauphine, and Savoy. 5 Days, (en Voiture) & a half.

First night at La Verpillier, a poor Village. 2nd. Day [Oct. 1] entered Savoy at Pont-Beauvoisin, lay at Echelles. The road runs over a Mountain, which gives you the first tast of the Alps, in it's magnificent rudeness, and steep precipices: set out from Echelles on horseback to see the Grande Chartreuse, the way to it up a vast mountain, in many places the road not 2 yards broad; on one side the rock hanging over you, & on the other side a monstrous precipice. In the bottom runs a torrent, called Les Guiers morts, that works its way among the rocks with a mighty noise, and frequent Falls. You here meet with all the beauties so savage and horrid a place can present you with; Rocks of various and uncouth figures, Cascades pouring down from an immense height out of hanging Groves of Pine-Trees, & the solemn Sound of the Stream, that roars below, all concur to form one of the most poetical scenes imaginable: this continues for 2 leagues, and then (within a little of the mountain's top) you come to the Convent itself, which is only considerable for it's situation, & bigness. It contains about 100 Fathers, and Freres together, & 200 Servants All is extremely neat, but in the greatest Simplicity; the Offices are remarkable for their contrivance, and cleanliness. 2 Fathers are appointed to entertain Strangers, if they please, dureing 3 days. They are served with Fish, Butter, Cheese, Fruits, and Wine, all perfectly good in their

kind. We dined there, and returned in the afternoon to Echelles.

4. [Oct. 3.]

Passed thro' a road made with infinite labour thro' a mountain called La Grotte. At the beginning of it, is erected a monument with an inscription, to inform you, it was done by Order of Charles Emanuel the 2^{d}, D: of Savoy. Chamberi is a very little, and a very bad town, tho' the Capital of the Dutchy; the vale of Savoy, and the hills that confine it seem pretty well cultivated, and exhibit various agreeable Views to the eye: the road very stony, and ill kept. Lay at Aix, once famous for its hot-baths; there are some Roman remains about them.

5. [Oct. 4.]

Came to Annecy, where resides the exiled bishop of Geneva. It is a little city, situated upon a pretty Lake.

6. [Oct. 5.]

Comeing down from the mountains you have a fine prospect of the plain country, Geneva, and it's lake. The contrast between the poverty, and misery of Savoy, and the happiness of that little Republic is very strikeing. In one you see indeed beautiful vallies, but inhabited by nothing but ragged, and bare-footed Peasants, and those in no great number, in the other all is neat, and well-cloathed; the city

itself has a compact, and military Air, and swarms with People, that have business in their faces. Part of it lies in an Island form'd by the Rhone, which seems almost as large here as at Lyon, and runs with an extreme rapidity. Geneva forms a semicircle at one end of the Lake, and from thence makes a very pretty appearance. The buildings are generally very neat, and substantial. The Greille and Ramparts are extremely pleasant for walking; the Lake, and its borders charming. They take Trout in it of 50 Pound weight, and more, which are sent ready dress'd by the Post into France and Spain.

JOURNAL

IN THE LAKES, 1769.

[The *Journal in the Lakes* was first published by Mason in 1775, but not from Gray's MS., and so incorrectly, with so many omissions and interpolations, as to be of little value. Mitford reprinted a much better text from a copy, full of small errors, made by Wharton, but did not venture to exclude Mason's forgeries altogether, while enclosing them in brackets. I have taken the liberty of leaving them out altogether, for the *Journal* is here for the first time printed entirely from Gray's MS. The beginning and the end of this holograph are in the Egerton MSS., the *lacunæ* being filled up in Wharton's handwriting; but these *lacunæ*, comprising nearly half of the whole *Journal*, are here supplied from a fragmentary MS. of Gray's in the possession of Mr. John Murray, who has very kindly allowed me to print from it. The present text, therefore, may be considered final. I have not thought it desirable to mingle the *Journal*, which is an independent work, with the letters which enclosed it, but which bear no reference to it. It must, however, be remembered that the *Journal* was composed for Dr. Wharton's amusement, and contains direct references to him as its original reader. For the notes signed "J. Y. J." I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. James Yate Johnson, of Madeira.—ED.]

JOURNAL IN THE LAKES.

JOURNAL, 30 SEPT. 1769.

WIND at N.W.; clouds and sunshine. A mile and a half from Brough on a hill lay a great army encamped.[1] To the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedge rows, a gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach, appeared myriads of horses and cattle in the road itself and in all the fields round me, a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean healthy people in their best party-coloured apparel, farmers and their families, esquires and their daughters, hastening up from the dales and down the fells on every side, glittering in the sun and pressing forward to join the throng: while the dark hills, on many of whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay and moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby.

[1] There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough, on this day and the preceding.—[*Mason.*]

On the ascent of the hill above Appleby the thick hanging wood and the long reaches of the Eden (rapid, clear, and full as ever) winding below with views of the castle and town gave much employment to the mirror;[1] but the sun was wanting and the sky overcast. Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried in. Passed Kirby-thore, Sir W. Dalston's house at Acorn-Bank, Whinfield Park, Hart-horn Oaks, Countess-Pillar, Brougham-Castle, Mr. Brown (one of the Six Clerks) his large new house, crossed the Eden and the Eimot (pronounce Eeman) with its green vale, and at three o'clock dined with Mrs. Buchanan, at *Penrith*, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up the Beacon-hill a mile to the top, saw Whinfield and Lowther Parks, and through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of mountains, which the Doctor[2] well remembers, the lake of Ulz-water, with the craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills. These to W. and S.; to the N. a great extent of black and dreary plains; to E. Crossfell just visible through mists and vapours hovering round it.

October 1. Wind at S.W.: a gray autumnal day, air perfectly calm and gentle. Went to see Ulz-water, five miles distant. Soon left the Keswick road, and turned to the left through shady lanes along the vale of *Eeman*, which runs rapidly on near the way,

[1] Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a plano-convex mirror, of about four inches diameter, on a black foib, and bound up like a pocket-book.—[*Mason.*]

[2] Thomas Wharton.

rippling over the stones. To the right is *Delmaine*,[1] a large fabric of pale red stone, with nine windows in front, and seven on the side built by Mr. Hassle, behind it a fine lawn surrounded by woods and a long rocky eminence rising over them. A clear and brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the Eeman, whose course is in sight and at a small distance. Farther on appears *Hatton*[2] *St. John*, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. Huddleston. Approached *Dunmallert*, a fine pointed hill, covered with wood planted by old Mr. Hassle, before mentioned, who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a spungy meadow or two and began to mount this hill through a broad and strait green alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green inclosures, white farm houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost every where bordered with cultivated lands gently sloping upwards till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand: directly in front, at better than three miles distance, *Place Fell*, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold broad breast

[1] Dalemaine and Hasel are the correct names. The same family still resides at the place.—[J. Y. J.]

[2] It should be Hutton. It is still the property of the Huddlestons.—[J. Y. J.]

into the midst of the lake and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right.

I descended *Dunmallert* again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to *Barton* bridge over the *Eeman*, then walking through a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill came forth, where the *Eeman* issues out of the lake, and continued my way along its western shore close to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fishing.

The figure of Ulz-water nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: it is 9 miles long, and (at widest) under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to S. W. it turns at the foot of *Place Fell*, almost due W. and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is soon again interrupted by the roots of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to S. E. and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. To this second turning I pursued my way about 4 miles along its borders beyond a village scattered among trees, and called *Water-Mallock*, in a pleasant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of sunshine. Then the sky seeming to thicken the valley to grow more desolate, and evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to *Penrith*.

October 2. Wind at S. E.; sky clearing, *Cross Fell* misty, but the outline of the other hills very

distinct. Set out at 10 for *Keswick*, by the road we went in 1767. Saw *Greystock* town and castle to the right, which lie only 3 miles (over the Fells) from Ulz-water. Passed through *Penradock*[1] and *Threlcot* at the feet of *Saddleback*, whose furrowed sides were gilt by noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds, as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of *Gardies* and *Lowside*, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages and meadows lay to the left; and the much finer (but narrower) valley of St. *John's* opening into it. *Hill-top*, the large, though low, mansion of the Gaskarths, now a farm-house, seated on an eminence among woods under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of *Skiddaw*, and its cub called *Latterrig;* and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the vale of Elysium in all its verdure, the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre.

Dined by 2 o'clock at the Queen's head, and then straggled out alone to the *Parsonage*, fell down on my back across a dirty lane, with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles, staid nevertheless, and saw the sun set in all its glory.

October 3. Wind at S. E.; a heavenly day. Rose at 7, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to *Borrodale*. The grass was covered with a

[1] *i.e.* Penruddock and Threlkeld.

hoar frost, which soon melted, and exhaled in a thin blueish smoke. Crossed the meadows obliquely, catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces; left *Cockshut* and *Castlehill* (which we formerly mounted) behind me, and drew near the foot of *Walla-crag*, whose bare and rocky brow, cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet, as I guess, awefully overlooks the way; our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising, and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view, that my eyes ever beheld. Behind you are the magnificent heights of *Walla-crag;* opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Lord Egremont, and *Newland* valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of *Borrodale*,[1] with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the *Lake*, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to shew it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of *Keswick*, *Crosthwait* church, and *Skiddaw* for a back ground at a distance. Oh! Doctor! I never wished more for you; and pray think, how the glass played its part in such a spot, which is called Carf-close-reeds; I chuse to set down these barbarous names, that any

[1] It is impossible not to be reminded of Wordsworth's noble Borrowdale poem, *Yew-Trees.*—[Ed.]

body may enquire on the place, and easily find the particular station, that I mean. This scene continues to *Barrow-gate*, and a little farther, passing a brook called *Barrow-beck*, we entered *Borrodale*. The crags, named *Lodoor-banks*, now begin to impend terribly over your way; and more terribly, when you hear, that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes and in all directions. Something farther we turned aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of *Lodoor* water-fall,[1] the height appears to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before: but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag, that spired up to equal, if not overtop, the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness) on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill shagged with wood and illumined by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground hurries away to join the lake.

[1] "The roar
That stuns the tremulous cliff of high Lodore,"
as Wordsworth says in *The Evening Walk*.—[ED.]

We descended again, and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under *Gowder* crag, a hill more formidable to the eye and to the apprehension than that of *Lodoor;* the rocks a-top, deep-cloven perpendicularly by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers; the whole way down, and the road on both sides is strewed with piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk. The place reminds one of those passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass, that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here and hastened on in silence.

Non ragionam di lor; ma guarda, e passa!

The hills here are clothed all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, holly, &c.: some of it has been cut 40 years ago, some within these 8 years, yet all is sprung again green, flourishing, and tall for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright.

Met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is oat-harvest here) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley. Round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent clear as glass,

and shewing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of rock, covered entirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle-crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left and contracts its dimensions, till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms: among them appear *Eagle's Cliff*, *Dove's-Nest*, *Whitedale-pike*, &c. celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to *Sea Whaite* (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right, that leads to the *Wadd-mines*) all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the Fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the Dale's-men; but the mountains know well, that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, the reign of Chaos and Old Night. Only I learned, that this dreadful road, dividing again leads one branch to *Ravenglas*, and the other to *Hawkshead*.

For me I went no farther than the farmer's (better than 4 m: from Keswick) at *Grange:* his mother and he brought us butter, that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold

tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man, that last year plundered the eagle's eirie: all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridge, grouse, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of rock, on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and hollowing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other parent, but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland), and they breed near the old place. By his description I learn, that this species is the *Erne* (the Vultur *Albicilla* of Linnæus in his last edition, but in yours *Falco Albicilla*) so consult him and Pennant about it.

Walked leisurely home the way we came, but saw a new landscape: the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were entirely changed. Take notice this was the best or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed: it was perfectly serene, and hot as Midsummer.

In the evening walked alone down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sun-set and saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine

fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible[1] in the day-time. Wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

October 4. Wind E.; clouds and sunshine, and in the course of the day a few drops of rain. Walked to *Crow-Park*, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled spot; and Smith judged right, when he took his print of the Lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the *gorge* of *Borrodale.* I prefer it even to Cockshut-hill, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon: It is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch-fir, &c., all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-hill (which you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the Lake: for I find all points, that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts (which are not large) look poor

[1] "A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day."
Wordsworth's *White Doe*, Canto iv.

and diminutive.[1] While I was here, a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle-hill.

From hence I got to the *Parsonage* a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty. The rest are in a sublimer style.

October 5. Wind N. E. Clouds and sunshine. Walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent and crossing it went up How-hill. It looks along the Basinthwaite[2] water and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper lake with a full view of Skiddaw. Then I took my way through Portingskall[3] village to the *Park*, a hill so called covered entirely with wood: it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round its foot between

[1] The *Picturesque Point* is always thus low in all prospects: A truth which though the landscape painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I say this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing should be made from the lowest point possible; as for instance, in this very view, from the lake itself, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I sailed on Derwentwater, I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat.—[*Mason.*] [2] Bassenthwaite. [3] Portinscale.

the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a Peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways. In front rises Walla-crag, and Castle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw and Saddle-back. Returning met a brisk and cold North Eastern blast, that ruffled all the surface of the lake and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles or more and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Castle-Rigg, saw a Druid circle of large stones 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect: They are fifty in number, the valley of *Naddle* appeared in sight, and the fells of St. John's, particularly the summits of *Catchidecam* (called by Camden, *Casticand*) and *Helvellyn*, said to be as high as *Skiddaw*, and to arise from a much higher base. A shower came on, and I returned.

October 6. Wind E.; clouds and sun. Went in a chaise eight miles along the west side of Bassinthwaite-water, to *Ouse*-bridge (pronounce *Ews bridge*) the road in some part made, and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices: it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw. Opposite to Thornthwaite falls, and the brows of *Widhope-brows* (covered to the top with wood) a very beautiful view opens down the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays and without islands, at the foot of it a few paces from the brink gently sloping upward

stands *Armathwaite* in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which (according to the Keswick Proverb) the sun always shines. The inhabitants here on the contrary call the vale of Derwent-water the *Devil's Chamber-Pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-Fell* (which terminates here) with a sort of terror and aversion. *Armathwaite-house* is a modern fabric, not large, and built of dark red stone, belonging to *Mr. Spedding*, whose grandfather was steward to old Sir James Lowther, and bought this estate of the *Himers*. So you must look for Mr. Michell in some other country. The sky was overcast and the wind cool, so after dining at a public house, which stands here near the bridge (that crosses the Derwent just where it issues from the lake), and sauntering a little by the water-side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from Cockermouth hither (five miles) and is carrying on to Penrith; several little showers to-day. A man came in, who said there was snow on *Cross-fell* this morning.

Oct. 7. Market day here. Wind, North East. Clouds and sunshine: little showers at intervals all day: yet walked in the morning to Crow-park, and in the evening up Penrith road: the clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very unpromising, yet the moon shone at intervals, it was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow mean to bid farewell to Keswick.

Botany might be studied here in perfection at another season because of the great variety of soils and elevations all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious Lichens, and plenty of Gale, or Dutch Myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wadd[1]-mine had been opened (which is done once in five years) it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible. When it is pure, soft, black, and close grained, it is worth sometimes 30 shillings a pound. The mine lies about a mile up the Fells, near *Sea-waite*, at the head of Borrodale. There are no charr ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Buttermere-water, which lies a little way north of Borrodale, about Martlemas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and still on the ground. There is some hay not yet got in. The rains have done much hurt; yet observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has passed, in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know, I am no lover of dirt. Their wheat comes from Cockermouth or Penrith. Fell-mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison: excellent pike and perch (here called *bass*) trout is out of season: partridge in great plenty.

Receipt to dress Perch (for Mrs. Wharton). "Wash, but neither scale, nor gut them. Broil till they are enough, then pull out the fins, and open them along

[1] Wadd is the provincial name for plumbago.—[*J. Y. J.*]

the back, take out the bone and all the inwards without breaking them: put in a good lump of butter and salt, clap the sides together, till it melts, and serve very hot; it is excellent. The skin must not be eaten."

October 8th. Bid farewell to Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; wind east and afterwards north east; about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called *Castle Rigg*, and the sun breaking out discovered the most beautiful view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountain, all in their glory! had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some little patches is not completed, but good country road through sound, but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad daylight. This is the case about *Causeway-foot*, and among *Naddle-fells* to *Lanthwaite*. The vale you go in has little breadth the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's-water,[1] (called also Thirl-meer, or Wiborn-water)[2] and soon descending on its margin. The lake from its depth looks black, (though really as clear as glass) and from the gloom of the vast

[1] Leathes Water, from a family of that name to which it belonged.—[*J. Y. J.*]

[2] Wythburn Water. This is the lake which has been acquired by the corporation of Manchester to serve as a reservoir.

crags, that scowl over it: it is narrow and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, with not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march: all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen. (To be continued, but now we have got franks.)

Past by the little chapel of *Wiborn*, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Past a beck near *Dunmailraise* and entered Westmoreland a second time, now begin to see *Helm-crag* distinguished from its rugged neighbours not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished,[1] and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad bason discovers in the midst *Grasmere-water;* its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences: some of them rocks, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle fill

[1] This is "the ancient Woman seated on Helm Crag" of Wordsworth.—[*J. Y. J.*]

up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaming gentleman's house, or garden walls break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest, most becoming attire.

The road winds here over *Grasmere-hill*,[1] whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight, yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting itself to a river communicates with *Ridale-water*, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends: on the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills, and just to the left of our way stands *Ridale-hall*, the family seat of Sir Mic. Fleming, but now a farm-house, a large old fashioned fabric surrounded with wood, and not much too good for its

[1] Since Gray's time, but now long ago, a new road was made by the side of the lake so as to avoid the hill. This new road is the one which was the object of De Quincey's eloquent invective:—"Thirty years ago a gang of Vandals, for the sake of building a mail-coach road that never would be wanted, carried a horrid causeway of sheer granite masonry for three quarters of a mile right through the loveliest succession of secret forest dells and shy recesses of the lake margined by unrivalled ferns.... The Grasmere before and after this outrage were two different vales."—[*J. Y. J.*]

present destination. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him, I tremble for it when he returns. Near the house rises a huge crag called *Ridale-head*, which is said to command a full view of *Wynander-mere*, and I doubt it not, for within a mile that great lake is visible even from the road. As to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

Came to *Ambleside* eighteen miles from *Keswick*, meaning to lie there, but on looking into the best bed-chamber dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate gave up *Wynander-mere* in despair, and resolved I would go on to *Kendal* directly, fourteen miles farther; the road in general fine turnpike but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger.

Unexpectedly was well rewarded for my determination. The afternoon was fine, and the road for full five miles runs along the side of *Wynander-mere*, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other: it is ten miles in length and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river, but no flat marshy grounds, no osier beds, or patches of scrubby plantation on its banks: at the head two valleys open among the mountains, one, that by which we came down, the other Langsledale[1] in which Wrynose and Hard-knot two great mountains rise above the rest. From thence the fells visibly sink and soften along its sides, Sometimes they run

[1] Read *Langdale*, the valley called *Longsleddale* being in another part of the country.—[*J. Y. J.*]

into it, (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion, oftener they are green and cultivated with farms interspersed and round eminences on the border covered with trees: towards the South it seems to break into larger bays with several islands and a wider extent of cultivation: the way rises continually till at a place called *Orresthead* it turns to South East losing sight of the water.[1] Passed by *Ing's* chapel and *Stavely*, but I can say no farther for the dusk of the evening coming on I entered *Kendal* almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tenter grounds[2] spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries (like Scotland) in front of it. It was indeed an old ill-contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people, so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct. 9. Wind N. W. clouds and sun air as mild as summer; all corn off the ground sky-larks singing aloud (by the way I saw not one at *Keswick* perhaps because the place abounds in birds of prey) went up the castle hill, the town consists chiefly of three nearly

[1] From the road at this spot, where Gray quitted the Lake country for the last time, there was then to be enjoyed that "bright scene from Orrest Head" which Wordsworth vainly invoked in an indignant sonnet against the "rash assault" of those who had planned the railway.—[*J. Y. J.*]

[2] "Tenter grounds" are open spaces around the town where the webs of woollen cloth there manufactured are stretched whilst drying on frames furnished with hooks and mounted on posts.—[*J. Y. J.*]

parallel streets almost a mile long, except these all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance and were out; there they stand back to back, corner to corner, some up hill some down without intent or meaning; along by their side runs a fine brisk stream, over which are three stone bridges, the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone and covered with a bad rough cast. Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Col. Wilson's and adjoining to it the church, a very large Gothic fabric with a square tower, it has no particular ornaments but double aisles and at the east end four chapels or choirs, one of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands, the third is the proper choir of the church, and a fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite to the town, almost the whole enclosure of walls remains with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper part and embattlements are demolished, it is of rough stone and cement; without any ornament or arms round, enclosing a court of like form and surrounded by a moat, nor ever could have been larger than it is for there are no traces of outworks, there is a good view of the town and river with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

After dinner went along the *Milthrop* turnpike four miles to see the falls (or force) of the river Kent: came to *Siserge* (pronounce *Siser*) and turned down a lane to the left, *Siser*, the seat of the Stricklands an

old catholic family is an ancient hall-house with a very large tower embattled: the rest of the buildings added to this are of later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a back ground of old trees; there is a small park also well wooded, opposite to this turned to the left and soon came to the river: it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron forge not far distant made it a singular walk, but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on down to the forge and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to *Milthrop* by sea from *Scotland*, and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles farther at *Levens* is the seat of Lord Suffolk, where he sometimes passes the summer: it was a favourite place of his late Countess, but this I did not see.

Oct. 10. Went by *Burton* to *Lancaster*. Wind N. W. Clouds and sun: twenty-two miles: very good country well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed; passed at the foot of *Farlton-Knot* a high fell; four miles north of *Lancaster*, on a rising ground called *Bolton* (pronounce *Bouton*) we had a full view of *Cartmell-sands*, with here and there a passenger riding over them, (it being low water) the points of *Furness* shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains partly covered with clouds extending North of them. *Lancaster* also appeared very conspicuous and fine, for

its most distinguished features, the castle and the church mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be seen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair; the inn in the principal street was a great old gloomy house full of people, but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace.

Ascended the castle-hill in a fine afternoon; it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it stands, and is irregularly round encompassed with a deep moat. In front towards the town is a magnificent Gothic gateway, lofty and huge, the over-hanging battlements are supported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through and showing the day from above; on its top rise light watch-towers of small height, it opens below with a grand pointed arch; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing the founder's figure, on one side a shield of France semy quartered with England, on the other the same with a label ermine for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter being the county gaol and full of prisoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gate-way the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height, the lower part at least of remote antiquity; for it has small round-headed lights with plain short pillars on each side of them; there is a third tower also square and of less dimensions, this is all the castle: near it and but little lower stands the church a large and plain Gothic

fabric: the high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style. There are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be seen, within it is lightsome and spacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left: from the church-yard there is an extensive sea-view (for now the tide had almost covered the sands, and filled the river), and besides greatest part of *Furness* I could distinguish *Peel-castle* on the *Isle of Fowdrey*, which lies off its southern extremity, the town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the Castle-hill more than twice the bigness of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little disorderly in their position ad libitum like Kendal. Many also extend below on the Keys by the river side, where a number of ships were moored, some of them three mast vessels, decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, which runs when the tide is out in two streams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in spring tides, below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at five or six miles distance to the S. W.

Oct. 11. Wind S. W.; clouds and sun: warm and a fine dappled sky: crossed the river and walked over a peninsula three miles to the village of Pooton,[1] which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing

[1] Poulton.

those sands) told me in his dialect a moving story. How a brother of the trade, a cockler (as he styled him) driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had frequently been used to do: for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did. When they were about half way over a thick fog rose, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled, he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They staid a little while for him but in vain. They called aloud, but no reply, at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on. She would not leave the place, she wandered about forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off and perished. The poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading, and sometimes swimming brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb); that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon wandered about the town and by the key till it was dark. A little rain fell.

Oct. 12. Wind North-east. Sky gloomy, then gleams of sunshine. Set out for Settle by a fine turnpike road, 29 miles.

Rich and beautiful enclosed country diversified with frequent villages and churches very uneven ground, and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods, through which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it. Passed the Park (Hon. Mr. Clifford's, a Catholic) in the most picturesque part of the way. The grounds between him and the River are indeed charming: the house is ordinary, and the Park nothing but a rocky fell scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Came to Hornby, a little town on the River Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now in building. The Castle in a lordly situation attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it. First presents itself a large but ordinary white gentleman's house sashed, behind it rises the ancient keep built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle, in Henry the VIIIth's time. It is now a shell only, though rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone staircase in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a single hexagon watch-tower rising some feet higher fitted up in the taste of a modern *Toot*,[1] with sash-windows in gilt frames, and a stucco cupola, and on the top

[1] A word used in the eighteenth century, as the more detestable *gazeebo* was early in the nineteenth, for a belvedere. It was derived from a verb *to toot* or peep about.—[ED.]

a vast gilt eagle, by Mr. Charteris, the present possessor. But he has not lived here since the year 1745, when the people of Lancaster insulted him, threw stones into his coach and almost made his wife (Lady Catherine Gordon) miscarry. Since that he has built a great ugly house of red stone (thank God it is not in England) near Haddington, which I remember to have passed by. He is the second son of the Earl of Wemyss, and brother to the Lord Elcho; grandson to Colonel Charteris, whose name he bears. From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round and much wood near the Castle. Ingleborough, which I had seen before distinctly at Lancaster, to North-east, was now completely wrapt in clouds, all but its summit, which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Appennine, the trees growing less and thinner of leaves till we came to Ingleton, 18 miles: It is a pretty village, situated very high and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge creature of God *Ingleborough*. Two torrents cross it with great stones rolled along their bed instead of water: over them are two handsome arches flung. Here at a little ale-house, where Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. Parker, Lord of the Manor, (one of them six feet and a half high, and the other as much in breadth) came to dine. The nipping air (though the afternoon was growing very bright) now taught us we were in Craven; the road was all up and down

(though no where very steep) to the left were mountain-tops, to the right a wide valley; (all enclosed ground) and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle the crags on the left draw nearer to our way; till we ascended Brunton-brow, into a cheerful valley, (though thin of trees) to *Giggleswick*, a village with a small piece of water by its side covered over with coots. Near it a church, which belongs also to Settle, and half a mile further having passed the Ribble over a bridge arrived at Settle. It is a small market-town standing directly under a rocky fell, There are not a dozen good-looking houses, the rest are old and low, with little wooden porticoes in front. My Inn pleased me much (though small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it, so I lay there two nights, and went

Oct. 13, to visit *Gordale-scar*. Wind N. E.: day gloomy and cold. It lay but six miles from Settle, but that way was directly over a fell, and it might rain, so I went round in a chaise the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles; and half of it such a road! but I got safe over it, so there's an end; and came to Mallham (pronounce it Maum) a village in the bosom of the mountains seated in a wild and dreary valley: from thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground. A torrent rattling along on the left hand. On the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have stood stock-still for all be-

neath the moon: As I advanced the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them. I followed my guide a few paces, and lo, the hills opened again into no large space, and then all further way is barred by a stream, that at the height of above 50 feet gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley. The rock on the left rises perpendicular with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs, staring from its side to the height of at least 300 feet; but those are not the things: it is that to the right under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one block and solid mass without any crevice in its surface and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. When I stood at (I believe) full four yards distance from its foot, the drops which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head, and in one part of the top more exposed to the weather there are loose stones that hang in the air; and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction: It is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir: The gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place and made it still more formidable.

I stayed there (not without shuddering) a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid, for

the impression will last for life: At the ale-house where I dined in *Maum*, Vivares, the landscape painter, had lodged for a week or more; Smith and Bellers had also been there; and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them: I returned to my comfortable inn: Night fine: but windy and frosty.

Oct. 14. Went to Skipton 16 miles. Wind North East; gloomy. At one o'clock a little sleet falls. From several parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I saw at once the three famous hills of this country, Ingleborough, Penigent, and Pendle; the first is esteemed the highest; their features are hard to describe, but I could trace their outline with a pencil. [In the manuscript is inserted a rough outline of the shape of these three mountains, in this place.] Craven after all is an unpleasing country, when seen from a height. Its valleys are chiefly wide and either marshy or enclosed pasture with a few trees: Numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the Scotch breed and a larger sort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground except a few oats.

Oct. 15. Wind North East. Gloomy. At noon a few grains of sleet fell, Then bright and clear. Went through Long Preston and Gargrave to Skipton, 16 miles: It is a pretty large market town in a valley with one very broad street gently sloping downwards from the castle which stands at the head of it; this is one of our good Countess's[1] buildings, but on old

[1] Anne Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery. An extempore epitaph in verse, which Gray wrote on this memorable

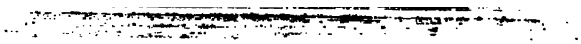
foundations, it is not very large; but of a handsome antique appearance with round towers, a grand gateway, bridge, and moat, and many old trees about it. In good repair, and kept up as a habitation of the Earl of Thanet; though he rarely comes thither. What with the sleet and a foolish dispute about chaises that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it: But went on 15 miles to *Ottley*. First up Shodebank, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in England. For it mounts up in a straight line (without any other repose for the horses than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile. Then the road goes on a level along the brow of this high hill over Rumbold Moor, till it gently descends into Wharfdale. So they call the Vale of the Wharf: and a beautiful vale it is. Well wooded, well cultivated, well inhabited, but with high crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand, through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink and of no inconsiderable breadth runs in long windings the river; how it comes to pass that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell you; I passed through *Long Addingham*,

lady, on reading the epitaph on her mother's tomb in the church at Appleby, composed by the Countess in the same manner, is printed in this edition, vol. i. p. 140. An interesting sketch of her life, composed from the MS. of Mr. Sedgwick, her secretary (extant in Appleby Castle), may be read in Gilpin's *Tour to the Lakes*, vol. ii. pp. 149-164.—[Ed.]

Ilkeley (pronounce Eccla) distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks to the right; Burley, a neat and pretty village among trees; On the opposite side of the river lay *Middleton Lodge*, belonging to a Catholic gentleman of that name. *Weston*, a venerable stone fabric with large offices, of Mr. Vavasor. The meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood. Farnley (Mr. Fawkes) a place like the last; but larger and rising higher on the side of the hill. *Ottley* is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the Wharf. I went into its spacious Gothic church, which has been new roofed with a flat stucco ceiling. In a corner of it is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax and Helen Aske, his Lady, descended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph says. The figures not ill cut; particularly his in armour, but bareheaded; lie on the tomb. I take them for the grand parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.

I have utterly forgot, where my journal left off, but (I think) it was after the account of *Gordale*, near Settle. If so, there was little more worth your notice: the principal things were *Wharfdale* in the way from Skipton to Ottley, and *Kirkstall* Abbey, three miles from Leeds. The first is the valley formed by the River Wharf, well cultivated, well inhabited, well wooded, but with high rocky crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand: Through the midst of it, runs the river in long windings deep,

clear, and full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth. How it comes to be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel, with little or no water, I cannot tell you. *Kirkstall* is a noble ruin in the Semi-Saxon style of building, as old as K. Stephen, toward the end of his reign, 1152. The whole church is still standing (the roof excepted) seated in a delicious quiet valley on the banks of the River *Are*, and preserved with religious reverence by the Duke of Montagu. Adjoining to the church between that and the river are variety of chapels, and remnants of the abbey, shattered by the encroachments of the ivy, and surmounted by many a sturdy tree, whose twisted roots break through the fret of the vaulting, and hang streaming from the roofs. The gloom of these ancient cells, the shade and verdure of the landscape, the glittering and murmur of the stream, the lofty towers and long perspectives of the church, in the midst of a clear bright day, detained me for many hours and were the truest subjects for my glass I have yet met with any where. As I lay at that smoky ugly busy town of Leeds, I dropt all farther thoughts of my journal, and after passing two days at Mason's (though he was absent), pursued my way by Nottingham, Leicester, Harborough, Kettering, Thrapston, and Huntingdon, to Cambridge, where I arrived, 22 October; having met with no rain to signify, till this last day of my journey. There's luck for you!



ESSAYS.

ESSAY ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[This little *Essay*, for which no other authority than Mason's exists, was published without hint of date or source in 1775. It appears to me to bear signs of the influence of Conyers Middleton, and may therefore have been composed about the year 1748.—ED.]

ESSAY ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

I WILL allow Lord Bolingbroke, that the moral, as well as physical, attributes of God must be known to us only à posteriori, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other; I will allow too that perhaps it may be an idle distinction which we make between them: His moral attributes being as much in his nature and essence as those we call his physical; but the occasion of our making some distinction is plainly this: His eternity, infinity, omniscience, and almighty power, are not what connect him, if I may so speak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not because he always did in every place, and always will, exist; but because he gave, and still preserves to us our own existence by an exertion of his goodness. We adore him, not because he knows and can do all things, but because he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happiness. It is therefore his benevolence which we adore, not his greatness or power; and if we are made only to bear our part in a system, without any

regard to our own particular happiness, we can no longer worship him as our all-bounteous parent. There is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) must succeed. We have nothing left but our fears, and those too vain; for whither can they lead but to despair and the sad desire of annihilation? "If then, justice and goodness be not the same in God as in our ideas, we mean nothing when we say that God is necessarily just and good; and for the same reason it may as well be said that we know not what we mean when, according to Dr. Clarke, (Evid. 26th) we affirm that he is necessarily a wise and intelligent Being." What then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he says every thing shews the wisdom of God; and yet adds, every thing does not shew in like manner the goodness of God, conformably to our ideas of this attribute in either! By wisdom he must only mean, that God knows and employs the fittest means to a certain end, no matter what that end may be. This indeed is a proof of knowledge and intelligence; but these alone do not constitute wisdom; the word implies the application of these fittest means to the best and kindest end: or, who will call it true wisdom? Even amongst ourselves, it is not held as such. All the attributes then that he seems to think apparent in the constitution of things, are his unity, infinity, eternity, and intelligence; from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can result any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on mankind, more than if He

and all things round him were produced, as some have dared to think, by the necessary working of eternal matter in an infinite vacuum: for what does it avail to add intelligence to those other physical attributes, unless that intelligence be directed, not only to the good of the whole, but also to the good of every individual of which that whole is composed.

It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary, to say that human justice and the other virtues, which are indeed only various applications of human benevolence, bear some resemblance to the moral attributes of the supreme Being. It is only by means of that resemblance, we conceive them in him, or their effects in his works. It is by the same means only, that we comprehend those physical attributes which his Lordship allows to be demonstrable. How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of which we ourselves are conscious? How of his existence, but from our own consciousness of existing? How of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourselves? Yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on these subjects, ever believed that these our ideas were real and full representations of these attributes in the Divinity. They say he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he acquired from sensation, and draws conclusions from them. They say he acts; they do not mean by impulse, nor as the soul acts on an organized body. They say he is omnipotent and eternal; yet on what are their ideas founded, but on

our own narrow conceptions of space and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of place and time? Either, therefore, there is a resemblance and analogy (however imperfect and distant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them, or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all. He allows we ought to reason from earth, that we do know, to heaven which we not know; how can we do so but by that affinity which appears between one and the other?

In vain, then, does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wollaston in that fine soliloquy: "Must I then bid my last farewell to these walks when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken upon me and go out? Must I then only serve to furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these herbs and plants, or with this dirt under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them in death?"[1] No thinking head, no heart, that has the least sensibility, but must have made the same reflection; or at least must feel, not the beauty alone, but the truth of it when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to these questions which are put to him, not only by Wollaston, but by all mankind? He will tell you, that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, stones, and *other clods of earth*, are all connected in one

[1] *Religion of Nature Delineated*, sect. 9, p. 209, quarto.
[*Gray.*]

immense design, that we are all Dramatis Personæ, in different characters, and that we were not made for ourselves, but for the action: that it is foolish, presumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur against the Almighty Author of this drama, when we feel ourselves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to rest our head on the soft pillow of resignation, on the immoveable rock of tranquillity; secure, that, if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be put to our miserable being, and we shall be mingled with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which he who complains does not seem to have been set by his reason so far above them in life, as to deserve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the consolation his philosophy gives us, and such the hope on which his tranquillity was founded.

ESSAY ON NORMAN ARCHITECTURE.

[This essay was first printed from the Pembroke MSS., by Mathias, in 1814. He gave it the inept title of *Architectura Gothica*, under which it was reprinted by Mitford. I have conjectured that it was written in 1754.—ED.]

ESSAY ON NORMAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE characteristics of the old Norman or (as Sir Christopher Wren calls it) the Saxon Architecture, are great solidity, heaviness, and rude simplicity, better adapted to castles, walls of cities, and other places of defence, than to the purposes of habitation, magnificence, or religious worship. It seems indeed to be copied from the Roman style in that degenerate state to which it was reduced under the later emperors; for it seems but natural that the Franks[1] in Gaul, the Saxons in England, and other barbarous nations in the several countries which had made a part of the Roman empire (when they were once settled there, and found leisure to apply themselves to the arts of peace) should imitate those many monuments which were every where before their eyes, and especially (as they themselves were now become Christians) such as had been long consecrated to the uses of religion, and were filled with the miraculous relics and representations of those saints who were the principal objects of

[1] Including the Normans, who soon learned the language and customs of the Franks.—[*Gray.*]

their worship. It may be asked, why then did they not rather imitate the beautiful remains of a better age, of which many were then in being, as some of them exist to this day? I answer, because taste had nothing to do in their choice; because the fabrics erected in the time and for the purposes of Christianity had a nearer connection with their own faith; and lastly, because the artizans employed in them were probably their subjects and natives of the country, who received these arts by tradition from their fathers, and were unaccustomed to any other style of building.

The particulars which distinguish this kind of architecture, which seems to have lasted in England from the time of the Conquest (if not earlier) to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, that is, from A. D. 1066 to about 1216, are chiefly these.

First distinction. The *semi-circular, or round-headed,*[1] *arch*, generally, if not always, used in the three orders which commonly compose the nave, namely, the lower great one that opens to the side ailes; the second, which runs in front of the two corridores over those ailes; and the uppermost, which forms a sort of arcade

[1] I cannot absolutely affirm, that they never made use of the *pointed arch*, because the great western tower at Ely now rises upon four *such* arches; some of the ranges, too, which adorn the outside of this and the galilee adjoining, are of like form, and the grand arches in front under the middle tower of Peterborough are *pointed:* but yet I do suspect that all these were alterations and additions made in succeeding ages, which, I am persuaded, was a common practice with regard to windows, in order to let in more light, and also to take off from the plain and heavy appearance of those thick walls.—[*Gray.*]

before the higher range of windows. The doors, the vault of the ailes, and even the windows, are in this form too, and the arch is usually wide beyond the just proportion of its height.

The same arching is frequently used to cover the long vacancy of a dead wall, and forms an arcade adhering to it with tall clumsy[1] pillars and extraordinary intercolumns; and for a like purpose they frequently employed a wider arch-work rising on short columns and interlaced, so that the curve of one arch intersecting that of its neighbour, their pillars or legs stand at only half the distance from each other that they otherwise would do. This, though only an ornament, might perhaps suggest the idea of building on *pointed arches*, afterwards in use, as the intersection of two circular ones produces the same effect to the eye.

Second distinction. The massy *piers*, or pillars, either of an octagonal, round, or elliptical form, on which the arches rise. They are sometimes decagons, or duodecagons, or even a mixture of all these, without any correspondence or regularity at all, as in the choir at Peterborough: their height is generally far too short for their diameter, which gives them the appearance of great strength joined with heaviness. This latter fault seems to have struck even the eyes of that age itself, and, to conceal it, they added a flat pilaster on four sides of the pier, with a slender half-column pro-

[1] They have no swell, nor gradual diminution, which seems to be the cause of this clumsy appearance; besides this, they stand too close together.—[*Gray.*]

jecting from it, or (to lighten it still more) covere the pier almost entirely with clustered pillars of smal diameter, adhering to its surface, which in reality bea little or nothing of the weight, and serve merely for ornament. This latter had so good an effect, that it was adopted by all architects of succeeding times, and continued till the revival of the Greek and Roman style. There are very ancient examples of these cluster-piers to be seen, sometimes intermixed alternately with the plainer kind, as at Durham; sometimes interspersed among them, as it were by chance, as at Peterborough; and sometimes alone and unmixed, as in the views of old St. Paul's, and at Ely. From the capital of the piers usually rises a half-column of but small diameter, which, passing between the arches of the two upper orders in the nave or choir, &c. reaches quite up to the roof, and is a principal grace of these buildings.

On the outside, as they have no buttresses, which were the invention of later ages, the walls are commonly adorned either with half-columns or with flat stripes of stone-work, resembling a plain pilaster, at regular distances.

Third distinction. The *capitals* of the piers and smaller columns have great variety in their forms; the square, the octagon, the cushioned, or swelling beneath, with four flat faces cut in a semicircle, the convex part downward, and sometimes adorned[1] with a mantling, or piece of drapery trussed like a festoon.

[1] At Durham.—[*Gray.*]

Some of the large ones there are which, swelling like the last underneath, break above[1] into eight or sixteen angular projections, something like the rostra of an antique ship. Others are round, and decked with an awkward imitation[2] of acanthus leaves, curling at the point into a sort of volutes. These, and many other uncouth forms and inventions, may be seen in the arcade of the side ailes at Peterborough, where they have studied to vary all the capitals, as far as their art reached, and seem to have thought there was a beauty in this confusion: they are all in general too squat and too gross for the pillars which they are meant to adorn, not to mention the rudeness they have in common with every other member of these buildings, that required any sculpture or delicacy of workmanship.

Fourth distinction. The *ceilings*, at least in the wider and loftier parts, as of the nave, choir, and transepts, &c. were usually, I imagine, only of timber, perhaps because they wanted the skill to vault with stone in these great intervals, though they practised it in the smaller. They are either entirely flat, as at Peterborough, or gabel-fashioned with rafters, as in the transepts at Ely, or coved with frame-work made of small scantlings of wood, and lying open to the leads, as in the nave of the same church.

Fifth distinction. The *ornaments*, which are chiefly

[1] In the choir at Peterborough.—[*Gray.*]

[2] In the Prebend's narrow way, and the south transept at Ely.—[*Gray.*]

mouldings in front of the arches, and fasciæ or broad lists of carving, which run along the walls over them or beneath the windows, are without any neatness, and full as clumsy as the capitals above mentioned; the most frequent of them is the *zig-zag*, or chevron-work. There are also *billeted*-moulding, the *nail-head*, as in the great tower at Hereford and in the pendents of arches in the nave of old St. Paul's, resembling the heads of large nails drove in at regular distances; the *nebule*,[1] which I call by that name from its likeness to a coat nebulé in heraldry; and the *lozenge* and *triangle* lattice-work. These, with the ranges of arch-work rising one over another, with which they decorated the fronts of buildings and the sides of their towers on the outside, are the principal inventions which they employed for ornament. As to statues,[2] niches,[3] canopies, finialls, and tracery, they were the improvements of another age.

Such are the most obvious distinctions of this early style of building. An accurate inspection of those

[1] Under the highest range of windows on the outside of Peterborough Cathedral, and elsewhere.—[*Gray.*]

[2] There may be some figures extant in England, in stone or wood, older than the period which I have here assigned, but they made no part of the architect's design, and even on sepulchral monuments are very rare; besides that their originality may well be disputed; for example, that of King Ethelbald on Crowland Bridge, of King Osric at Worcester, of Robert Courthose at Gloucester, &c.—[*Gray.*]

[3] These *niches*, when they had the figure of any saint in them, were called *perks*, whence comes our old phrase of being *perked* up, or exposed to public view.—[*Gray.*]

remains, which have their dates well ascertained, might possibly discover many other particulars, and also shew us the gradual advances of the art within the period which I have assigned; for it is not to be imagined that all the forms which I have described made their appearance at one and the same time, or that the buildings, for example, in the first years of Henry the Second were exactly like those erected in the end of his reign. Any eye may perceive the difference between the body and ailes of the choir at Peterborough, with the east side of the transept, and the semicircular tribune which finishes the same choir, the two ends and west side of the transept, and the whole nave of the church: yet all these were built within the compass of five and thirty years by two successive abbots.

Upon the whole, these huge structures claim not only the veneration due to their great antiquity, but (though far surpassed in beauty by the buildings of the three succeeding centuries) have really a rude kind of majesty, resulting from the loftiness of their naves, the gloom of their ailes, and the hugeness of their massive members, which seem calculated for a long duration.

[My friend, Mr. Basil Champneys, has obliged me with the following remarks on the *Essay on Norman Architecture*:—

"The little essay is of considerable interest, mainly as showing the accuracy of Gray's observation, and as illustrating the point of view from which he

approached the study of Romanesque Architecture, but, of course, later study has put his *aperçu* very much out of date. Though a lover of Gothic Architecture, Gray does not seem to have perceived that Romanesque, to be appreciated, must be looked at from the Gothic point of view. His criticisms are what we should expect to read from an exclusively Classical standpoint. He notices the clumsiness and want of studied proportion as a note of deterioration, as no doubt it was, but he appears also to take exception to the variety of the detail, which gives the style its essentially Gothic character, and is, to lovers of Gothic, its redeeming feature. His theories as to the origin of the pointed arch, as originating in the intersection of round arches, is pretty generally exploded, and he is wrong in one or two other particulars. Nor do I agree with him in thinking the style unsuitable for producing a strong religious impression. To me it is peculiarly impressive in this very way, though I look on it as obsolete for all purposes of practical modern architecture. Otherwise Gray's accuracy of observation, considering the time at which he wrote, is very remarkable."—

ED.]

LETTER TO WALPOLE
ON HIS "LIVES OF THE PAINTERS."

[This *Letter to Walpole* is really a review or critical essay, and I have therefore ventured to detach it from the *Correspondence*. It was first printed by Mitford.—ED.]

LETTER TO WALPOLE
ON HIS "LIVES OF THE PAINTERS."

CAMBRIDGE, *Sept.* 2, 1760.

MY inquiries, and the information I am able to give you in consequence of them, are as follows: if they amount to but little, thank yourself for applying to a sucking antiquary.

Mr. Vertue's[1] MSS. (as I do not doubt you have experienced) will often put you on a false scent. Be assured that Occleve's portrait of Chaucer is not, nor ever was, in St. John's Library: they have a MS. of the Troilus and Cressida without illuminations, and no other part of his works. In the University Library, indeed, there is a large volume with most of his works on vellum, and by way of frontispiece is (pasted in) a pretty old print, taken (as it says) by Mr. Speed from Occleve's original painting in the book *De Regimine Principum*, in the middle is Chaucer, a whole length, the same countenance, attitude, and dress that Vertue gives you in the two heads which he has engraved of him; the border is composed of escutcheons of arms,

[1] George Vertue, the engraver (1684–1756). It was the purchase of his copious memoranda on the arts which prompted Walpole to undertake his book.—[ED.]

all the alliances of the Chaucer family, and at bottom the tomb of Thomas Chaucer and Maud Burghershe at Ewelm. The print and all the arms are neatly coloured. I only describe this because I never took notice of such a print any where else, though perhaps you may know it; for I suppose it was done for some of Speed's works. About the painting I have a great puzzle in my head between Vertue, Mr. D'Urry, and Bishop Tanner. Vertue (you know) has twice engraved Chaucer's head, once for D'Urry's edition of his works, and a second time in the set of poets' heads. Both are done from Occleve's painting; but he never tells us where he found the painting, as he generally uses to do. D'Urry says there is a portrait of Chaucer (doubtless a whole length), for he describes his port and stature from it, in possession of George Greenwood, Esq. of Chastleton in Gloucestershire. A little after he too mentions the picture by Occleve, but whether the same or not does not appear. Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca* (Artic. Chaucer, see the notes), speaks of Occleve's painting too, but names another work of his (not the *De Regim. Principum*), and adds, that it is in *the King's Library at Westminster:* if so, you will certainly find it in the Museum, and Casley's Catalogue will direct you to the place.

Of the profile of Dr. Keys there is only a copy in his College: but there is a portrait of him (not in profile), a good picture, and undoubtedly original, a half-figure upon board, dated Anno 1563, æt. suæ 53. There are fourteen Latin verses inscribed on it, con-

taining a character of him as a scholar and excellent physician, and thus much more—

> Qui Cantabrigiæ Gonvilli incæpta minuta
> auxit et e parvo nobile fecit opus;
> Et qui Mausoleum Linacro donavit in æde,
> quæ nunc de Pauli nomine nomen habet, &c.
> Talis erat Caius, qualem sub imaginis umbra
> Pæne hic viventem picta tabella refert.

At the corner is written Vivit Virtus and Virtus Vivit, *but no painter's name.* In the same room hangs an old picture (very bad at first, and now almost effaced by cleaning) of a man in a slashed doublet, dark curled hair and beard, looking like a foreigner, holding a pair of compasses, and by his side a Polyedron, made up of twelve pentagons. No name or date. You will see presently why I mention it.

The Vice Chancellor (Burroughs, Master of Keys) tells me he very well knew Vertue. That in a book belonging to the Board of Works he had discovered John of Padua to be the architect of Somerset House, and had found that he likewise built Longleat for Sir John Thynne. That it was from the similitude of style in those buildings and in the *four gates* of Key's College, he had imagined the latter to be also the work of John of Padua, and this was all the proof he had of it. Upon looking at these gates, I plainly see that they might very well be the work of one man. From the College books I find that the east side, in which are the Portæ Virtutis and Sapientiæ, was built in 1566 and 1567. These are joined by two long

walks to the *Porta Humilitatis*, opening to the street; and in the two walls are two little Doric frontispieces, leading into gardens; all these are (I dare say) of one time, and shew the Roman architecture reviving amongst us, with little columns and pilasters, well enough proportioned in themselves, and neatly executed, but in no proportion to the building they are meant to adorn. In the year 1575 are these words, *Porta* (quæ *Honoris dicitur*) *et ad Scholas Publicas aperit a Lapide quadrato duroq. extruebatur, ad eam scilicet formam et effigiem, quam Doctor Caius* (*dum viveret*) *Architecto præscripserat elaborata.* This is the gate (more ornamented than the rest, but in the same style) which you remember: it cost £128. 9*s.* 5*d.* in building. *N.B.* Dr. Caius died July 29, 1573.

In the same year, 1575, are these words: *Positum est Joh. Caio: ex alabastro monumentum summi decoris et artificii eodem in sacelli loco, quo corpus ejus antea sepeliebatur; sui præter insculpta illius insignia et annotatum ætatis obitusq. diem et annum* (*uti vivus executoribus ipse præceperat*) *duas tantummodo sententias has inscripsimus, Vivit post funera Virtus—Fui Caius.* This monument (made to stand upon the ground, but now raised a great deal above the eye on a heavy, ugly base, projecting from the wall) is a sarcophagus, with ribbed work and mouldings (somewhat antique), placed on a basement, supporting pretty large Corinthian columns of fine alabaster, which bear up an entablature, and form a sort of canopy over it. The capitals are gilt, and the upper part both gilt and painted with ugly

scrolls and compartments, *à la Elisabet;* the rest is simple and well enough.

Charge of the Founder's tomb, finished in 1575:

	£.	s.	d.
For alabaster and carriage . . .	10	10	0
To Theodore and others for carving .	33	16	5
To labourers	8	18	1
Charges extraordinary . . .	2	0	2

Then in anno 1576 are these words, *In Atrio Doctoris Caii Columna erecta est, eiq. lapis miro artificio elaboratus atq. in se* 60 *Horologia complexus imponitur, quem Theodorus Haveus Cleviensis Artifex egregius et insignis Architectura Professor fecit et insigniis* (read insignibus) *eorum Generosorum qui tum in Collegio morabantur depinxit, et velut monumentum suæ erga collegium benevolentiæ eiden dedicavit. Hujus in summitate lapidis constituitur ventilabrum ad formam Pegasi formatum.*

This column is now destroyed, with all its sundials; but when Loggan did his views of the Colleges, the pillar (though not the dials) was still standing.

From all this I draw, that Theodore Haveus of Cleves, the architect, sculptor, painter, and diallist, did probably build the Porta Honoris (if not all the others), and having worked many years for Doctor Caius and the College, in gratitude, left behind him his *own picture.*[1]

In the Gallery at Emanuel are several pictures worth remarking, but not one name of a painter to be found.

[1] But this portrait is said to bear the date 1653.—[Ed.]

1. Archbishop Cranmer, head and hands (on board) in his tippet of martens, and seal ring of his arms, æt. 57.

2. Sir Walter Mildmay, (the Founder,) whole length, black cap and long gown, book of statutes in his hand, pale and old, 1588; tolerably well done.

3. Sir Antony Mildmay, (his son,) 1596, whole length, doublet of gold tissue, black cloak, many jewels, high crowned hat hanging on a chair, armour lying on the floor, and a fine damasked long pistol, letters on a table, directed to his Majesty's Ambassador, a carpet mightily finished.

4. Mrs. Joyce Franklin, (a benefactress,) jolly woman above forty, with an enamelled watch open in her hand. No date. Dress of about Queen Mary's time. A head and hands.

5. Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter, the great gold medal (representing the Synod of Dort) hanging in a chain about his neck. A head miserably done.

6. *Effig. Rodulphi Simons, Architecti suâ ætate peritisimi, qui (præter plurima ædificia ab eo præclare facta) duo Collegia Emanuelis, hoc, Sidneii illud, extruxit integre: magnam etiam partem Trinitatis reconcinnavit amplissime.* Head, and hands with a great pair of compasses.

In St. John's Library is what I take for the original of Lady Margaret, kneeling at her oratory under a state. It is hung at a great height, and spoiled by damp and neglect; while the Master keeps very choicely in his lodge a miserable copy of it. In the same Library is a very good whole length of

Bishop Williams, (while Lord Keeper,) standing, and *a carpet* in it, finished with great care; perhaps, therefore, by the same hand as that of Sir Antony Mildmay. In the lodge is a very good old picture that used to be called Bishop Fisher, but Dr. Taylor has told them it is *Sir Antony Brown:* what his reasons are I cannot tell, as he is not here; it is surely of Henry the Eighth's time, and a layman; on a board split from top to bottom.

I sympathise with your gout: it would be strange if I did not, with so many internal monitors as I carry about me, that hourly bid me expect it myself this autumn. Yet it frights me to hear of *both feet.* What did you do, and in the night, which one foot only can make of equal duration with a night in Greenland?

I thank you for your anecdote about Sir Walter Raleigh, which is very extraordinary.

What do you think of the Erse Poems now they are come out? I suppose your suspicions are augmented: yet (upon some further inquiries I have made) Mr. David Hume (the historian) writes word that "their authenticity is beyond all question; that Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor at Glasgow, has assured him (who doubted too) that he had heard the *Piper of the Argyleshire militia* repeat all these and many more of equal beauty. That Major Mackay, the Laird and Lady of Macleod, and the Laird of Macfarline, the greatest antiquarian in all their country, and others, who live in the Highlands very remote from each other, remember them perfectly well, and could not be acquainted with them if they were not spread

into every one's mouth there, and become in a manner national works." This is certainly the only proof, that works preserved merely by tradition, and not in manuscript, will admit of.

Adieu, I have done at last. Oh no! my defence of Sir J. Wyat is much at your service; but as it was the first thing I transcribed (when I was little versed in old hands), there probably may be mistakes, which I could correct by comparing it with the MSS. were I in town. I have also four long letters of his to the King, (while he was ambassador), but, I doubt, you will scarce think them worth printing, as they contain no very remarkable facts, yet they help to shew the spirit, vigilance, and activity of the man.

Look in Casley's Catalogue of the King's Library, at 17 D. 4to. VI. I. and you will find the MSS. of Occleve and painting of Chaucer.

Cap. iii. p. 16. Or *to his having*—traces *of their having* flourished. Not less voluptuous, *nor even* refined. Do you mean, *nor less refined?*

Portrait of his Queen. There is another at Queen's College Cambridge, (of which she was second Foundress); it is a head, and appeared to be of the time, when I saw it, which was some years ago: it is not handsome, nor well painted.

P. 17. Two paves. A pave (in French, pavois or fulevas) is a very large buckler, forming an angle in front, like the ridge of a house, and big enough to cover the tallest man from head to foot.

The *bell* with a cross upon it. Is it not the *ball* (or mound) which he held in his hand?

Chevelers—chevelures or perrukes.

Stretched its noblest pinion. A little too fine?

Why should it have sought us? And yet perhaps it sought us most in the reigns of Henry the Third and Charles the First, not to mention a later period, when it had as little to record.

P. 19. *And very descriptive.* I should say, With a downcast look, very expressive of his mean temper, and of the little satisfaction he had in the match.

With golden hair. In a MS. account of her coronation, mention is made of *her fair yellow hair*, hanging at length upon her shoulder. (Cotton Lib.)

P. 20. *Designed from thence to contract dignity.*—Ungrammatical.

Independent *of the curiosity.*—Ditto.

To *strike out the improvement of latter ages.*—What King ever did strike them out? If he knew to choose the best, what more could any prince do?

More refined laws of modern gallantry.—I do not understand this passage.

P. 23. *Deluge which fell upon them.*—Storm which broke upon them.

Geniusses.—There is no such word, and *genii* means something else.

P. 22. Write Vasari, and not Felibien, who only translates him.

P. 27. *Arrived* in 1498—for *happened.*

P. 25. Flattery and *ingenuity.*—No such word in this sense.

Of the politeness *of* either.—Too many *ofs* here and elsewhere.

P. 26. *Whose tools Love softened into a pencil.*—Much too fine.

Common to the *manner of each.*—Ill expressed, and so is the whole period.

Strong-marked coarseness of Nature.—Asking your pardon, prose, as well as verse, should have its rhythm, and this sort of expression by no means flatters the ear: in the careless and familiar style, their *hardness* is even more remarked than in more accurate and polished compositions.

Nor piety could *elate.*—*Elate* is a participle, but there is no such verb as to *elate*, I imagine.

P. 27. *Beseeched* his Majesty.—Besought.

I should not cite the lines from Lovelace, as they give no new light to the fact, and are so bad in themselves: but they may be referred to.

P. 28. In the Priory of Christ Church near Aldgate, then called Duke's Place.

P. 29. By doubtful *ones* and pretended *ones.*

P. 32. *One at Cambridge.*—It has I–E. Fecit upon it, remember, and is not like Holbein. Was De Heere in England so early as Henry the Eighth's time?[1] You take no notice of the picture at Petworth, nor that at Windsor in the gallery.

[1] Lucas de Heere (1534–1584) did not arrive in England until the reign of Elizabeth.—[ED.]

In *that one particular.*—Do you mean it as a complement to your reader's apprehension, as you do not mention what that particular is?

I do affirm (salva la riverenza) that the whole length of Lord Surry is not Holbein's; if it be, so may fifty more pictures that are called Holbein's.

P. 35. Or *genuineness.*—But whether genuine, or of what size.

A *George enamelled.*—What had he to do with a George?

I lay no stress, *being so.* He says, the picture is but indifferent: on this I lay no more stress than I do in the case of that at Burford.

As *to its not being.*—And demonstrates it not genuine, &c.

P. 36. Were *ready drawn.*—Were already drawn.

Never varied the lights, which into *one company.*—Into one piece.

Had *fallen* it to £400.—Had sunk it.

P. 38. Most tyrannic *suspicion.*

Exposing the blemishes.—To expose the blemishes.

Draughts *for* prints for.—Draughts of prints for.

His own head *he* cut. Holbein cut his own head.

P. 45. Leland, a contemporary, expressly says that the ancient Chapel of St. George, built by Edward the Third, stood on this very spot, and that Henry the Seventh pulled it down and built the present tomb-house in its place, intending himself to be buried there, but afterwards changed his mind, and built his Chapel at Westminster. The words are in

his comment on the Cygnea Cantio, printed by Hearne in his Itinerary, vol. ix. which you have.

P. 46. All a satire upon Dean Lyttleton and me, and some other learned persons. We shall lay our heads together, and try if we cannot hammer out as good a thing about you.

P. 47. I *complicating* edifices, whose pomp, mechanism, &c.—A little more reflection will clear up your ideas, and improve your expression, in this period.

P. 48. Is this story of Sir Christopher Wren well grounded? It looks very like a vulgar tradition.

Inigo Jones and Kent.—Pray add Sir Christopher Wren, as in Warwick steeple, Westminster Abbey, &c.

Will not hazard.—Will hazard nothing.

P. 49. You laugh at this artificial earthquake; but pray inquire of Mr. Thrale, or some other brewer, what will be the effect if an old nail should drop into one of his boiling coppers: I am told, something very like an earthquake.

In a *vacuity* of facts.—In a scarcity.

Medeshampstede, which is Peterborough.

P. 50. Gundulphus, the same, I suppose.—Undoubtedly.

In this vacuity of names, may it not be worth while to mention Guillaume de Sens, who soon after 1177, 20mo. Henry 2^{di}, built the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, as it now is. Helias de Barham, Canon of Salisbury, qui a primâ fundatione (temp. Hen. 3^{ii}) *Rector* fuit novæ Fabricæ per 25 annos. Whether he

were himself the architect, I doubt, because in the same place it is said, Robertus *Cæmentarius* rexit per 25 annos. (See Leland, Itin. vol. iii. p. 66.)

I beg leave to differ as to the era of Gothic perfection. There is nothing finer than the nave of York Minster (in a great and simple style), or than the choir of the same church (in the rich and filigraine workmanship). Both these are of Edward the Third's reign, the first in the beginning, and the latter in the end of it. The Lady Chapel (now Trinity Church) at Ely, and the lantern tower in the same Cathedral, are noble works of the same time. I mention these as great things; but if we must take our idea from little ones, the Chapel of Bishop West (also at Ely), who died in 1533, 24 Henry VIII. surpasses all other things of the kind.

P. 50. Beauty, *ingenuity.*—Genius.

Of almost *philigere.*—Filigrane.

P. 51. Wolsey's tomb-house. Vid. supra.

By wanting simplicity.—A Goth must not say this; and indeed the ugliness of this style is not owing to the profusion of ornaments: nor is it a *mixture*, nor *plaistered upon Gothic*, for there is nothing Gothic left (except perhaps the ceilings), but it is all, as you say, neither Grecian nor Gothic; or else Grecian alone, divested of its proportions (its every essence), and with all its members mismatched.

P. 52. Is the third of Edward the Sixth the last you find of John of Padua, and do you conclude he built a house here near forty years afterwards?

Discerned only with a cylinder.—I suppose, reflected by a cylindrical mirror: pray ask somebody that understands such matters.

P. 53. Clement Adams, to instruct the King's Henchman, &c.—In what? For you have been speaking of the coins.

P. 54. *That might be with regard*, &c.—Read, this may be meant either of their religious or political principles.

P. 58. Epitaph written in defence of the Spaniards wants some explanation.

Latin verses, which might be inserted.

Powdered with crowns.—Loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds.

Various *ones*.—Many of her Majesty.

Note about dress.—Edward the Sixth carried this restraint still farther; in heads of a Bill drawn up with his own hand, 1551, (though it never passed into a law,) no one who had less than £100 a year for life, or gentlemen, the King's sworn servants, is to wear satin, damask, ostrich feathers, or furs of conies.

None not worth £200, or £20 in living certain, to wear chamblett.

No serving man (under the degree of a gentleman) to wear any fur, save lamb; nor cloth above 10*s*. the yard.

P. 63. Elizabeth in a fantastic habit.—You speak of it as certain, whereas it seems only the tradition of the housekeepers, and the lines affixed make it only more doubtful.

P. 67. Pray add something civil of the family, who had the sense and taste to preserve the furniture. Several of the articles here mentioned are now at the Museum.

From Vasari.

V. 3, p. 270. Susanna, Sorella di Luca Hurembout Miniatore di Guanto, fu chiamata, per ciò á servigio d'Henrico Ottavo, Ré d'Inghilterra, et vi stette honoratamente tutto il tempo di sua vita.

Sevina figlia di Maestro Simone Benich da Bruggia fu maritata nobilimente et havuta in pregio della Regina Maria, si come ancora é della Regina Elisabetta.

V. 2, p. 63. Torreggiano, a fellow scholar and rival of Michel Angelo, gave him a blow on the face which laid his nose flat. Lavorò in servigio del Ré d'Inghilterra infinite cose di marmo, di bronzo, di legno, a concorrenza d'alcuni Maestri di quel paese, a i quali tutti restò superiore. E nè cavò tanti, e cosi fatti premii, che se non fusse stato (come superbo) persona inconsiderata a senzo governo, sarebbe vivuto quietamente, e fatto ottima fine: la dove gli avvenne il contrario - - - - died in the Spanish Inquisition in 1522. N.B. Vasari calls him Torrigiano Torrigiani. Vertue names the sculptor of Henry the Seventh's monument (who was P. T. a Florentine) *Pietro* Torregiano.

V. 2. p. 200. Girolamo da Trevigi. His drawing not extraordinary, but coloured well in oil and fresco,

imitated Rafael. Condottosi in Inghilterra da alcuni amici suoi, che lo favorivano fu preposto al Ré Arrigo e giuntogli innanzi non piu per pittore ma per ingegniere s'accommodò a servigi suoi. Quivi mostrando alcune prove d'edificii ingegnosi cavati da altri in Toscana e per Italia; e quel Ré giudicandoli miracolosi, lo premiò con doni continui e gli ordinò provisione di 400 scudi l'anno, e gli diede commodità che fabricasse un habitàtione honorata alle spese proprie del Ré; was killed by a cannon shot at the siege of Boulogne in Picardy, aged thirty-six, A.D. 1544.

V. 2. p. 534. Bastiano Aristotile da Sangallo, a copyist of Rafael and Michel Angelo, many of his pictures sent to England, died in 1553, aged seventy-eight.

V. 2, p. 131. Benedetto da Rovezzano. Fu ultimamente condotto in Inghilterra á servigi del Ré, al quale fece molti lavori di marmo e di bronzo, e particolarmente la sua sepoltura. He returned to Florence, and lost his sight in 1550, he was also an architect.

V. 2, p. 354. Zoto del Nunziata, a scholar of Ridolpho Ghirlandaio, aggiugnendo col tempo a paragone con i belli ingegni, partì di Fiorenza, e con alcuni Mercanti Fiorentini Condottosi in Inghilterra quivi ha fatto tutte l'opere sue, e dal Ré di quella Provincia (il quale ha anco servito nell architettura, e fatto particolarmente il principale palazzo) é stato riconosciuto grandissimamente. He was a cotem-

porary of Perin del Vaga, who died in 1547, aged forty-seven, so that this king was probably Henry the Sixth.

In Greenwich Church (Stowe, v. ii. p. 91.)

Roberto Adams, Operum Regiarum Supervisori Architecturæ peritissimo, ob. 1595.

Simon Basil, Operationum Regiorum Controtrotulator, posuit 1601.

St. Martin's in the Fields.

Nicholas Stone, Sculptor and Architectus. He was Master mason to his Majesty, ob. 1647.

METRUM.

OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH METRE, ON THE PSEUDO-RYTHMUS, ON RHYME, AND ON THE POEMS OF LYDGATE.

Εἴτέ νέα τῶν μέτρων ἡ θεωρία, εἴτε Μούσης εὕρημα παλαιᾶς, ἑκάτερον ἔξει καλῶς· ἀρχαῖα μέν οὖσα, ἐκ τῆς παλαιότητος ἕξει σεμνότητα, νέα δὲ οὖσα, ποθεινοτέρα.

Longini Fragment. 3. Sect. 1. E. Cod. MS. Paris.

[These miscellaneous notes on metre and on early English poetry exist among the Pembroke MSS., from which they were printed by Mathias in 1814. They were written, I believe, (see Gosse's *Life of Gray*, 151, 152,) in the winter of 1760 and the spring of 1761, and formed part of the material destined for the great *History of Poetry*, which Gray then projected and afterwards abandoned. Other notes were in 1770 placed in the hands of Thomas Warton, and incorporated in his *History of English Poetry*.—ED.]

METRUM.

OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH METRE.

THOUGH I would not with Mr. Urry,[1] the Editor of Chaucer, insert words and syllables, unauthorized by the oldest manuscripts, to help out what seems lame and defective in the measure of our ancient writers, yet as I see those manuscripts, and the first[2] printed editions, so extremely inconstant in their manner of spelling one and the same word as to vary continually, and often in the compass of two lines, and seem to have no fixed orthography, I cannot help thinking it probable, that many great inequalities in the metre are owing to the neglect of transcribers, or that the

[1] See the Preface to Urry's Chaucer. Fol.—[*Gray.*]

[2] This inconstancy of the manner of spelling one and the same word is not confined to the first printed copies, but is found equally in the MSS. themselves. This is no wonder, for the Italians themselves, contemporary with Chaucer, writing in an age when literature began to flourish, and in a language more regular and grammatical than that of any neighbouring country, had yet no fixed orthography, as appears from the original manuscripts of Francesco Barberino, Boccacio, and Petrarch, which are still preserved. (See Crescimbeni Comentarj, L. 6.)—[*Gray.*]

manner of reading made up for the defects which appear in the writing. Thus the *y* which we often see prefixed to participles passive, *y*cleped, *y*hewe, &c. is not a mere arbitrary insertion to fill up the verse, but is the old Anglo-Saxon augment, always prefixed formerly to such participles, as *ge*lufod (loved) from lufian (to love), *ge*ræd, from rædan (to read), &c. which augment, as early as Edward the Confessor's time, began to be written with a *y*, or an *i*, as *y*lufod, *i*seld, for *ge*lufod, *ge*seld, (loved, sold,) as Dr. Hickes[1] informs us in his Anglo-Saxon Grammar, C. 22, p. 136. This syllable, though (I suppose) then out of use in common speech, our poets inserted, where it suited them, in verse. The same did they by the final syllable of verbs, as bren*nin*, correc*tin*, dron*kin*, &c.

[1] And see Somner's Saxon Dictionary in Le. Chaucer seems to have been well aware of the injustice that his copyists might chance to do to him: he says, towards the end of his Troilus,

> "And for there is so great diversitie,
> In English, and in writing of our tong;
> So pray I to God, that none miswrite thee,
> Ne thee mis-metre for defaut of tong
> And redde where so thou be, or else song,
> That thou be understond', God I beseech—"

Yet in another place he says,

> "But for the rime is light and lewde,
> Yet make it somewhat agreeable
> Though some verse fayle in a syllable."
>
> (3d B. of Fame.)

And so says Lydgate of himself:

> "Because I know the verse therein is wrong,
> As being some too short, and some too long."
>
> (Chronicle of Troye, p. 316.)—[*Gray.*]

(to burn, correct, drink,) which was also Saxon, all the infinitives in that tongue ending with an *an*, or *eon*, as *bebyrige*an, to bury, *mag*an, to be able, *gefe*on, to rejoice, and most of the participles passive, and the plural persons terminating with the same letter, as, *gefund*en, found, *beswung*en, beaten, &c.; and *we*, *ge*, *hi*, *mihto*n, (we, he, they, might,) we *wold*on, we would; we *sceold*on, we should; we *ar*on, we are, &c. This termination began to be omitted after the Danes were settled among us; for in the Cimbrick tongue the verbs usually finished in *a*, as *greip*a, to gripe, *hab*a, to have, which in the Saxon were *greip*an, *hab*an; the transition is very apparent thence to the English, which we now speak. As then our writers[1] inserted these initial and final letters, or omitted them; and, where we see them written, we do not doubt that they were meant to fill up the measure; it follows,

[1] The same thing is observable in the MSS. and first editions of the Italian Poets. Even in Dante's and in Petrarch's time, as,

"Nello stato primaio non si rinselva."
Purgatorio. C. 14, v. 66.

And,

"Ecco Cin da Pistoia, Guitton d' Arezzo."
Trionfo dell' Amore. Capit. 4. v. 32.

In both which verses there is a syllable too much, on which Crescimbeni observes, "Costumavano gli antichi rimatori, ogni volta che in fin d' una voce s' incontrava la vocale *i* tra due altri vocali, troncar la voce, e pronunziarla fino alla sillaba accentuata acutamente, benchè la voce ad arbitrio la scrivessero or tronca con l'apostrofe, ed ora intera." (Istor: della Volg: Poesia, L. 1, p. 9.) And one would think that they occasionally practised the same thing in syllables not consist-

that these Poets had an ear not insensible to defects in metre; and where the verse seems to halt, it is very probably occasioned by the transcriber's neglect, who, seeing a word spelt differently from the manner then customary, changed or omitted a few letters without reflecting on the injury done to the measure. The case is the same with the genitive case singular and the nominative plural of many nouns, which by the Saxon inflection had an additional syllable, as *word*, a word, *wordis*, of a word: *smith*, a smith, *smithis*, of a smith, *smithas*, smith, which, as Hickes observes, is the origin of the formation of those cases in our present tongue; but we now have reduced them, by our pronunciation, to an equal number of syllables with their nominatives singular. This was commonly done too, I imagine, in Chaucer's and Lydgate's time; but, in verse, they took the liberty either to follow the old language in pronouncing the final syllable, or to sink the vowel and abridge it, as was usual, accord-

ing of a vowel only, by that verse of an ancient poet, which he cites,

"Tu sei quel arma*tura*, per cui vencimmo,"

where in reading they probably sunk the last syllable of *armatura*, because the accent did not fall upon it. This might less offend them, because their ears were so used to the Provençal dialect, in which abundance of words are the same with the Italian, were not the last syllable cut off, as pie*tat* for pie*tate*, seq*uent* for seguente, poder*uz* for poder*oso*, *fach* for fatto, &c. and doubtless from that language the Italians borrowed their custom of sinking the vowel in the end of many words at pleasure, when the next begins with a consonant, which they now do in prose, as well as in verse.—[*Gray.*]

ing to the necessity of their versification. For example, they would read either vĭŏlēttĕs with four syllables, or violets with three; ban*kis*, or banks; triūmphys, or triūmphs, indifferently. I have mentioned (in some remarks on the verses of Lydgate) the *e* mute, and their use of it in words derived from the French, and I imagine that they did the same in many words of true English origin, which the Danes had before robbed of their final consonant, writing *bute* for the Saxon *butan* (without), *bifora* for *biforan* (before), *ondrede* for *ondreadan* (to dread), *gebringe* for *gebringan* (to bring), *doeme* for *deman* (to deem), and abundance of other words. Here we may easily conceive, that though the *n* was taken away, yet the *e* continued to be pronounced faintly, and though in time it was quite dropped in conversation, yet when the poet thought fit to make a syllable of it, it no more offended their ears than it now offends those of a Frenchman to hear it so pronounced, in verse.

Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1587, tell us, L. 2, C. 4, that "Chaucer, Lydgate, and others used *Cesures* either very seldom, or not at all, or else very licentiously; and many times made their meetres (they called them *riding Ryme*) of such unshapely words as would allow no convenient cesure; and therefore did let their rymes run out at length, and never staid till they came to the end; which manner, though it were not to be misliked in some sort of meetre, yet in every long verse the cesure ought to be kept precisely, if it

[illegible]

[illegible] syllables [illegible] middle [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] &c.

[illegible] spell.
[illegible]
[illegible] spell
[illegible] great honour, &c.

To the Reader.

[illegible]
[illegible] spell,
Let not the rudeness of them [illegible]
For to [illegible] this ryme [illegible]," &c.

it should fall on the fourth, in one of eight on the same, in one of seven on the same, or on none at all," &c. I mention no[1] more than these, as they are now the only measures admitted into our serious poetry, and I shall consider how his rules hold in modern practice.

Alexandrines,[2] or verses of twelve syllables, it is true, though Spenser sometimes does otherwise, must, if they would strike the ear agreeably, have their pause in the middle, as,

And after toilsome days | a soft repose at night.

Or,

He both her warlike Lords | outshined in Helen's eyes.

And this uniformity in the cesura is just the reason why we no longer use them but just to finish a lyric

[1] Lines of six, five, or four syllables are intermixed in lyric compositions, but, as Puttenham says, "they need no censure, because the breath asketh no relief."—[*Gray.*]

[2] Puttenham says, "The Alexandrine is with our modern rhymers most usual, with the auncyent makers it was not so. For before Sir Thomas Wyatt's time they were not used in our vulgar: they be for grave and stately matters fitter, than for any other ditty of pleasure. If the cesure be just in the middle, and that ye suffer the verse to run at full length, and do not (as common rimers do, or their printer, for sparing of paper) cut them off in the middest, wherein they make in two verses but halfe rime, they do very wel."—Art of Poesie, l. ii. c. 3. The poets of Henry the Eighth's time mixed it with the line of fourteen syllables alternately, which is so tiresome, that we have long since quite banished it. Thus many things of Wyatt's and Lord Surrey's are written, and those of Queen Elizabeth on the Queen of Scots.—[*Gray.*]

stanza: they are also sometimes interspersed arbitrarily among verses of ten syllables. This is an odd custom, but it is confirmed by the sanction which Dryden and Pope have given to it, for they soon tire the ear with this sameness of sound; and the French seemed to have judged ill in making them their heroic[1] measure.

Verses of *eight* syllables are so far from being obliged to have their cesura on the fourth, that Milton, the best example of an exquisite ear that I can produce, varies it continually, as,

To live with her, | and live with thee . .	On the 4th.
In unreproved | pleasure free . . .	—— 5th.
To hear the lark | begin his flight . .	—— 4th.
And singing | startle the dŭll nīght . .	—— 3d.
Whĕre thĕ grēat sūn | bĕgĭns hĭs stāte . .	—— 4th.
The clouds | in thousand liveries dight .	—— 2d.
With masque | and antique pageantry . .	—— 2d.

The more we attend to the composition of Milton's

[1] They were not so till towards the end of the sixteenth century. "Quant aux vers de *douze* syllabes, que nous appellons Alexandrins, combien qu'ils proviennent d'une longue ancienneté, toutefois nous en avions perdu l'usage. Car, lorsque Marot insère quelques uns dedans ses Epigrammes ou Tombeaux, c'est avec cette suscription, Vers Alexandrins; comme si c'étoit chose nouvelle et inaccoustumée d'en user.—Le premier des nôtres, qui les mit en credit, fut Baïf en ses Amours de Francine, suivy depuis par Du Bellay au livre de ses Regrets, et par Ronsard en ses Hymnes, et finalement par Du Bartas, qui semble vouloir renvier sur tous les autres en ses deux Semaines." (See Pasquier, l. vii. c. 8 and 11.) Yet Ronsard, in his Art of Poetry, continues to call the Decasyllabic measure only *Heroic Verse*, and uses it in his Franciade and other long compositions.—[*Gray.*]

harmony, the more we shall be sensible how he loved to vary[1] his pauses, his measures, and his feet, which gives that enchanting air of freedom and wildness to his versification, unconfined by any rules but those which his own feeling and the nature of his subject demanded. Thus he mixes the line of eight syllables with that of seven, the Trochee and the Spondee with the Iambic foot, and the single rhyme with the double. He changes the cesura as frequently in the hepta-syllabic measure, as,

Oft ŏn ă plāt | of rising ground	(Octosyll.)	
I hear | the far-off curfew sound,	(Oct:—)	On the 2d.
Ovĕr sōme | wide-water'd shore .	. .	——— 3d.
Swinging slow | with sullen roar :	. .	——— 3d.
Or if the air | will not permit, &c.	(Oct:—)	——— 4th.
Far from all resort | of mirth .	. .	——— 5th.
Save the cricket | on the hearth .	. .	——— 4th.
Or the bellman's | drowsy charm .	. .	——— 4th.

But the greatest confinement which Puttenham would lay on our verse is that of making the Cæsura constantly fall on the fourth syllable of our decasyllabic measure, which is now become our only heroic[2] metre

[1] Lord Surrey (who was Puttenham's example for sweetness and proportion of metre) generally, though not always, makes his Cæsura on the fourth ; as,

"True wisdom join'd \| with simpleness,
The night \| discharged of all care,. . On the 2nd.
Where wine the wit \| may not oppresse
The faithful wife \| without debate,
Such slepes \| as may beguile the night,
Content thyself \| with thine estate,
Ne wish for death, \| ne fear his might."—[*Gray.*]

[2] We probably took it from the Italians. Their heroic

for all poems of any length. This restraint Wyatt and Lord Surrey submitted to, though here and there you find an instance of their breaking through it, though rarely. So,

From these hye hilles | as when a spring doth falle,
It trilleth down | with still and subtle course,
Of this and that | it gathers aye, and shall
Till it have just | downe flowed to stream and force:
So fareth Love, | when he hath ta'en a course;
Rage is his raine; | resistance 'vaileth none;
The first eschue | is remedy alone. Wyatt.

And these verses of Surrey:

In active games | of nimbleness and strength
Where we did strain, | trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, | which yet shot up in length:
The secret groves, | which oft we made resound
Of plesaunt plaint, | and of our Lady's praise,

---

measure has indeed eleven syllables, because of the rhyme, which is double; but as our language requires single rhyme, the verse was reduced to ten syllables; the run of it is the same to the ear. The Italians borrowed it from the Provençals, there being verses extant still of this kind by Arnauld Daniel, who died in 1189, and is celebrated by Petrarch, under the title of Gran Maestro d'amor, and of Arnauld de Merveille, who flourished about 1190, as,

"Fazes auzir vostras castas preguieras
Tant doussament, qu'a pietat sia moguda
De s' inclinar a ma justa demanda," &c.
Crescimbeni Istor. della Volg. Poesia, l. i. p. 6.

Dante judges it the best adapted of any metre to noble subjects. "Quorum omnium Endecasyllabum videtur esse superbius, tam temporis occupatione quam capacitate sententiæ, constructionis, et vocabulorum, &c.—et omnes hoc Doctores perpendisse videntur, Cantiones illustres principiantes ab illo." (De Vulgari Eloquentiâ, l. ii. c. 5.)—[*Gray.*]

Recording oft, | what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, | what dread of long delays;
The wild forèst, | the clothed holts with green,
With reines availed, | and swift-ybreathed horse,
With cry of hound, | and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase | the fearful hart of force, &c.

But our poets have long since got loose from these fetters. Spenser judiciously shook them off; Milton, in his Paradise Lost, is ever changing and mingling his pauses, and the greatest writers after him have made it their study to avoid what Puttenham regarded as a rule of perfect versification.

These reflections may serve to shew us, that Puttenham, though he lived within about one hundred and fifty years of Chaucer's time, must have been mistaken with regard to what the old writers called their *Riding Rhyme;* for the Canterbury Tales, which he gives as an example of it, are as exact in their measure and in their pause as in the Troilus and Cresseide, where he says, "*the metre is very grave and stately;*" and this not only in the Knight's Tale, but in the comic Introduction and Characters; as,

A monke ther was | fair for the maistery,
An outrider | that loved venery,[1]
A manly man, | to ben an abbot able,
Many a dainty horse | had he in stable; (On the 6th.)
And when he rode, | men might his bridle heare,
Gingiling in a whistling wind, | as cleare (On the 8th.)
And eke as loud, as doth the chapell-bell, &c.

I conclude, that he was misled by the change which words had undergone in their accents since the days

[1] Venerie, Fr. hunting.

of Chaucer, and by the seeming defects of measure which frequently occur in the printed copies. I cannot pretend to say what it was they called *Riding Rhyme*, but perhaps it might be such as we see in the Northern Tale of Sir Thopas in Chaucer.

> Sir Thopas was | a doughty swaine,
> White was his face, | as pain[1] de maine,[2]
> His lippis red as rose, |
> His rudd[3] is like | scarlet in graine,
> And I you tell | in gode certaine
> He had a seemly nose. | &c.

But nothing can be more regular than this sort of stanza, the pause always falling just in the middle of those verses which are of eight syllables, and at the end of those of six. I imagine that it was this very regularity which seemed so tedious to *mine host of the Tabbarde*, as to make him interrupt Chaucer in the middle of his story, with

> No more of this for Goddis dignitè—
> Mine earès akin of thy draftie[4] speeche,
> Now such a rime the Devil I beteeche,[5]
> This may well be clepe *Rime Dogrell*, quoth he, &c.

---

[1] " When thou beholdest before thy Lord *peyne-mayne:*
A baker chosen, and waged well forthe,
That only he should that businesse applye," &c.
Alexander Barclay's Eclogues,
Written in the beginning of Henry ye 8's reign.
[*Gray.*]

[2] The whitest bread.—[*Gray.*]

[3] *Rudu*, Sax. colour of the cheek.—[*Gray.*]

[4] *Tedious*, from *drof*, Sax. dirty, filthy.—[*Gray.*]

[5] Betæcan, Sax. to give, or commit to.—[*Gray.*]

Hence too we see that Puttenham is mistaken in the sense of *Rhyme Dogrell*, for so far was it *from being tied to no rule at all*, that it was consistent with the greatest exactness in the Cæsura and in the Measure; but as he himself has said very well in another place, (B. ii. ch. 9,) "the over busie and too speedie returne of one manner of tune doth too much annoy and, as it were, glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui[1] upon benches

[1] Doubtless the degenerate successors of those ancient *Jongleurs* in Provence, Italy, and other countries described by Crescimbeni, where he is speaking of the old romances. "Or questi Romanzi non v' ha dubbio che si cantavano, e forse non s'ingannò colui, che fu di parere, che i Romanzatori in panca vendessero l' opere loro cantando, imperocchè fioriva anticamente in Francia un' arte detta de' Giuglari, i quali erano faceti e spiritosi uomini, che solevano andar cantando i loro versi per le corte alle mense de' grandi, colla viuola, o' coll' arpa, o' con altro stromento.— Molti de' poeti Provenzali de' primi tempi questa stessa esercitarono ed anco de' nostri Italiani, che in quella lingua poetarono." (Comentarj del Crescimbeni, l. v. c. 5, p. 333.) And he cites on this occasion these verses in a Romance composed about the year 1230:

"Quand les tables ostées furent
Cil Jugleur en pies esturent,
S'ont Vielles et Harpes prises;
Chansons, sons, vers, et reprises,
Et de Gestes chanté nos ont," &c.

These verses are in the Tournoyement d'Antichrist, by Huon de Mari, a monk of St. Germain. (Fauchet, l. i. ch. 8.)

And Huon de Villeneuve, a writer of the same age, addresses himself to the company whom he is going to entertain in these words:

"Gardez, qu'il n'i ait noise, ne tabor, ne criée,
Il est ensinc coustume en la vostre contrée.

and barrels-heads, where they have none other audience than boys and country fellows, that pass by them in the street; or else by blind harpers or such like tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matters being for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of Sir Thopas, the Reportes of Bevis[1] of Southampton, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances and historical rhymes, made on purpose for the recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and bride-ales in taverns and ale-houses, and such other places of

> Quant uns Chanterres vient entre gent honorée
> Et il a en droit soi la Vielle attrempée;
> Je tant n'aura mantel, ne cotte desramée,
> Que sa premiere[1] laisse ne soit bien escoutée:
> Puis font chanter avant, se de riens lor agrée,
> Ou tost sans vilenie puet recoillir s'estrée," &c.
>
> [*Gray.*]

[1] The English Romance, so called, is in rude verse, seemingly of great antiquity. The Italians have one which is named *Buovo d' Antona*, probably on the same story, mentioned by Gio. Villani, who died in 1348. (See Crescimbeni Comentarj, l. v. c. 6.)

This English Romance is in free octosyllabic rhyme, written, as Mr. Thomas Warton observes (in his Observations on the Fairy Queen, Lond. 1754, 8vo.) in that short measure which was frequently sung to the harp in Queen Elizabeth's days, a custom which descended from the ancient bards. (p. 36.) Bevis is supposed to have been Earl of Southampton about the time of the Norman Invasion; his residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; his sword, called *Morglay*, is kept as a relic in Arundel Castle, not equalling in length that of Edward the Third at Westminster. (See Selden's notes on Drayton's Poly-olbion, canto iii.)—[*Gray.*]

[1] *Couple, ou* Entrée.

base resort," &c. This was therefore *Dogrell*, whose frequent return of rhyme and similarity of sound easily imprinted it in the memory of the vulgar; and, by being applied of old to the meanest uses of poetry, it was grown distasteful to the ears of the better sort.

But the *Riding Rhyme* I rather take to be that which is confined to one measure, whatever that measure be, but not to one rhythm; having sometimes more, sometimes fewer syllables, and the pause hardly distinguishable, such as the Prologue and History of Beryn, found in some MSS. of Chaucer, and the Cook's Tale of Gamelyn, where the verses have twelve, thirteen, or fourteen syllables, and the Cæsura on the sixth, seventh, or eighth, as it happens. This having an air of rusticity, Spenser has very well adapted it to pastoral poetry, and in his hands it has an admirable effect, as in the Eclogue called March, which is in the same metre as Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas; and in February and May, where the two fables of the Oak and Bryer, and the Fox and Kid, for humour and expression are equal to any thing in our language. The measure, like our usual verse of eight syllables, is Dimeter-Iambic, but admits of a Trochee, Spondee, Amphybrachys, Anapæst, &c. in almost every place. Thus,

Sēēst hŏw brāg yon bullock bears . . .	Trochee in the 1st.
So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears? .	Pure Iambic
His horns bĕen ăs brāde, as rainbow bent,	Anapæst in the 2d.
Hĭs dĕwlăp ăs lĭthe, as Lass of Kent! . .	The same.
Seē hōw hĕ vēntĕth ĭntŏ thĕ wīnd . .	Anapæst in the last.
Wēenĕst, ŏf lōve is not his mind? &c. .	Trochee in the 1st.

And,

Though marked him, with melting eyes, — Pure Iambic.
A thrilling throb from her heart did rise, — Anapæst in the 4th.
And interrupted all her other speech . — Amphibrachys in the 2d. Tribrachys in the 3d.
With some old sorrow, that made a new breach,
Seemed she saw in her youngling's face, — Trochee in the 1st. Anapæst in the 3d.
The' old lineaments of his Father's grace. — Anapæst in 2d and 3d.

In these last six lines, the first has eight syllables, and the second nine, the third and fourth ten, the fifth nine, and the last ten: and this is the only English measure which has such a liberty of choice allowed in its feet, of which Milton has taken some little advantage, in using here and there a Trochee in his octosyllabics, and in the first foot only of his heroic verses. There are a very few instances of his going farther for the sake of some particular expression, as in that line,

Burnt after them to the bottomless pit,

where there is a Spondee in the first place, a Pyrrhic in the third, and a Trochee in the fourth, and that line,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

with an Anapæst in the first place, &c.

Spenser has also given an instance[1] of the deca-

[1] And after him Dr. Donne (in his Satires) observes no regu-

syllabic measure with an unusual liberty in its feet, in the beginning of his Pastoral called August, thus,

Thĕn lŏ, Pērĭgōt, thĕ plēdge whĭch I plīght,
Ă māzĕr ȳwroūght ŏf thĕ māplĕ wāre,
Whĕreīn ĭs ĕnchāsĕd mānў ă faĭr sīght
Ŏf beārs ănd tўgĕrs, thāt mākĕn fiĕrce wār, &c.,

where there are Trochees, &c. in every foot but the last. I do not doubt that he had some ancient examples of this rhythm in his memory, when he wrote it. Bishop Douglas, in his Prologue to the eighth Æneid, written about eighty years before Spenser's Calendar, has something of the same kind.

I make no mention of the Hexameter, Sapphic, and other measures which Sir Philip Sidney and his friends[1] attempted to introduce in Queen Elizabeth's reign, because they soon dropped into oblivion. The same thing had happened in France a little before, where, in 1553, Etienne Jodelle began to write in this way, and was followed by Baïf, Passerat, Nicholas Rapin, and others, but without success. (See Pasquier, Recherches, l. vii. c. 12.) And in Italy this was at-

larity in the pause, or in the feet of his verse, only the number of syllables is equal throughout. I suppose he thought this rough uncouth measure suited the plain familiar style of satirical poetry.—[*Gray.*]

[1] We see from Spenser's Letters, that he himself, his friend Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Dyer, one of his patrons, approved of this method and practised it. Mr. Drant (he says) had derived the rules and principles of the art, which were enlarged with Mr. Sydney's own judgment, and augmented with his (Spenser's) Observations. This was in 1580.—[*Gray.*]

tempted by Claudio Tolomei,[1] and other men of learning, to as little purpose. (See Crescimbeni Comment. vol. i. p. 21.)

[1] Bishop of Corsola; he flourished in 1540. He was five years Ambassador from the Republic of Sienna in France, and died soon after his return in 1557.—[*Gray.*]

THE MEASURES OF VERSE.

THE Measures which I find principally in use among our writers are as follow, being in all *fifty-nine.*

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Decasyllabic. As in Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, and many of the principal tales themselves: his Legende of Good Women, &c. Lydgate's Story of Thebes. Gawen Douglas's Translation of the Æneid, &c. Spenser, Mother Hubberd's Tale, and almost all our modern heroic poetry.	Successive, in Couplets; called by the old French writers *Rime plate.* (See Pasquier, Recherches de la France, l. vii. ch. 8.
Decasyllabic. Blank; as, The Death of Zoroas, The Death of Cicero, (published with Lord Surrey's and Sir T. Wyatt's Poems in 1574, 8vo. Anomym.) Milton's Paradise Lost and Regained, &c.	Without Rhyme. (Versi[1] Sciolti of the Italians.) The invention[2] is attributed to Trissino, about the year 1525.

[1] Thus Trissino's Italia Liberata, the Georgic poems of L. Alamanni and Rucellai, the Sette Giornate of Tasso, &c. and many of the Italian Tragedies are written. It was attempted too by the French in the sixteenth century, as Ronsard in some odes, Blaise Viginelle in his Seven Psalms, &c. but was soon dropped again.—[*Gray*].

[2] *i.e.* As far as relates to the verse of eleven syllables, or

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanzas of Four Lines.	
Lord Surrey's Verses written in Windsor Castle, Epitaph on Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c. Dryden's Annus Mirabilis. Spenser. Colin Clout's come Home again, and April. Gascoyne's Councel on Travelling. His Woodmanship.	Alternate: called by the French, Rime croisée, or entrelassée. Whether there were two or more rhymes which answered one another, as in all which we call Stanzas, see Pasquier, as above.
Stanza of Seven, on Three[1] Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Man of Honour, Clerk of Oxenford, Second Nun and Prioress's Tales. Troilus and Cresseide. Assembly of Fowls. Annelida and Arcite. Flower and Leaf. Assembly of Ladies. Complaint of the Black Knight. Lamentation of Magdalen.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d 4th and 5th. — 6th and 7th.

Italian heroic measure. But in shorter verses it had been practised sometimes by the most ancient writers of that nation, particularly in the beginning of the thirteenth century. St. Francis wrote an irregular ode, or canticle, without rhyme, for music, in no contemptible strain of poetry. It begins,

" Altissimo Signore
Vostre sono le lodi,
La gloria, e gli onori," &c.
(See Crescimbeni Comentarj, l. i. c. 10.)
[*Gray.*]

[1] There is also a rough stanza of seven, free in its feet, as Dingley's Battle of Brampton, in the Mirrour of Magistrates.
[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanzas of Seven, on Three Rhymes. (*continued.*)	
Remedy of Love. Several Ballads,[1] &c. John Hardynge's Chronicle. Gower's Epistle to Henry the 4th. Occleve, de Regimine Principis. Letter of Cupid. Ballade of our Lady. Of Pride, and wast[2] Clothing. (In Camden's Remains.) Lydgate's Fall of Princes. Churl and Bird. Tale of the Merchant's, Ballades, &c. Assemblé De Dyeus. Gawen Douglas. Prologue to the 2d and 4th Book of the Æneid. Sir David Lyndsay's Testament of the Papingo. His Dream. Complaint of Scotland. Prologue to Experience and the Courtier. Fabyan's Ballad Royal on Edward the First. W. Caxton's Work of Sapience. Angel's Song. Sir T. Wyatt's Complaint on Love. The Govern-	The 1st and 3d. — 2d 4th and 5th. — 6th and 7th.

[1] "The Staff of seven verses hath seven proportions, whereof one only is the usual of our vulgar, and kept by our old Poets, Chaucer and others, in their historical Reports and other ditties." (Puttenham, l. ii. c. 10).—[*Gray.*]

[2] This is a part De Regimine Principis.—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanzas of Seven, on Three Rhymes. *(continued.)*	
ment of Kings and Princes, Anonymous. Spenser's Hymns of Love and Beauty. Ruins of Time. Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, &c.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d 4th and 5th. — 6th and 7th.
Another Stanza of Seven Lines.	
Some Poems of Chaucer. Spenser's Daphnaida.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d 4th and 6th. — 5th and 7th.
Stanza of Six, on Three Rhymes.	
Chaucer, in some Envoys. Dr. Lodge, some Sonnets. Spenser, Tears of the Muses, Astrophel, December, and part of August. Gascoyne's Passion.	Four alternate, and the Two last together.
Another Stanza of Six, on Two Rhymes. Spenser's October.	The 1st 4th and 6th.
Stanza of Eight, on Three Rhymes.	
Chaucer. Monk's Tale. Belle Dame sans mercy. Envoys. His A.B.C. or Prayer to the Virgin. Lydgate's Ballads, &c. Scogan's Letter to the Lords of the King's House. Spenser's November. G. Douglas's Prologue to the Sixth Æneid.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d 4th 5th and 7th. — 6th and 8th.

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another.	
Some Poems of Chaucer and Lydgate.	The 1st and 3d.
Gawen Douglas's Prologue to the Eleventh Æneid.	— 2d 4th 5th and 8th.
	— 6th and 7th.
Another.[1]	
Spenser's Muiopotmos and Culex.	The 1st 3rd and 5th.
	— 2d 4th and 6th.
	— 7th and 8th.
Another, on Two Rhymes.	
Spenser's June.	The 1st 3d 6th and 8th.
	— 2d 4th 5th and 7th.
Stanza of Nine, on Three Rhymes.	
G. Douglas's Prologue to the Fifth Æneid, and his Exclamation against Detractors. The Third Part of the Palice of Honour.	The 1st 2d 4th and 5th.
	— 3d 6th and 7th.
Sir D. Lindsay's Prologue to the Papingo's Testament.	— 8th and 9th.

[1] This is the *Ottava Rima* of the Italians, the Stanza of Ariosto and Tasso in their heroic poems, and that of an infinite number of authors. It was first introduced in Italy by Boccaccio, who wrote in this measure his Teseide, Filostrato, &c. in the fourteenth century; though he in reality appears to have borrowed it from Thibaut, King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, who had written in the same stanza in the year 1235. (See Crescembeni Comentarj, vol. i. l. v. c. 7, p. 339.)—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another, on Two Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Complaint of Annelida. G. Douglas's Prologue to the Third Æneid, and the two first Parts of the Palice of Honour.	The 1, 2, 4, 5, and 8. — 3, 6, 7, and 9.
Stanza of Five, on Two Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Cuckoo and Nightingale. Gawen Douglas's Prologue to the Tenth Æneid.	The 1st 2d and 5th. — 3d and 4th.
Another.	
Some of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Verses.	The 1st and 3rd. — 2d 4th and 5th.
Terzetti,[1] or Terza Rima.	
Lord Surrey's Restless State of a Lover. Sir T. Wyatt's [Epist.] to J. Poynes, and Sir Fr. Bryan. Milton. Second Psalm.	The 1st and 3d rhyme. — 2d 4th and 6th, and so on by threes alternate, till the last and last but two, which answer like those at first.

[1] This is the measure of Dante in his Inferno, &c. of Petrarch's Tronfi, &c. The invention has usually been ascribed to the former, but there is a Poem (called Il Pataffio) extant, written in this very measure by Ser Brunetto Latini, who was Dante's master, and who died in 1294. It was probably the invention of the Provençals, who used it in their Syrvientes (or Satires), whence the Italians have commonly called it *Serventese*. See Crescimbeni Coment. vol. i. l. 2, c. 13.)—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.

Sonnets of Fourteen,[1] on Five Rhymes.

Milton's 7th, 9th, 10th, and 13th Sonnets.	The 1, 4, 5, and 8th. — 2, 3, 6, and 7th. — 9th and 12th. — 10th and 13th. — 11th and 14th.

Another.

Spenser's Amoretti.	The 1st and 3rd. — 2, 4, 5, and 7th. — 6, 8, 9, and 11th. — 10th and 12th. — 13th and 14th.

Another.

Sir T. Wyatt's Sonnets of the Lover waxeth wiser, &c.	8 first lines, as of the first sort above. 4 next alternate. Couplet in the end.

Sonnets of Four Rhymes.

Milton's Sonnets, 8th, 11th, 12th, and 14th.	Eight first lines as of the first sort, or else alternate: the six last alternate, or at pleasure.

Another, of Two Rhymes.

Lord Surrey on the Spring: Complaint by Night, &c.	The 12 first alternate, and end with a couplet.

[1] This, and the fourth kind, are the true Sonnet of the Italians. Petrarch uses only these two measures. The invention of the regular Sonnet is ascribed to Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, who flourished about the year 1250; nor do we find any of this form among the Provençals till seventy years after. What they called *Sonet* was only a short Canzone, unconfined in the number of verses, the measure, and the order of the rhymes. (Crescimb. Coment. l. ii. c. 14, 15.)—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another, of Seven Rhymes.	
Lord Surrey's Vow to Love. On Sir T. Wyatt's Death, &c. Daniel's Delia.	The 12 first by 4 and 4 alternate.
Madrigals of Eight, on Three Rhymes.	
Sir T. Wyatt.	Six first alternate; and end with a Couplet.
Madrigals on Two Rhymes.	
Sir T. Wyatt.	The 1st 3d 6th and 8th. — 2, 4, 5, and 7th.
Stanza of Fourteen, on Seven Rhymes.	
Spenser's Visions of Petrarch, Bellay, &c.	Like the last kind of Sonnet.
Another, on Five Rhymes.	
Spenser, Visions of the World's Vanity.	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 7th. — 6, 8, 9, and 11th. — 10th and 12th. — 13th and 14th.
Sestine, of Six.[1]	
Spenser, in his August.	No rhyme. The art consists in ringing changes on six words only, in the end of a line: the whole is finished in six stanzas only, and three verses over.

[1] The invention of the *Sestine* is ascribed to Arnauld Daniel in the middle of the twelfth century (see Crescimb. Coment. v. i. l. 2, c. 11), and from him the Italians borrowed it, though it must be always, both in sense and sound, a very mean composition.—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Decasyllabic, Mixed.	
Stanza of Nine, with an Alexandrine at the end, on Three Rhymes. Spenser's Fairy Queen.[1]	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 7. — 6, 8, and 9th.
Stanza of Eighteen,[2] with 4 verses (the 5th, 10th, 15th, and 16th) of Six syllables, and the last an Alexandrine, on Seven Rhymes. Spenser's Prothalamion and Epithalamion.	The 1, 4, and 5th. -- 2d and 3d. 4 next alternate (the 10th answers to the 9th). — 11, 12, and 14th. — 13, 15, and 16th. — 17th and 18th.
Stanza of Ten. The first an Alexandrine, the four next, and 9th, a decasyllabic, sixth and seventh octosyllabic, the eighth and tenth (being the Refrain or Burthen) tetrasyllabic. On four rhymes. Spenser's Lay, or Elegy of Dido, in the November.	The 1st and 3d. — 2, 4, 5, and 9th. — 6th and 7th. — 8th and 10th.

[1] Spenser has also a stanza of eight, ending with an Alexandrine, where the 1st and 3d rhyme; the 2d, 4th, and 5th; the 6th, 7th, and 8th, as in Britain's Ida.

Sir Thomas Wyatt has a stanza of eight, where the 4th and 8th are of six syllables; it has three rhymes, the 1st, 2d, and 3d answering each other; the 4th and 8th; the 5th, 6th, and 7th.—[*Gray.*]

[2] These resemble the Canzoni of the Italians, which are in stanzas of 9, 12, 13, or 14 verses, &c. in unequal measure. There is also a stanza (if it may be called so) not only of mixed measures but of an unequal number of verses, sometimes

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanza of Nine. The 1st, 3d, 5th, and 6th are decasyllabic, the 2d, 4th, 7th, and 8th are tetrasyllabic, the last octosyllabic. On four rhymes. Spenser's Lay to Eliza, in April.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d and 4th. — 5th 6th and 9th. — 7th and 8th.
Decasyllabic, free in their feet.	
Spenser, Proëme of his August. Baldwin's Complaint of James the Fourth, King of Scotland. Donne's Satires.	In Couplets. With Trochees or Iambics in every foot indifferently.

rhyming and sometimes not, as in Milton's Lycidas, and in the Choruses in his Samson Agonistes.—[*Gray.*]

The Canzone is of very ancient date: the invention of it being ascribed to Girard de Borneil, of the School of Provence, who died in 1178. He was of Limoges, and was called *Il Maestro d' Trovatori.* The different kinds of Canzoni are infinite, many new ones being introduced by the Italians. The most ancient, which were extant in that tongue, were written by Folcacchio de' Folcacchieri, who lived before the year 1200. Nothing seems essential to this species of poetry, but that the measures of every stanza should answer to the first, whether they be of equal or of unequal measures. It has generally been a rule that the stanzas should be not more than fifteen, and the verses in each stanza not fewer than nine, nor above twenty; but this rule is very often broken. Dante esteemed it the noblest species of poetry, and adds, "Quicquid de cacuminibus illustrium Capitum poëtantium profluxit ad labia, in *solis Cantionibus* invenitur." (De Vulg. Eloquent. l. ii. c. 3, b. 3.) He said they used all measures from eleven syllables to three, but particularly recommends the former, mixed with that of seven, which Petrarch has observed and approved.—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
The Same, Mixed, in Stanzas of thirteen, their four last verses are tetrasyllabic. On four rhymes. G. Douglas, Prologue to the Eighth Æneid.	The 1, 3, 5, and 7th. — 2, 4, 6, and 8th. — 9, and 13th. — 10, 11, and 12th. — I call them decasyllabic and tetrasyllabic, because they have that effect on the ear: but as they admit of Anapæsts, &c. they have sometimes eleven or five syllables.

Octosyllabic.[1]

The Lord's Prayer, by Pope Adrian, in Henry the Second's time. Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. House of Fame. Book of the Dutchess. His Dream. Poem of the Owl and Nightingale (as old as the time of Henry the Third). Gower's Confessio Amantis. Lydgate's Story of Thebes. Sir David Lyndsay's Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier. Romaunce of Merlin.	Successive in Couplets.

[1] This measure is borrowed from the Welch, or the Provençal and old French poets, with whom it was common. Robert Manning of Brunn, who towards the beginning of the fourteenth century translated Peter Langtoft's Chronicle out of the old French (or Roman tongue as it was then called) has prefixed a Prologue to it in Octosyllabic rhymes, wherein he mentions different kinds of verse used in his days, as Entrelace, Baston, Couwe, Strangere, &c. The first of these is, as I suppose, the

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Another kind.	
Lord Surrey's Restless State of a Lover. Means of a happy Life. Gascoyne's Good Morrow. Wyatt's Prayer against Disdain; Lamentation, &c.	Alternate.
Another.	
Wyatt's Renunciation of Love.	Four successive rhymes.
Stanza of Eight, on Two Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Plowman's Tale and Prologue.	Alternate.
Stanza of Eight, on Three Rhymes.	
Chaucer's Ballade in praise of Women.	The 1st and 3d.
Lydgate's Complaint of Tho. Chaucer.	— 2, 4, 5, and 7th. — 6th and 8th.
Stanza of Seven, on Three Rhymes.	
Wyatt's Suit for Grace. Lover's Mistrust, &c.	The 1st and 3d. — 2d, 4th, and 5th. — 6th and 7th.

Rime croisée or enterlassée of the French; the second are unequal verse in *Staves* or Stanzas, answering one to the other. The French still say *Baston* de Balade for *Stance* de Balade. (See Menage Dictionnaire Etymol. v. Baston.) Couwe I take to be derived from the Welch Cywydd (pronounced Couwyth) which is a peculiar stanza and composition of rhyme, described by Dr. David ap Rhys, p. 186; it may be perhaps the same with Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas.—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Stanza of Six, on Three Rhymes.	
Lord Surrey's Lover's Comfort. Complaint of Absence, &c. Gascoyne's Arraignement.	4 Alternate. 2 last together.
Stanza of Five, on Two Rhymes.	
Wyatt, to his Lute.	The 1st 2d and 4th. — 3d and 5th.
Octosyllabic, Mixed.	
Stanza of Six. The 3d and 6th are of six syllables; on Three Rhymes. (Doggerel.)	
Chaucer's Sir Thopas. Frere and Boy; Sir Eglamore; Sir Trimore; The Green Knight; Sir Lybius Disconius.	The 1st and 2d. — 4th and 5th. — 3d and 6th.
Another. With Heptasyllabics mixed at pleasure. No Stanzas.	
Milton's Allegro and Penseroso; Part of his Comus; Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.	Successive.
Octosyllabics, with Verses of Six, alternate.	
Spenser's July.	Alternate.
Another, with Verses of Six or Five Syllables, alternate.	
Spenser's Roundelay, in August.	Alternate.

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Octosyllabic, Free.	
Spenser's February, May, and September. Bevis of Southampton. Sir Lambwell. Eger and Grime. Sir Degree. Earl of Carlisle.	Successive. The feet are Trochees, Spondees, Amphibrachys, and Anapæsts indifferently with the Iambic.
Octosyllabic, Free. Stanza of Six, Mixed and Free. On Three Rhymes.	
Spenser, Proëme of March.	The 1st and 2d. — 4th and 5th. — 3d and 6th.
Octosyllabic, Blank. Mixed with others of Six and Four Syllables.	
Spenser's Mourning Muse of Thestylis.	No Rhyme.
Verses of Six Syllables.	
Several Songs of Sir Tho. Wyatt and Lord Surrey.	
Others in Stanzas of Eight, on Two Rhymes.	Alternate. 1, 3, 6, and 8th. 2, 4, 5, and 7th.
The same. On Three Rhymes.	The 1, 3, 5, and 7th. — 2d and 4th. — 6th and 8th.
Pentasyllabic and Tetrasyllabic.	
These are rarely used alone.	

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Alexandrines.[1]	
Lord Surrey's Ecclesiastes. Spenser's Envoy to the Shepherd's Kalendar. Drayton's Polyolbion.	Successive. There is also a Stanza of four Alexandrines with alternate rhyme, as Phœbe's Sonnet in Lodge's Euphues' Gold. Legacy.

[1] The Life of St. Margaret in very old Saxon (cited hereafter), and written above one hundred and seventy years before Chaucer was born, is in a sort of free Alexandrine measure: as is the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, and Peter Langtoft's Chronicle translated by Robert Manning of Brunn, both of them older than Chaucer. The Alexandrine verse took its name from a poem written in this measure, called La Vie d'Alexandre, by Jean li Nevelois and Pierre de St. Cloit, who lived in the thirteenth century: (Pasquier, l. vii. c. 3.) The *Roman d'Alexandre* was begun by Lambert li Cors and Alexandre de Paris; but some parts of it were executed by the two poets abovementioned. They all four (according to the President Fauchet) wrote between 1150 and 1193, in the reigns of Louis le Jeune and Philippe Auguste, and seem to have been of the Trouveures or Jongleurs, who then were in high esteem: their names appear in the work itself.

"La verté de l'histoir, si com li Roy la fit,
Un Clers de Chateaudun, Lambert li Cors, l'escrit,
Qui de Latin *la*[1] *trest*, et en Roman la mit."

See Fauchet de la Langue et Poesie Françoise, l. ii. (A.D. 1581.)

The Latin, whence they translated, was (I imagine) the Alexandréis of Gualterus, (or Gautier de Châtillon, a native of Lisle in Flanders), a poet who lived about the same time, that is, in the middle of the twelfth century. It is observable, that none of these four Jongleurs was a Provençal, nor do they write in that dialect, yet they are contemporary with the most ancient Provençal poets, mentioned by Nôtredame.—[*Gray.*]

[1] *tira.*

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Alexandrines, mixed with Verses of Fourteen Syllables,[1] alternately.	
Queen Elizabeth's Ditty on the Queen of Scots. Surrey's Description of Love. Complaint of a Lover. Dying Lover. The Warning. The careless Man, &c. Wyatt's Complaint of Absence Song[2] of Iopas. Gascoyne's Gloze.	Successive.
Free Alexandrines, mixed in like manner.[3]	
Chaucer's Tale of Beryn and Prologue.	Successive: but with various feet.

[1] "Some Makers (says Puttenham) write in verses of fourteen syllables, giving the cesure at the first eight, which proportion is tedious, for the length of the verse keepeth the ear too long from its delight, which is, to hear the cadence or tuneable accent in the end of the verse."—[*Gray.*]

[2] There is also a mixed stanza of four, (as in Baldwin's Complaint of Henry the Sixth, in the Mirrour of Magistrates), three verses of twelve and one of fourteen syllables. Rhymes in Couplets.—[*Gray.*]

[3] And thus is written Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, a work of Henry the Third's time, but without any regularity, the Alexandrine sometimes wanting a syllable or two, and the verse of fourteen coming in at random, as the writer thought fit.—[*Gray.*]

VERSE.	ORDER OF THE RHYMES.
Free Verse,[1] of Fourteen Syllables.	
Chaucer's Tale of Gamelin. Robin of Portingale; Ballade of Flodden Field; Adam Bell; Robin Hood; Nut-brown Maid; Childe Waters; Durham Field.	Successive. (Various.) There is also a verse of Sixteen, as Guy and Phillis, Thomas a Potts.

Of all these measures, which we may reduce to six, viz. the verse of fourteen, the Alexandrine, the decasyllabic, the octosyllabic,[2] the heptasyllabic, and verse of six; none are now used but the third and fourth; except it be interspersedly to vary our composition, and especially in lyric poetry. Our variety too in the rhyme is much circumscribed, never going further than the use of a triplet, and that rarely. As to any license[3] in the feet, it is only permitted in the begin-

[1] It is the very same measure with the Semi-Saxon moral poem (cited hereafter) written almost two hundred years after Chaucer's time.

There was also the regular verse of fourteen used in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in this measure is written Dr. Phaer's Translation of the Æneid; (see Lambarde's Kent and Weever's Funeral Monuments) Arthur Goldynge's Ovid's Metamorphoses, Chevy Chase, Gill Morrice, Glasgerion, Launcelot du Lake, &c. —[*Gray.*]

[2] We now use this as well on serious subjects as comic: the latter *we* call Doggerel as Hudibras.—[*Gray.*]

[3] We now and then in subjects of humour use a free verse of eleven or twelve syllables, which may consist of four Amphibrachees, or four Anapæsts, or the first may be an Iambic, &c.; so Prior:

"As Chlŏĕ căme ĭntŏ thĕ rōom t'ŏthĕr dāy"—

"Tĭs enoūgh thăt 'tĭs loāděd wĭth bāublĕs ănd sēals," &c.

[*Gray.*]

ning of a long verse, where we sometimes use a trochee, and the same foot more freely in shorter measures.

The Provençal poets either invented or made use of all these measures, from verses of three syllables to those of eleven and thirteen; but of these last we find no example till about the year 1321, so that it is not certain that they were originally theirs, or borrowed from the French Alexandrine with the addition of a syllable, on account of the double rhyme. (See Crescimbeni Comentarj, vol. i. l. 2, c. 14, and l. 1, c. 6.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PSEUDO-RHYTHMUS.

THE most ancient instance of rhyming verse, as Sir W. Temple has observed, is that of the Emperor Adrian, about the 137th year of Christ.[1] It was undoubtedly borrowed from the barbarous nations, among whom, particularly in the east, it is said to have been in use from the remotest antiquity. The Welch still preserve the works of the ancient British bards, Taliessin, Benbeirdh, and Lomarkk, who lived towards the end of the sixth century, and wrote in rhyme. It is possible that our ancesters, the Anglo-Saxons, might borrow it from the Britons, but it is much more probable that they brought it from Germany with them.

[1] There is a Hymn of St. Augustine, who lived about the year 420, in which are interspersed several verses which rhyme in the middle; as,

"Abest limus, | deest fimus, | lues nulla cernitur,
Hymens horrens, | æstas torrens, | illic nunquam sæviunt.—
Virent prata, | vernant sata, | rivi mellis influunt," &c.
Augustin. Meditat. c. 26.

And in a treatise written by Theodulus (who lived in 480 under the Emperor Zeno), De Contemptu Mundi, are these lines:

"Pauper amabilis, | et venerabilis, | est benedictus,
Dives inutilis, | insatiabilis, | est maledictus," &c.—[*Gray.*]

It is true that we do not find any rhyming verses among them till towards the time of the Norman Conquest; all their poems now remaining being of a different contrivance, and their harmony consisting in alliteration,[1] or similar consonances in the beginning of three or more words in each distich; yet probably they might have had our *Pseudo-Rhythm*, (as Dr. Hickes and Wormius call it,) beside this, though their performances in it are now lost; which is no great wonder, considering that we have not any specimen of their poetry in any kind[2] for three hundred and thirty-seven years now preserved, except that fragment of Cædmon the Monk, extant in King

[1] This was the artifice of the Skalds, or old Danish poets in their *Drotquæt* (or vulgar song) described by Wormius, and observed sometimes strictly, sometimes with more liberty, by our old Saxons, both before and after the coming of the Danes. As to the measure, Hickes imagines that they had feet and quantity, but, as he owns, we have lost the pronunciation, and neither know the power of the diphthongs, nor of the vowel *e* in the end of words; we cannot tell of how many syllables their verse consisted; it appears to have from four to fourteen indifferently, but most usually from four to eight or nine.—[*Gray.*]

[2] That is, from the first settlement of the Saxons in Britain to the coming of the Danes. (See Hickes's Gramm. Angl. Sax. c. xix.) This is his computation, I know not for what reason; for, from the arrival of Hengist, A.D. 449, to the settling of the Danes in Northumberland in 867, are 418 years. From that period to the Norman Conquest we have a good deal of their poetry preserved, but none of it in rhyme: the Ransom of Eigil (preserved by Olaus Wormius) written above one hundred and fifty years before the Conquest, is however in rhyme, as, "Vestur kom eg om ver | Enn eg vidris ber | Munstrindar mar | So er mitt offar | Dro eg eik a flot | Vid Isabrot | " &c.—[*Gray.*]

Alfred's Saxon Translation of Bede's History, l. iv. c. 24, and the Harmony of the Evangelists paraphrased in verse, in the Cotton Library; nay, of these two it is doubtful if the latter be of that age or not.

What serves to confirm me in the opinion, that, beside their other species of verse, they might also use rhyme occasionally, is this: we have still extant in the language of the Franks a Paraphrase of the Gospels in rhyme, written by Otfrid, a monk of Weisenburgh, scholar to[1] Rhabanus Maurus, abbot of Fulde, before the year 876, and addressed[2] to Louis, the Germanic King of Austria (or East France) in stanzas, which begin thus:

"Lodovig their snéllo	That is:	Lewis the swift
Thes wisduames follo:		Of wisdom full,
Er Ostarichi rihtit al		He Austrasia rules all
So Francono Kuning scal.		So as a Frankish king be-
Ubar Francono lant gizalt		comes, &c.
Se gengit ellu sin giuualt.		
Thas rihtit, so i thir zellu,		
Thiu sin giuualt ellu," &c.		

[1] He was made Archbishop of Mentz in 847. His Latino-Theotische Glossary of the Bible is still preserved in the imperial library at Vienna. (See Lambecius) Comment. de Bibl. l. ii. p. 416 and 932.—[*Gray.*]

[2] A specimen of it, with notes and a Latin version, was published in 1701 by Schilterus of Strasburgh. There are also extant the Actions of Charlemagne by Stricher, and the Life of Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, both of them poems in rhyme, in the Franco-Theotische tongue, mentioned by Dr. Hickes in his Grammar of that language, p. 109, and by Lambecius, l. ii. p. 422, who has published Otfrid's dedication of the work above-mentioned, in prose, which is very curious. In it he calls his own tongue "*barbara*, inculta, et *indisciplinabilis*," he complains

And as the Saxons and Franks[1] were near neighbours in Germany, and spoke a language only differing in dialect, and alike derived from the old Gothic mother-tongue, it is likely that the same kinds of poetry were common to them both.

of its roughness and of the variety of its sounds, which the letters of the alphabet could not at all express, and adds, "Lingua enim hæc velut agrestis habetur, dum a propriis nec scripturâ, nec arte aliquâ, ullis est temporibus expolita, quippe qui nec historias antecessorum suorum, ut multæ gentes cæteræ, commendant memoriæ, nec eorum gesta vel vitas exornant dignitatis amore. Quod si raro contigit, aliarum gentium linguâ, id est, Latinorum vel Græcorum, potius explanant." The President Fauchet had seen this poem and preface.—[*Gray.*]

[1] The Franks under Clovis settled in Gaul about thirty-two years after the arrival of the Saxons in Kent. Hickes tells us that the Franco-Theotische and Anglo-Saxon (before the invasion of the Danes) were probably the same language. (Gramm. Fr. Theot. p. 6, see also Carte, vol. i. p. 221.) It seems to appear from the words of Otfrid, in his preface, cited above, that the Franks of his time did still use some kind of metre distinct from rhyme, for he says: "Patitur quoque (Lingua Theotisca) nimiùm, non tamen assiduè, synalœphen, et hoc nisi legentes prævideant, rationis dicta deformius sonant, literas interdum scriptione servantes, interdum vero Ebraicæ linguæ more vitantes, quibus ipsas literas ratione synalœphæ in lineis, ut quidam dicunt, penitus amittere et transilire moris habetur. Non quo series scriptionis hujus metricâ sit subtilitate constricta, sed schema homoioteleuton assiduè quærit," &c. (Apud Lambecium, l. ii. c. 5, p. 425.)

There are no verses extant in the Romaun, or old French tongue, which are known to be more ancient than the middle of the twelfth century, and accordingly Fauchet begins his catalogue of poets with Maistre Wistace, or Eustace, who wrote the Romaunce of Brutt, the Trojan, in 1155: it is in octosyllabic rhymes.

The earliest of the Provençal writers (at least of those who have left any memorial behind them) lived about the middle of

(N. B. It is remarkable that Walafrid Strabo, who died in 840, and other writers of that age, call themselves *Barbari*, and their own language *Barbarica Locutio*. See Goldastus's Notes on Ekeckardus, Res Alamannicæ, tom. i. part 1, p. 113.)

the same century. The Sicilian poets, who first taught Italy to write verse, lived very few years after; and in our own tongue, we have, I believe, nothing extant in rhyme that can be with certainty judged to be more ancient than the reign of Stephen or Henry the Second. The Germans have therefore preserved in their tongue the most ancient monument of rhyming poesy, perhaps in Europe, almost three hundred years older than any of those which I have mentioned. The Welch poetry only (if the remains of Taliessin and Lowarkk be not fictitious) can pretend to a superior antiquity.

As to the Provençal writers, Crescimbeni observes, "Avvi certezza, che incominiciassero (i rimatori Provenzali) circa il 1100 sotto il Guglielmo VIII. duca d' Aquitania, e l' istesso duca fosse il primo verseggiatore, avendo composto in rima il viaggio di Gerusalemme, e qualche cosa amorosa.—Non si truovano però rime più antiche di quelle di Giusfredo Rudello, che molto scrisse in lode della Contessa di Tripoli, che amò, e appresso cui morì l' anno 1162." (Crescimb. Istor. della Volg. Poesia, l. i. p. 6.)—Dante, who was born in 1265, ascribes the origin of the old romances in prose to the French nation, and that of the *volgare poesia* to the Provençale. "Allegat ergo pro se lingua *Oil* (that is, the French) quod propter sui faciliorem et delectabiliorem vulgaritatem, quicquid redactum sive inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum, suum est, videlicet, biblia cum Trojanorum Romanorumque gestibus compilata, et Arturi Regis ambages pulcherrimæ, et quamplurimæ aliæ historiæ atque doctrinæ. Pro se vero argumentatur alia, scilicet *Oc* (he means the Provençale) quòd vulgares eloquentes in ea primitus poëtati sunt, tanquam in perfectiori dulciorique loquelâ, ut puto, Petrus de Alverniâ, et alii antiquiores doctores. Tertia, quæ Latinorum est, (that is, the Italian,) se duobus privilegiis attestatur præesse: primo quidem, qui subtilius dulciusque poëtati sunt *vulgariter*,

However, we have not now among us any rhymes more ancient than that period, which extends from the Conquest in 1066 to the reign of Henry the Second, which begun in 1154; our tongue being then much mixed with the Norman-Gallic, and degenerating into what Hickes calls the Semi-Saxon, as in the Life of St. Margaret.[1]

Olde ant yonge, I preit ou oure follies for to *lete*[2]
(*Old and young, I pray you your follies for to leave*)
Thenchet on God, that yef ou wit oure sunnes to *bete*.[3]
(*Think on God, that gave you wit your sins to correct.*)
Here I mai tellen ou wid wordes faire ant swete
(*Here I may tell you with words fair and sweet*)
The vie of one meidan was hoten Maregrete.
(*The life of a maiden was hight Margaret.*)
Hire fader was a patriac, as ic ou tellen may,
(*Her father was a patriarch, as I you tell may,*)
In Auntioge wife *eches*[4] i the false lay,
(*In Antioch a wife he chose in the false law*)
Deve godes and doumbe he served nitt ant day,
(*Deaf gods and dumb he served night and day,*)
So deden mony othere, that singet *weilaway*.[5]
(*So did many others, that sing wellaway.*) &c.

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hi familiares et domestici sui sunt, putà Cinus Pistoïensis et amicus ejus (Dante himself): secundo, quia magis videntur inniti *grammaticæ*, quæ communis est." (He means the Latin or mother tongue.) Dante De Vulgari Eloquentiâ, l. i. c. 10.—See also Scaligerana 2da. vol. ii. p. 331.—[*Gray.*]

[1] See other examples in Wanley's Catalogue, in John's or Henry the Third's reign, p. 79.—[*Gray.*]

[2] *Lætan*, Saxon, to let, or permit, whence to let alone, to let go.—[*Gray.*]

[3] *Betan*, Saxon, to amend, to make better.—[*Gray.*]

[4] *Gecas*, Saxon, he chose.—[*Gray.*]

[5] *Wala-wa*, Saxon, Woe is me!—[*Gray.*]

And in those verses preserved in some MSS. in the Bodleian Library, and in Trinity College, Cambridge.

Ic am elder than ic wes, a wintre ant ec a lore,
(*I am elder than I was, in winters and eke in learning.*)
Ic ealdi more than ic dede: mi wit oghte to bi more,
(*I grow old more than I did: my wit ought to be more*)
Wel longe ic habbe childe ibien on worde ant on dede,
(*Very long I have a child been in word and in deed*)
Thegh ic bi on winter eald, to giung ic am on *rede*,[1] &c.
(*Though I be in winters old, too young I am in counsel.*)

This is inscribed Parabolæ Regis Ælfredi. See J. Spelman's Life of Alfred, p. 98.

Other examples of ancient rhyme, within the period assigned, may be seen in Dr. Hickes, ch. xxiv. from whom I have transcribed the former. Yet though this kind of versification[2] prevailed by degrees, and

[1] *Rada*, Saxon, knowledge. *Ræd*, Counsel.—[*Gray.*]

[2] It was towards the end of this period, about ninety years after the Conquest, that the Provençal poetry began to flourish, and continued in the highest esteem above two hundred years. They wrote in rhyme, and were the inventors of a variety of measures. Dante, Petrarca, &c. in Italy; Helinand, William de Lorry, Jean de Mehun, Thibaud, Count of Champagne, in France; and Chaucer, in our own tongue, first caught their fire from these writers, and imitated their manner, style, and versification. (See Jean de Nôtredame, Lives of the Provençal Poets, Lyons, 1575, 8vo.) The Sicilians, about the end of the twelfth century, under the reign of Robert Guiscard the Norman, King of Naples, first began to imitate the Provençal writers in their own tongue, and as the most judicious Italians themselves inform us, such as Bembo, Varchi, Sansovini, Nicolo Villani, and Crescimbeni. The last of these has given us the names of these first Italian poets: "Le rime de' Siciliani a noi pervenute sono debolissime e scipite ed infelici, a segno

grew into general use, it is certain that we retained, even so late as Edward the Third's reign, and above a hundred years after, our old Saxon or Danish verse without rhyme; for the Vision of Pierce Plowman, a

che non possono leggersi senza estrema noia e rincrescimento, ancorche sieno de' più rinomati, cioè di Guido e d' Odo delle Colonne, di Jacopo da Lentino, dell' Imperador Federigo, e d' altri loro pari." (Istor. Volg. Poes. vol. i. l. 1, c. 2, p. 91.) He also mentions Ciullo dal Camo, and it appears that the art of versifying almost instantaneously diffused itself through Italy, from those verses inscribed in Gothic letters on a marble at Florence by Ubaldino Ubaldini, as early as the year 1184, which begin,

"De favore isto
Gratias refero Christo,
Factus in festo serenæ
Sanctæ Mariæ Magdalenæ;
Ipsa peculiariter adori
Ad Deum pro me peccatori.
Con lo mio cantare
Dallo vero vero narrare
Nulla ne diparto," &c.

It is not written in distinct verses, as here, upon the marble, but like prose, all confused together. (Crescimb. Coment. vol. i. l. 1, c. 4, p. 100.) Dante observes, "Videtur *Sicilianum Vulgare* sibi famam præ aliis asciscere; eò quòd, quicquid poëtantur Itali, *Sicilianum* vocatur.—Quòd (i. e. tempore illustrium heroum Frederici Cæsaris et benegeniti ejus Manfredi,) quicquid excellentes Latinorum nitebantur, primitùs in tantorum coronatorum aulâ prodibat, et quia regale solium erat Sicilia, factum est, quicquid nostri predecessores *vulgariter* protulerunt, *Sicilianum* vocatur." (Dante de Vulg. Eloq. l. i. c. 12.)

The President Fauchet takes pains to prove that the people of Normandy, of Provence, of Sicily, of Italy, of Spain, &c. all borrowed their rhyme from the Franks; and, I own, it wears a face of probability: but then it may be equally probable that the Franks borrowed it from the Latin church. He cites also the Life of Sancta Fides, in the Catalan dialect of the Spanish

severe satire on the times, written by Robert Langland in 1350, is wholly in such measure, as, for instance:

I *l*oked on my *l*eft halfe,
As the *l*ady me taught,
And *w*as *w*are of a *w*oman
*W*orthlyith clothed.

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tongue (it is, he says, as old as the year 1100, and in rhyme), which calls the rhyming verses *a lei Francesca*, i. e. a la Françoise; (See Acad. des Inscript. vol. xxvi. p. 638.) which is, with allowance for some changes, (which length of time will inevitably introduce in all languages,) the true *Romaun*-tongue generally spoken throughout all the Roman Gaul, for many years before and after it fell into the hands of the Franks. This appears from the famous treaty, in A. D. 843, between the sons of Lodovicus Pius, where the oaths in the original tongues (i. e. the Romaun, which was then the language of all who lay west of the Meuse, and the Theotische, or Frankish, spoken by all the people who lived east of that river,) are preserved to us by Nitard, the historian, grandson to Charlemagne: the first of these still nearly resembling the Provençal dialect, was then called *Rustica Romana*. The Council of Tours, assembled in the year 812, has this article: "Quilibet Episcopus habeat Omilias, &c. et easdem quisque apertè traducere studeat *in Rusticam Romanam linguam et Theotiscam;*" as being then the two languages most generally understood. The Provençal was only the Latin tongue corrupted and altered a little in its terminations by a mixture of the Celtic or Gaulish idiom, and afterwards of the Visigoth and Frankish. In the more northern provinces of Gaul it received a still stronger tincture of the latter, and of the Norman or Danish tongue, and formed the *Valonne*, or what is now called in France Vieille Gauloise, out of which time produced the modern French. But both this and the Provençale retained alike, till the fourteenth century, the name of *Langue Romande*. (See Fauchet, l. i. c. 3 and 4. Duclos Mem. vol. xv. p. 565, et vol. xvii. p. 171. De l'Acad. des Inscript. et Huetiana, p 41. and 189.—[*Gray.*]

*P*urfiled[1] with *p*elure,[2]
The finest upon erthe,
*C*rowned with a *c*rowne
The king hath no better;
*F*etislich[3] her *f*ingers,
Were *f*retted with gold wiers,
And thereon *r*ed *r*ubies,
As *r*ed as any glede,[4]
And *d*iamonds of *d*earest price,
And *d*ouble maner saphirs, &c.
Passus 2dus in princip.

and thus through the whole poem, which is a long one, with very few exceptions, the triple consonance is observed in every distich.

Robert Crowley, who printed the first edition of Peirce Plowman's Vision in 1550, (dated by mistake 1505,) says, that Robert Langland, the author of it, "wrote altogether in meter, but not after the maner of our rimers that write now-a-days, for his verses end not alike, for the nature of his meter is to have at least thre wordes in every verse, which begin with some one, and the same, letter. The author was a Shropshire man, born in Cleybirie, about eight miles from Malverne-Hills: his worke was written between 1350 and 1409."

In the same measure is the poem called "Death and Life in two fitts;" and another named *Scottish Field*, which describes the action at Flodden in Henry the Eighth's time, who was present in the action, and

[1] *Pourfilè*, Fr. bordered.
[2] *Pelure*, furs, from pellis, Lat.
[3] *Fetislich*, handsomely.
[4] *Gled*, Sax. a burning coal.

dwelt at Bagily. (I read them in a MS. Collection belonging to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Piercy[1] in 1761.)

It cannot be supposed possible to fix exactly the time when rhyme was first introduced and practised in a country; but if we trace it back to the remotest monuments of the kind now extant, we shall find the æras nearly as follows:

	Anno Xti.
At Rome before the introduction of Christianity	137
In the Latin Church	420
In use among the Welch	590
Among the Arabs earlier than . . .	622
Among the Franks, in the old German tongue	873
In Provence, in the dialect of the country .	1100
In Italy, in the Latin tongue, after the coming of the Normans	1032
In England, in our own tongue, before the year	1154
In France, in the French tongue . .	1155
In Sicily, and in the rest of Italy, in the Italian tongue, before	1187

Any one who considers these several dates, and sees that the fathers and priests of the Roman church wrote Latin rhyme early in the fifth century, and that the Franks did the same in their own tongue in the ninth, will scarcely give credit to P. Huet, who affirms, that the Provençals borrowed the art of rhyme from the Arabs. For though it is true that

[1] Dr. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, the editor of the *Relics of Antient Poetry*, 1765.—[Ed.]

the Arabs had practised it before Mahomet's time, and perhaps from the remotest antiquity, and that they were in possession of part of Aquitaine from 732 to 738; which is the most probable of the two, that the Provençals should imitate the taste of a nation wholly different from themselves in language, religion, and manners, who were but for a small time conversant among them? or, that they should copy the Franks, who had reigned over them above two hundred years before the arrival of the Arabs, and still continue to do so to this day? Indeed, for my own part, I do believe, that neither the one nor the other of these nations was the immediate object of their imitation, but rather the hymns of the church, and the monkish Latin verses, which were even[1] then in vogue all over France at the time, when the earliest Provençal writers attempted to rhyme in their own tongue.

This is the opinion of Crescimbeni (Istor. della

[1] Crescimbeni observes that rhyming verses in Latin epitaphs, inscriptions, &c. first appeared in Italy, upon the arrival of the Normans, who served under Guimaro, Prince of Salerno, in 1032. In that city were composed, about the year 1100, the famous medical precepts of the Schola Salernita, addressed to Robert, Duke of Normandy, son to William the Conquerer. They are in Latin rhyme, thus:

"Cœna brevis, | vel cœna levis | fit raro molesta,
Magna nocet, | medicina docet, | res est manifesta," &c.

See also Fauchet (l. i. c. 7.) and Maffei (Journal Italien, t. i.) "On ne peut nier que la rime ne tire son origine des vers rimés et Leonins de la basse Latinité, connus uniquement dans des siecles barbares."—[*Gray.*]

Poesia, l. i. p. 13), and it will appear very natural, if we consider the near affinity of the Latin and Provençal tongues; and that they were accustomed to Latin rhymes in their books of religion, epitaphs, inscriptions, and other compositions of the learned in those days. Besides that in many old Provençal poems the rhyme not only appears at the end, but in the[1] middle of a verse, which manner was often

[1] Latin rhymes, as it may be well imagined, were nothing the less esteemed when people began to rhyme in their own tongue; indeed they flourished most when the Provençale poetry was in its dawn. In the year 1154 lived Leonius, a Canon of St. Benedict at Paris, and afterwards a religious of St. Victor, who, for the age he lived in, wrote Latin verse in the regular way not contemptibly, as appears both in his elegies and in his heroics on sacred subjects; but he too gives into the taste of those times, and writes epistles in rhyme to Pope Adrian the Fourth and Alexander the Third, which begin,

"Papa, meas, Adriane, preces, si postulo *dig*na,
Suscipe tam vultu placido, quam mente be*nign*â," &c.

And,

"Summe Parens hominum, Christi devote Mi*nist*er,
Pastorum pastor, præceptorumque Ma*gist*er," &c.

and upon such verses as these (it seems) he built his reputation; so that they have ever since borne the name of Leonine verses; and the *rime riche* (or double rhyme) even in French verses was of old called *ryme Leonine*, or *Leonime*. The ancient Fabliau des trois Dames has these lines:

"Ma peine mettray, et m'entente,
A conter un fabliau par ryme
Sans coulour, et sans *Leonime*," &c.

So that the rhyme-female was not looked upon as a rhyme of two syllables. An old book, printed in 1493, intitled, "L'Art et Science de Rhetorique pour faire Rhymes et Ballades," says, "Ryme Leonisme est, quand deux dictions sont semblables et

imitated by the old Italians, Rinaldo d' Aquino, Dante da Majano, Guido Cavalcanti, and others, and is known by the name of "*Rima alla Provenzale*" (See Crescimbeni Comentarj, vol. i. l. 2, c. 19, p. 178); and that this was the manner of the Latin rhymers is plain from the Schola Salernitana, the Epitaph of Roger, Duke of Sicily, in 1101;

Linquens terrenas | migravit dux ad amœnas
Rogerius sedes, | nam cæli detinet ædes:

and the poem De Contemptu Mundi, written by Benard, a monk of Cluny, about 1125, in this measure:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus:
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille Supremus! &c.
Fauchet, l. i. c. 7.

Observe, that, if the date of this poem be true, the

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de pareille consonance en syllabes, comme au chapitre de jalousie, de Jean de Meung:

"Preude femmes, par St. Denis,
Autant est, que de Fenis," &c.

But the word *Leonimetés* was more particularly applied (it seems) to such rhymes as run uninterrupted for many lines together; for the Life of St. Christina, written about the year 1300, after rhyming in couplets throughout, finishes with these lines:

"Seigneurs, qui en vos livres par maistrie metez
Equivocations et *leonismetéz*,
Si je tel ne puis faire, ne deprisiez mon livre,
Car qui a trouver n'a soubtil cuer et delivre,
Et *leonismeté* veult par tout a consuivre
Moult souvent entrelest, ce qu'il devoit en suivre."

(See Fauchet, l. i. c. 8, and Pasquier, l. vii. c. 2. Menage Dictionnaire Etymol. v. Leonins. Jul. Scaliger Poetice. Naude Mascurat, p. 332.)—[*Gray.*]

general opinion, that the Leonine verse owes its name to Leonius, seems to be false; for Benard, in a preface prefixed to his own work, calls his own measure "genus metricum, dactylum continuum, exceptis finalibus, trochæo vel spondæo, tum etiam sonoritatem *Leoninicam* servans:" and he mentions Hildebert de Laverdin, Bishop of Mans and afterwards of Tours, and Wichard, a Canon of Lyons, as having written a few things in this measure before him. It is not therefore very likely, as Leonius flourished in 1154, that he should give name to such Latin verses upwards of thirty years before. Indeed some people have thought that it was called after LEO, probably the Second, who lived in 684, a pope who is said to have reformed the hymns and the music of the church. (See Fauchet, l. i. c. 16.)

What makes it still more probable that the ancient verses in Latin rhyme might give rise to the Provençal and Italian poetry is that mixture of different languages which appears in some old compositions, namely, the canzone of Rambald de Vacheres (before the year 1226) in five several tongues, the Provençal, Tuscan, French, Gascon, and Spanish; the strange rhymes of Ubaldino the Florentine; the canzone of Dante, which begins,

Provenç.	Ahi, faulx ris, que trai haves?
Lat.	Oculos meos! et quid tibi feci?
Ital.	Che fatto m' hai così spietata fraude, &c.

and the great work, or La Divina Comedia, of the same poet.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE USE OF RHYME.[1]

THE oldest instance which we have of RHYME IN OUR TONGUE (if it be genuine) is that Tenure of the manor of Cholmer and Dancing, preserved in the Exchequer Rolls de anno 17 Edw. 2di, (at which time I suppose it was lodged there,) being the Grant of Edward the Confessor to Randolph Paperking. It begins:

> Iche, Edward Konyng,
> Have geven of my forest the keeping
> Of the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing
> To Randolph Paperking, and his kindling.
> With heort and hynd, doe and bocke,
> Hare and fox, cat and brocke,
> Wilde fowell, with his flocke,
> Partridge, Fesaunt-hen, and Fesaunt-cocke,
> With grene and wild stob and stocke,
> To kepen and to yemen by all her might, &c.

That King began his reign in 1043, and this grant must have been made before 1051, when Earl Godwyn rebelled; for Swein, the eldest son of Godwyn, and brother to Edward's wife, is named as a witness to it. From that time he was in arms against the King till he went to the Holy Land, whence he never returned.

[1] I have curtailed some of the quotations in this and the following essay.—[ED.]

It is to be observed, that he is here called *Swein of Essex* (See Camden); yet in reality not he, but his brother Harold, was Earl of that county and East Anglia: which is a circumstance that may give cause to suspect the antiquity of this rhyming donation.

There is another of the same sort preserved by Stow in his Chronicle, and transcribed more perfectly by Blount (in his Ancient Tenures, p. 102) from a manuscript belonging to Robert Glover in Com. Salop:

To the heyrs male of the Hopton lawfully begotten, &c.

There is also a poetical History of Great Britain extant, about the age of Henry the Third, written in Saxon verse without rhyme: it begins thus:

A preost wes in leoden
Lazamon wes ihoten
Lithe him beo drihten, &c.

And another in like measure, as old as Henry the Second .or Richard the First, on King Alfred, as follows:

At Sifforde[1] seten
Theines manie
Fele[2] biscopes
Fele bok-lered
Erles prude
Cnihtes egeleche, &c.

There is a large fragment of this poem printed in T. Spelman's Life of Alfred, fol. Oxon, 1678, p. 96.

[1] Seaford, near Oxford.

[2] *Fela*, Sax. many.

In the same manuscript volume, with the first of these specimens, are preserved "The Contention of the Owl and Nightingale," in rhyming verse of seven syllables, and "The Poem on Death," &c. in octosyllabic rhyme.

Ich was in one sumere dale
In one snwe digele hale
I herde ich holde grete tale
An hule and one nightingale
That plait was stif and stare and strong
Sum wile soft and lud among, &c.

ON DEATH, ETC.

Non mai longe lives wene,[1]
Ac ofte him lieth the wrench[2]
Fair wether turneth oft into reine
An wunderliche hit maketh his blench
( )
Tharfore, man, thu the biwench ;[3]
Al shal falewi[4] the grene
Weilawai nis kin ne quene
That ne scal drinche of deathes drench
Mon er thu falle of thi bench
Thine Sun thu aquench,[5] &c.

See also Pope Adrian the Fourth's Paraphrase of the Pater-noster, sent to Henry the Second, King of England (in Camden's Remains), and the Poetical Version of the Psalms (of Edward the Second's time) cited by Selden in his Titles of Honour, p. i. c. 3. The same may be seen in Weever's Funeral Monu-

[1] *Wenan*, Saxon, to suppose.
[2] *Wrence*, Saxon, a trap or wile.
[3] Perhaps from *Bewerigan*, Saxon, to beware.
[4] *Falewe*, Saxon, a yellow colour.
[5] *Acwencan*, Saxon, to quench.

ments, p. 152; see also Scotch rhyme on Edward the First, and the answer (ibid. p. 458); Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

Note.—It appears from a story told by Ekkehardus junior, a monk of St. Gall, in his history of that monastery, that early in the *tenth* century the children who were educated there were taught to make Latin rhymes without regard to quantity and metre, and also verses strictly metrical in the same tongue. Ekkehardus says, that when Solomon, Bishop of Constance, a little before his death, came into their school, the boys addressed him in both these manners: "Parvuli Latinè *pro nosse* (perhaps, *prosaicè*), medii rhythmicè, cæteri vero metricè, quasi pro rostris rhetoricè etiam affantur; quorum duorum (quoniam a patribus verba recepimus) unus inquit,

> Quid tibi fecimus *tale*, | ut nobis facias *male*?
> Appellamus *regem*, | quia nostram fecimus *legem*:

at alter versificator inquit,

> Non nobis pia *spes* | fuerat, cum sis novus hos*pes*,
> Ut vetus in pe*jus* | transvertere tute velis *jus*:"

this prelate died in the year 919.

As to those rhyming epitaphs of Ethelbert, King of Kent, Laurentius the second Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. said by Weever (p. 241 and 246) to be inscribed on their monuments, in the church of St. Austin's at Canterbury, they would carry back the date of Latin rhyme as far as the beginning of the seventh century, in England, but I suspect they are

of a later date, written perhaps in the time of Abbot Scotland, soon after the Conquest; who, I find, rebuilt a great part of the church, and removed many of the ancient kings and abbots from the place in which they were first interred into the choir, where he erected princely monuments over them. (Weever, p. 253.)

*From an Essay entitled "*CAMBRI*" the following Remarks are selected as relating to the Subject of* RHYME.

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS AND CONJECTURES ON RHYME.

IN the most ancient of the British poets and others, it appears that the *Cambri*, or Welch, originally called themselves *Prydhain*, and their country Inis Prydhain, the Isle of Britain. The inhabitants of Wales removing their cattle and habitations from place to place, (which is still practised in some mountainous parts, and was so universally in former ages,) after the custom was disused in England, were called Wallenses, from *Walen*, a word synonymous to that of Nomades. (See Carte's Hist. vol. i. p. 5, and p. 108.)

The Druidical compositions, which served as a model to Taliessin, Llywark, and others of the most ancient and best of the British poets, whose works are preserved, and have since served for the foundation of that excellent prosodia which they have in the Welch grammar, and which is perhaps the finest that any language affords, were admirably contrived for assisting the memory. They were all adapted to music, every word being harmonious, the strongest

and most expressive repeated in a beautiful manner, and all of them ranged in an order established by rules well known and universally received in such compositions; each verse so connected with, and dependent on, those which either preceded or followed it, that, if any one line in a stanza be remembered, all the rest must of course be called to mind, and it is almost impracticable to forget or to mistake in any. "The British poetry, as well as the language, hath a peculiarity which no other language perhaps in the world hath; so that the British poets in all ages, and to this day, call their art *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, or 'The Secret of the Poets.' Knowing this art of the poets, it is impossible that any one word of the language, which is to be found in poetry, should be pronounced in any other manner than is there used; so that without a transformation of the whole language, not one word could be altered."

These are the words of a very judicious antiquary, Mr. Lewis Morris, perfectly well versed in the ancient British poets. He adds, though at first sight it may be naturally thought that their poetry is clogged with so many rules, that it is impossible to write a poem of common sense in the language, yet the vast number of flexions of consonants in it, and the variations of declensions, &c. make it almost as copious as four or five languages added together; and consequently a poet in the Cambrian language, notwithstanding the strictness of his rules, hath as great a scope and use of words as in any other tongue whatsoever, as will

appear from a perusal of the British poets. (Ibid. p. 33.)

This "*Secret of the Poets*" is explained to us at large by Dr. David ap Rhys (or Rhæsus) in his "Linguæ Cambro-Britannicæ Institutiones," p. 146, Lond. 1592, 4to. They had nine different measures from verses of three to those of eleven syllables, each distinguished by its proper appellation. Some of them have been from a very remote antiquity common among us in the English tongue, and not improbably might have been borrowed from the Britons, as I am apt to believe, that the use of rhyme itself was. I was once, I own, of Crescimbeni's opinion, that it was derived from the Roman Church in its hymns, and thence passed to the people of Provence. But if we consider that, some few slight traces of rhyme among the Romans excepted, there is nothing of their hymns, or sequentiæ, written in that manner earlier than the time of Pope Gregory the Great, in the end of the sixth century; and at the same time that it was regularly and very artificially practised among the Britons in a variety of measures, and these too of a peculiar contrivance, and (as men of letters acquainted with the language assure us) full of poetical spirit and enthusiasm: if we consider also how well adapted the division and rhyme of their poetry is to assist the memory, and that the British Druids (once the priesthood of the nation) delivered all the precepts of their doctrine in verse, which never was to be committed to writing, we may easily enough be induced to believe that these

bards of the sixth century practised an art which they had received by tradition from the times of the Druids, and, though the precepts of their superstition had been laid aside and forgotten at the introduction of Christianity, yet the traces of their harmony did remain.

That the Saxons, who had no rhyme among them, might borrow both that and some of the measures still in use from their neighbours the Britons, seems probable to me, though at what time they did it is very uncertain. For above one hundred and fifty years after the Saxon invasion the two nations had no other commerce than in the rough intercourse of war, and seemed to breathe nothing but inextinguishable hatred and mutual defiance. But Christianity (it is likely) something softened their spirits, and brought the Britons to regard their bitter enemies, who were now no longer pagans, as their brethren and their fellow-creatures.

If any one ask, why (supposing us to have first borrowed our rhyme from the Britons) no memorial of it is left in England earlier than the Conquest, nay, perhaps than Henry the Second's reign, which is about four hundred and fifty years after our connection with the Welch, I answer, the fact is not certainly true; for there are some few rhymes recorded as old as the beginning of the tenth century, witness Athelstan's donation to Beverley Minster; and, in the succeeding century, the freedom of Coventry granted to Earl Leofric, and the Tenure of Cholmer and Dancing in

Essex, attributed to Edward the Confessor. But if these should be only the fictions of after-ages, can any one tell me why the Franks, who, as we know, wrote rhyme in their own[1] tongue in the ninth century, should have nothing to produce of rhyme in the French or Provençal language till almost two hundred and fifty years afterwards? Why have they no monument at all, preserved in their ancient tongue, of the Gothic poetry, though for so many years they bordered on the Anglo-Saxons in Germany who practised it, a people of like origin and manners, and who probably spoke the same tongue? Why have these Saxons themselves, for above three hundred years after they

[1] As we have no reason to imagine that the Gothic nations of the north made any use of rhyme in their versification, and as the Franks appear to be the first who practised it (three hundred and fifty years after they conquered Gaul), it seems highly probable that they borrowed it from the natives of this country, to whom it must have been familiar at least three hundred years before. For, as we know that the Britons had it so early, who spoke the same tongue with the Gauls, and delivered to them the precepts of their religion and philosophy in verse, these latter could not possibly be ignorant of their poetry, which they imitated in their own country. Nor is it probable that the government of the Romans had obliterated all traces of their ancient arts and learning in the minds of the Gauls, since it had not made them forget their ancient language. It is plain, that in the fifth century the Arverni still spoke the Celtic tongue, from a letter of Sidonius Apollinaris (l. iii. ep. 3), and that it was still understood in the ninth century, appears from the Life of St. Germain, written in the reign of Charles the Bald, by Heric, a monk of Auxerre, wherein he interprets the names of several cities in Gaul. (See Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions, vol. xx. p. 43 and 44.)—[*Gray.*]

landed in this island, no verses of this sort remaining, but a small fragment of Cædmon, preserved in a book of King Alfred's? Why have the Normans nothing at all of this kind extant among them after their arrival in France? Who can account for the caprice of time, and shew why one monument has, and another has not, escaped the wreck of ages? Perhaps rhyme might begin among the common people, and be applied only to the meaner species of poetry, adages, songs, and vulgar histories, passing by tradition from one to another; while the clergy and others, who possessed what literature there was in the nation, either wrote in the Latin tongue, or in the measures peculiar to their country and language, which by a very natural prejudice they would prefer to those of a conquered people, especially as poesy had been cultivated among them, and in the highest esteem for ages past; and their *Scalds* were as necessary in their armies, and in the courts of their princes, as either Druid or bard among the Britons. After the Normans came over, and had introduced so much of the French (or Roman) tongue among us, rhyme must of course grow prevalent and familiar in England, especially when Henry the Second (himself an Angevin, and educated in France) had married the heiress of Aquitaine, where the Provençal school first began about fifty years before, and was at that time in the highest reputation.

SOME REMARKS ON THE POEMS OF JOHN LYDGATE.

JOHN LYDGATE was born at a place of that name in Suffolk, about the year 1370.

> I followed after, fordulled for rudenèss,
> More than three scorè yerès set my date.
> Lustè of youth, passed his freshĕnesse,
> Colours of rhetorike, to help me translate,
> Were faded away; I was born in Lydgate
> Where Bacchus' licour doth ful scarsely flete,
> My dry soul for to dewè and to wete.
>
> Prologue to Book viii. by Bochas on the Fall of Princes.

This work, he tells us, was begun while Henry the Sixth was in France, where that King never was but when he went to be crowned at Paris in 1432, so that if Lydgate were then upwards of threescore, he must have been born at the time I have assigned; and Tanner says that he was ordained a deacon in 1393, which is usually done in the twenty-third year of a man's age. He was a monk of the Benedictine order at St. Edmund's Bury, and in 1423 was elected prior of Hatfield-Brodhook, but the following year had license to return to his convent again. His condition, one would imagine, should have supplied him with

the necessaries of life, yet he more than once complains to his great patron the protector, Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, of his wants, and he shews, particularly in the passage above, that he did not dislike a little more wine than the convent allowed him.

After enumerating the principal English poets who lived before him, whose merit he does not pretend to equal, he says,

> But I, who stand low downè in the vale,
> So grete a booke in Englyshe to translate,
> Did it by constrainte, and no presumption,
> Born in a village, which is called Lydgate
> By oldè time a famous castel towne,
> In Danès time it was beatè down,
> Time what St. Edmund's martir, maid and king,
> Was slaine at Oxford, récorde of writing, &c.
>
> Epilogue.

There are a few other things in this work of Lydgate's which have no connection with his merit as a poet, but are curious as they relate to the history and manners of the times in which he lived. Thus in book viii. c. 24, we see that wine was still made in England in Henry the Sixth's reign, and that Hampshire was famous for it; so that the reason assigned for neglecting the culture of vines, I mean, that we could have so much better wines from our French dominions, is not true; and indeed a few years after this we lost all our conquests and territories in that country.

> London hath shippis by the sea to saile,
> Bacchus at Winchester greatly doth availe,

Worcester with fruits aboundeth at the full,
Hertford with beastis, Cotiswold with wooll.
Bath hath hot bathes holesome for medicine,
Yorke mighty timber for great ávauntage,
Corněwall miners in to mine,—
And Salisbury has beastès full savàge,
Wheate meale and hony plentie for every age:
Kent and Canterbury hath great commoditie,
Of sondrie fishes there taken in the sea.

We may remark too the notion then current in Britain, that King Arthur was not dead, but translated to Fairy-Land, and should come again to restore the Round Table:

This errour[1] abideth yet among Britons,
Which founded is upon the prophesie
Of old Merlin, like their opinion;
He as a king is crowned in faërie,
With scepter and sworde, and with his regalie
Shall resort as lord and soveraine
Out of faerie, and reigne in Britaine, &c.
B. viii. c. 24.

And we may remark also the opinion, then prevailing, that a decisive victory was a certain proof of the justice of the conqueror's cause, which was but natural among a people which for ages had been taught to refer even civil causes to a decision by combat.

It seems that Lydgate was little acquainted with the Latin tongue, whatever he might be with the Italian and French, in which Bishop Tanner says

[1] Peter of Blois, who lived in 1170, says ironically, in his Epistles, 57:

"Quibus si credideris,
Expectare poteris
Arturum cum Britonibus." [*Gray.*]

he was well skilled, having travelled in both those countries; for he says himself,

I never was acquaintedde with Virgile,
Nor with the sugared ditties of Homère,
Nor Dares Phrygius withe his goldenne stile,
Nor with Ovide in poetry most entère,
Nor with the sovereign ballades of Chaucère,
Which, amonge all that ever were redde or sunge,
Excelled all other in our Englishe tungue.
I cannot ben a judge in this mattère,
As I conceive, following my fantaisie;
In moral matter notable was Gowère,
And so was Strode[1] in his philosophie,
In perfite living, which passith poesie,
Richard Hermite, contemplatif of sentènce,
Drough in Englishe, *the Pricke of Conscience.*
As the gold-crested brightè summer-sunne
Passith other sterres with his bemès cleare,
And as Lucina chases setès downe
The frostie nights when Hesperus doth appere,
Righte soe my master haddè never peere,
I mean Chaucère in stories, that he tolde,
And he also wrote tragedies olde.

But this perhaps[2] is only an affectation of great

[1] (Chaucer mentions these two writers with the same species of commendation:

"Oh moralle Gowere, this bokè I directe
To thee, and to the philosophicke Strode."
Troilus and Cresseide, book v. v. 1855.
MATHIAS.)

[2] So in Machabrées Daunce of Death, paraphrased from the French, he says:

"Have me excused, my name is John Lydgate,
Rude of languàge; I was not born in France,
Her curious metres in Englishe to translate:
Of other tongue I have noe suffisaunce."

humility and modesty, which was common to all these ancient writers; for however little he might be *acquainted* with Homer and Virgil, it is certain that he was very much so with Chaucer's compositions, whom he calls his master, and who (as I imagine) was so in a literal sense. It is certain that Lydgate was full thirty years of age when Chaucer[1] died. But whatever his skill were in the learned languages, it is sure that he has not taken his "Fall of Princes" from the original Latin[2] prose of Boccacio, but from a French translation of it by one Laurence, as he tells us himself in the beginning of his work. It was indeed rather a paraphrase than a translation, for he took the liberty of making several additions, and of reciting more at large many histories, which Boccacio had slightly passed over:

> And he[3] sayeth eke, that his entencyon
> Is to amend, correcten, and declare,
> Not to condemne of no presumpcyon,
> But to supportè plainly and to spare
> Thing touched shortly of the storie bare,

[1] See Lydgate's Life of the Virgin Mary, cap. xxxiv. and in "the Pylgrimage of the Soul," printed by Caxton, 1483, c. xxxiv. which is the same, and seems to shew this latter translation to be Lydgate's also.

[2] Boccacius de Casibus Illustrium Virorum is (like the rest of his Latin works and those of his master Petrarch) now little read or esteemed by any body; it is written in a kind of poetical prose; the parties concerned are introduced as passing in review before him, as in a vision, and recounting their own catastrophe, and it is interspersed with the author's moral reflections upon each of their histories.

[3] i. e. Laurence.

Under a stile briefe and compendious,
Them to prolong when they be virtuous.
For a storye which is not plainly tolde,
But constreyned under wordes few,
For lacke of truth, wher they ben new or olde,
Men by reporte cannot the matter shewe:
These oakès greatè be not down yhewe
First at a stroke, but by a *long processe*,
Nor long stories a word may not expresse.

These "*long processes*" indeed suited wonderfully with the attention and simple curiosity of the age in which Lydgate lived. Many *a stroke* have he and the best of his contemporaries spent upon a *sturdy old story*, till they had blunted their own edge and that of their readers; at least a modern reader will find it so: but it is a folly to judge of the understanding and of the patience of those times by our own. They loved, I will not say tediousness, but length and a train of circumstances in a narration. The vulgar do so still: it gives an air of reality to facts, it fixes the attention, raises and keeps in suspense their expectation, and supplies the defects of their little and lifeless imagination; and it keeps pace with the slow motion of their own thoughts. Tell them a story as you would tell it to a man of wit, it will appear to them as an object seen in the night by a flash of lightning; but when you have placed it in various lights and in various positions, they will come at last to see and feel it as well as others. But we need not confine ourselves to the vulgar, and to understandings beneath our own. *Circumstance* ever was, and ever will be, the

life and the essence both of oratory and of poetry. It has in some sort the same effect upon every mind that it has upon that of the populace; and I fear the quickness and delicate impatience of these polished times, in which we live, are but the forerunners of the decline of all those beautiful arts which depend upon the imagination.

Whether these apprehensions are well or ill grounded, it is sufficient for me that Homer, the father of *circumstance*, has occasion for the same apology which I am making for Lydgate and for his predecessors. Not that I pretend to make any more comparison between his beauties and theirs, than I do between the different languages in which they wrote. Ours was indeed barbarous enough at that time, the orthography unsettled, the syntax very deficient and confused, the metre[1] and the number of syllables left

[1] I am inclined to think, (whatever Mr. Dryden says in the preface to his Tales) that their metre, at least in serious measures and in heroic stanzas, was uniform; not indeed to the eye, but to the ear, *when rightly pronounced.* We undoubtedly destroy a great part of the music of their versification by laying the accent of words, where nobody *then* laid it; for example, in the lines cited above, if we pronounce entēncion, presūmpcion, compēndious, vērtuous, prōcesse, &c. in the manner in which we do in our own age, it is neither verse nor rhyme; but Lydgate and his contemporaries undoubtedly said, entenciōn, compendioūs, procēsse, &c. as the French (from whom those words were borrowed) do at this day, *intentiōn, compendieūx, procēs.*

We may every day see instances of this: the better sort of people affect to introduce many words from that language, some of which retain their original accent for many years, such as *fracās, eclāt, ennūi,* &c.: others, by coming more into vulgar

to the ear alone; and yet, with all its rudeness, our tongue had then acquired an energy and a plenty by the adoption of a variety of words borrowed from the French, the Provençal, and the Italian, about the

use, lose it and assume the English accent, as rīdicule, rāillery, éclāircissement, advērtisement, hāutgout, &c. Another peculiarity in the old pronunciation was that of liquefying two syllables into one, especially where there was a liquid consonant in either of them, as,

"Which among all that *ever* were redde or sunge"—

Or,

"Of right *consid'red* of truth and equitè."

Here undoubtedly "*ever*" in the first line was pronounced as one syllable, and "*consid'red,*" in the second line, as two syllables. We cannot wonder at this, because we do it still; "*memory, heavenly, every,*" &c. naturally of three syllables, are, when spoken, of two only; "*given, driven,*" &c. which should be of two, are reduced only to one syllable. It is true, that we are uniform in this, and pronounce such words always alike in prose and verse, and we have thrown out the vowel (to the great detriment of our language) in the end of all participles-past, as "awaken'd, bless'd, damag'd, troubl'd," &c. by which they either lose a syllable quite, or (what is worse) that syllable is pronounced, and yet consists of nothing but consonants. The ancients, I imagine, did the same, but not uniformly, either opening or contracting such words to suit the necessities of *their* measure. They also at pleasure united two syllables, where one ended and the other begun with a vowel; as,

"Ĭn pērfĭt līvĭng, whĭch păssĭth poĕsīe"—

Or,

"Nor with Ŏvīde ĭn *pōe*trў mōst ĕntēre—"

Poesie and *poetry* were dissyllables: and this they did even where the syllables were in two different words, as

"Shall follŏw a sprīng-floŏde ōf grăcious plĕntīe."—

The syllables I have marked were melted into one, as well in "follow *a,*" as in "gracious." They carried it still further, and

middle of the fourteenth century, which at this day our best writers seem to miss and to regret; for many of them have gradually dropped into disuse, and are only now to be found in the remotest counties of England.

Another thing, which perhaps contributed in a degree to the making our ancient poets so voluminous, was the great facility of rhyming, which is now grown so difficult; words of two or three syllables, being then newly taken from foreign languages, did still retain their original accent, and that accent (as they were mostly derived from the French) fell, according to the genius of that tongue, upon the last syllable;[1] which, if it had still continued among us, had been a great advantage to our poetry. Among the Scotch this still continues in many words; for they[2] say, envȳ, practīse, pensīve, positīve, &c.: but we, in process of time, have accustomed ourselves to throw back

cut off a syllable where the accent did not fall upon it, even before a consonant, as,

"Caūse ŏf mў sōr*rowe*, roōte ŏf mў hēavĭnēsse;"

here "sor*row*" lost its last syllable entirely. These liberties may be justified by our use of the particle "*the*" in verse, which we sometimes sink, and sometimes pronounce distinctly before a vowel; and not many years ago it was frequently cut off even before a consonant.—[*Gray.*]

[1] Except in words which end with an *e* mute, which being always pronounced in verse by the French, and making a distinct syllable, the accent is laid upon the penultima: in such words our ancestors either pronounced the finishing *e*, or dropped it entirely, as the French themselves do in common conversation. This, I conceive, was one of our poetical licenses.—[*Gray.*]

[2] In Waller's time only we said commērce, triūmph, &c. with the accent on the last syllable.—[*Gray.*]

all our accents upon the antepenultima, in words of three or more syllables, and of our dissyllables comparatively but a few are left, as despāir, disdāin, repēnt, pretēnd, &c. where the stress is not laid on the penultima. By this mean we are almost reduced to find our rhymes among the monosyllables, in which our tongue too much abounds, a defect which will for ever hinder it from adapting itself well to music, and must be consequently no small impediment to the sweetness and harmony of versification. I have now before me Pope's ethic epistles, the first folio edition, which I open at random, and find in two opposite pages (beginning with

Who but must laugh, the master when he sees, &c.

in the Epistle on Taste to Lord Burlington) in the compass of forty lines only seven words at the end of a verse which are not monosyllables: there is indeed one which is properly a dissyllable, hēavēn, but cruel constraint has obliged our poets to make it but one syllable (as indeed it is in common pronunciation), otherwise it would not have been any single rhyme at all. Thus our too numerous monosyllables are increased, and consonants crowded together till they can hardly be pronounced at all; a misfortune which has already happened to the second person singular perfect in most of our verbs, such as thou stood'st, gav'st, hurt'st, laugh'dst, uprear'dst, built'st, &c. which can scarcely be borne in prose. Now as to trissyllables, as their accent is very rarely on the last, they cannot

properly be any rhymes at all: yet nevertheless I highly commend those who have judiciously and sparingly introduced them as such. DRYDEN, *in whose admirable ear the music of our old versification still sounded*, has frequently done it in his Tales and elsewhere. Pope does it now and then, but seems to avoid it as licentious. If any future Englishman can attain that height of glory to which *these two poets* have risen, let him be less scrupulous, upon reflecting, that to poetry languages owe their first formation, elegance, and purity; that our own, which was naturally rough and barren, borrowed from thence its copiousness and its ornaments; and that the authority of such a poet may perhaps redress many of the abuses which time and ill custom have introduced, the poverty of rhyme, the crowd of monosyllables, the collision of harsh consonants, and the want of picturesque expression, which, I will be bold to say, our language labours under *now* more than it did a hundred years ago.

To return to Lydgate. I do not pretend to set him on a level with his master, Chaucer, but he certainly comes the nearest to him of any contemporary writer that I am acquainted with. His choice of expression, and the smoothness of his verse, far surpass both Gower and Occleve. He wanted not art in raising the more tender emotions of the mind, of which I might give several examples. The first is, of that sympathy which we feel for humble piety and contrition: Constantine is introduced making his con-

fession and returning thanks to heaven in sight of the Roman people, after he had been cured of a grievous malady by the water of baptism:

Of the same kind is the prayer of Theodosius before he engaged in battle with Arbogastes (in the same book, fol. 188). A second instance of the pathetic, but in a different way, I shall transcribe from the first book, fol. 39, to shew how far he could enter into the distresses of love and of maternal fondness. Canace, condemned to death by Æolus her father, sends to her guilty brother, Macareus, the last testimony of her unhappy passion:

Out of her swoonè when she did abbraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distrèsse,
To her brother full piteouslie she said,
" Cause of my sorrowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the sourse of my gladnèsse
When both our joyes by wille were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be inclosed.
* * * * *
This is mine end, I may it not astarte;
O brother mine, there is no more to saye;
Lowly beseeching with all mine whole hearte
For to remember specially, I praye,
If it befall my littel sonne to dye,
That thou mayst after some mynd on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.
I hold him streitly twene my armès twein,
Thou and natùre laidè on me this charge;
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine:
And sith thou art at freedome and at large
Let kindness oure love not so discharge,
But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.
On thee and me dependeth the trespàce,

Touching our guilt and our great offence,
But, welaway! most àngelik of face
Our childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltëless,
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlèss.
A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complaine, alas! for none outràge,
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visàge.
What heart of stele could do to him damàge,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manere
And looke benigne of his tweine eyen clere?"

B. i. fol. 39.

I stop here, not because there are not great beauties in the remainder of this epistle, but because Lydgate, in the three last stanzas of this extract, has touched the very heart-springs of compassion with so masterly a hand, as to merit a place among the greatest poets. The learned reader will see the resemblance they bear to one of the most admirable remnants of all antiquity, I mean the fragment of Simonides (unhappily it is but a fragment) preserved to us by Dionysius Halicarnassensis; and yet, I believe, that no one will imagine that Lydgate had ever seen or heard of it. As to Ovid, from whom Boccacio might borrow many of his ideas in this story, it will be easily seen, upon comparison, how far our poet has surpassed him. He finishes his narration in this manner:

Writing her letter, awhapped all in drede,
In her right hand her penne ygan to quake,

And a sharp sword to make her hartè blede,
In her left hand her father hath her take,
And most her sorrowe was for her childes sake,
Upon whose facè in her barme sleepȳnge
Full many a tere she wept in cōmplăynȳng.
After all this, so as she stoode and quoke,
Her child beholding mid of her peines smart,
Without abode the sharpè sword she tooke,
And rove herselfè even to the hearte;
Her child fell down, which mightè not astert,
Having no help to succour him, nor save,
But in her blood the selfe began to bathe.

B. i. fol. 39.

A third kind of pathos arises from magnanimity in distress, which, managed by a skilful hand, will touch us even where we detest the character which suffers. Of this too I shall produce an example in Olympias, the mother of Alexander, betrayed into the hands of the perfidious Cassander. It begins:

His faith was laidè that time for hostàge—

And for five stanzas following.

And his reflections, after this, upon the fortitude of so cruel and imperious a woman shew something of penetration and insight into the human heart:

But froward rancour and wode melancholie
Gave her a sprite of feignèd patience,
A false pretence of high magnificence;
A scauncè she had been in virtue stronge,
For truthe to have enduredde every wrong.
Contrarious force made her dispiteous
Strong in her errour to endure her payne,
Of obstinate heart she was, fell and yròus,

In death's constreintè list not to complaine:
Counterfeit suffrance made her for to feigne,
Nothing of virtue plainly to termine,
Nor of no manners that be feminine.

B. iv. fol. 114.

Of the same kind are his description of Mithridates surrounded by the troops of Pompey in Armenia, (B. vi. fol. 153) the Speech of Regulus to the Senate, (B. v.) and that of Lucrece to her husband and father determining on death, (B. ii. fol. 48) and the same story repeated, for he has told it twice in a different manner (B. iii. fol. 74).

It is observable that in images of horror, and in a certain terrible greatness, our author comes far behind Chaucer. Whether they were not suited to the genius or to the temper of Lydgate, I do not determine; but it is certain that, though they naturally seemed to present themselves, he has almost generally chosen to avoid them: yet is there frequently a stiller kind of majesty both in his thought and expression, which makes one of his principal beauties. The following instance of it (I think) approaches even to sublimity:

God hath a thousand handès to chastȳse,
A thousand dartès of punïcïon,
A thousand bowès made in uncouthe wyse,
A thousand arblastes bent in his doungeon,[1]
Ordeind each one for castigacïon;
But where he fyndes mekeness and repentaùnce,
Mercy is mystresse of his ordinaunce.

B. i. f. 6.

[1] *Doungeon* is a castle or palace: so in B. viii. c. 24, he calls heaven "the riche sterry bright doungeon."—[*Gray.*]

There is also a particular elegance in his grave and sententious reflections, which makes a distinguishing part of his character: of this I shall give some examples out of a multitude. B. i. f. 6, &c. on pride; on literature, in the prologue to the fourth book; and on contented poverty (B. i. f. 34); and on the vices of persons meanly born, when raised to power (B. iv. f. 118); but examples of this kind are too many and too prolix for me to transcribe. I shall refer, however, also to those verses which recommend gentleness and mercy to women (f. 115); on the mischiefs of flattery (f. 44); on ingratitude (f. 139); on patience (f. 211); on avarice (f. 93); on the duties of a king (f. 190); and the allegorical combat between fortune and glad poverty (f. 69).

Lydgate seems to have been by nature of a more serious and melancholy turn of mind than Chaucer; yet one here and there meets with a stroke of satire and irony which does not want humour, and it usually falls (as was the custom of those times) either upon the women or on the clergy. As the religious were the principal scholars of these ages, they probably gave the tone in writing or in wit to the rest of the nation. The celibacy imposed on them by the church had soured their temper, and naturally disposed them (as is observed of old bachelors in our days) to make the weaknesses of the other sex their theme; and though every one had a profound respect for his own particular order, yet the feuds and bickerings between one order and another were perpetual and irreconcile-

able. These possibly were the causes which directed the satire of our old writers principally to those two objects. On the first may be produced the passage (B. i. f. 26),

But Bochas here, &c.

for three stanzas.

In the dispute between Brunichilde, Queen of France, and Boccacio, he is more direct and explicit:

Soothely, quoth he, this is the condicion,
Of you women, almostè every where, &c.

(B. ix. f. 198), and so for three stanzas: and surely his reflections on Orpheus, when he had lost Euridice, are neither deficient in spirit nor in expression (B. i. f. 32):

If some husbands had stonden in the case
To have lost their wives for a looke sodeine, &c.

and for five stanzas.

This kind of satire will, I know, appear to modern men of taste a little stale and unfashionable; but our reflections should go deeper, and lead us to consider the fading and transitory nature of wit in general. I have above attempted to shew the source whence the two prevailing subjects of our ancestors' severity were derived: let us also observe their different success and duration from those times to our own.

The first, I mean the frailties of women, are now become the favourite theme of conversation among country-gentlemen, fellows of colleges, and the lower clergy. Upon these (if we attend to it) commonly

turns the archness and pleasantry of farmers, peasants, and the meanest of the people; for to them it is that modes of wit, as well as of dress and manners, gradually descend; and there (as they came to them by a very slow and insensible progress) from a peculiar sullenness and aversion in their nature to every thing which seems new; so, when they are once established, do they continue and obstinately adhere for ages; for, as it has been said of justice, it is in the country that

Fashion lingers, ere she leaves the land.

Go but into some county at a distance from the capital; observe their table, their furniture, their habits; and be sure that there was a time (which a person of curiosity in the original and antiquity of national customs may frequently discover) when those meats with which they serve you, and those moveables which they use, were delicacies and conveniences of life, only seen in the houses of people of high distinction; and when those forms of dress, at which you now laugh, were newly imported or invented by some "ruffling gallant," or by some lofty dame of honour in the court of Elizabeth, perhaps, or, at latest, of Charles the Second. In the same manner, in their expressions of civility and compliment, and in their turn of reflection, their stories and their jokes all savour of a former age, and once belonged to the most polished and gayest people of our nation. Sometimes they were originally ridiculous

and absurd, sometimes far more proper and more sensible than what has been since introduced in their room; and here it is only the misapplication of them, and somewhat of awkwardness which they may have contracted in the country, that can with justice make them objects of ridicule.

That general satire upon the female sex, of which I am speaking, is now banished from good company; for which there may be several reasons given. Celibacy is no more enjoined to our clergy, and as knowledge and writing diffused themselves among the body of the people, the clergy grew no longer to be the leaders of their taste and humour; and lastly, we have (as in most things) adopted in some measure that extreme politeness and respect which the French *pretend* to shew to their women. The case is nearly the same in that nation as in this, in one point; the clergy have less influence there than in any other catholic country, and, as erudition has spread among the laity, they are no more the models of wit and good sense to their countrymen. Their old *Fabliaux* and *Romans* were just as severe upon the women, and in the same way, as ours; and just so that humour has imperceptibly worn out with them. Yet we need but look into the tales of Fontaine in that tongue, borrowed from those old stories which I have mentioned, and from Boccacio, Machiavel, Ariosto, and others, where all the naïveté and sly simplicity of the ancient writers are preserved and heightened with the correctness, elegance, and graces of the

moderns; and (though far the greater part of their humour runs upon this very subject) we shall soon be convinced that it is a topic not to be exhausted, and full as susceptible of wit and of true ridicule as it was four hundred years ago. Instances of this in our own language may be seen in most of Dryden's Tales, in Pope's January and May, the Wife of Bath's Prologue, and in other compositions.

But raillery on the priesthood has continued through every age, and remains almost as fashionable as ever. It was in its full force about the time of the Reformation, and a little before, upon the revival of learning and the invention of printing: afterwards it turned upon our established church, and the variety of sects produced the same effect that the variety of the religious orders had done formerly; not to mention the struggles for power between the Church and the Commonwealth in Charles the First's and in Charles the Second's reign, and at the Revolution, and in the last years of Queen Anne, and in the beginning of George the First, which have produced a lasting bitterness and rancour, which keeps this kind of satire alive and in countenance even to this day. Addison, who formed and influenced the national taste in a thousand instances, could not with all his efforts do it in this case; yet perhaps we may, in no long time, see the end of this fashion, for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the spirit is already subsiding.

The examples of this second kind of wit are much

more frequent in Chaucer than in Lydgate: there are however some, as in B. ix. fol. 202, of the Fall of Princes:

> The poorè staff, and potent of doctrine,
> When it was chaunged, and listè not abide
> In wilful povertie; but gan anon decline
> On statelie palfreys and highe horse to ride;
> Sharpe hairès then were also laide asyde,
> Turned to copes of purple and sanguine,
> Gownès of scarlet furrèd with ermine.
> Slenderè fare of wine and water clere,
> With abstinence of bread ymade of wheat,
> Chaunged the days to many fat dinère
> With confit drink and Ippocrasè swete;
> All sobernessè did his boundès lete:
> Scarsness of foode leftè his olde estate,
> With new excess gan wexè delicate.

And in B. ix. f. 217:

> Priestès, prelàtes, and well-fed fat parsons
> Richly avaunced, and clerkès of degree
> Reken up religions with all their brode crowns,
> And patriarches, that have great sovereigntie,
> Bishops, abbòts, confirmed in their see,
> Secular canons, with many a great prebènd,
> Behold of fortune the mutability,
> How sodeinly she made them to descend.

And in the Daunce of Machabree,[1] where Death is introduced as leading a measure, and compelling all sorts and degrees of mankind to join the dance, men

[1] It is a translation, or rather a paraphrase from the French of Doctor Machabrée, and the subject of it was expressed on the wall of St. Innocent's at Paris in painting, where Lydgate had seen it. It is printed by Tothill at the end of Boccace in 1554, fol.—[*Gray.*]

of the church are represented as more loth and unwilling to die, than any other profession whatever.

The Pope, indeed, out of respect to his dignity, and the Chartreux and the Hermit, (who were entirely abstracted from worldly affairs, and exposed therefore to no one's malignity) shew less repugnance to death, and the latter even welcomes him with great cheerfulness.

Lydgate, however, makes his apology to the ladies very handsomely for the hard things he has said of them:

> The richè rubye, nor the sapphire Ynde,
> Be not appairèd of their freshe beautèe,
> Thoughe amonge stones men counterfeitès finde:
> And semblaby, though some women be
> Not well govèrned after their degre,
> It not defaceth, nor doth violence
> To them, that never did in their life offence.
> The whitè lilie, nor the wholesom rose,
> Nor violettès spredde on bankis thick
> Their swetènesse, which outward they unclose,
> Is not appaired with no wedès wicke, &c.
>
> B. i. f. 37.

He defends the honour of his country with a laudable spirit against Boccacio, who, though speaking of the victory when John, King of France, was made prisoner, calls the English "inertissimos et nullius valoris homines:"

> Though the said Boccace flowred in poetrie,
> His partialle writinge gave no mortal wounde,
> Caughtè a quarrel in his melancholie,
> Which to his shame did afterwardes redounde, &c.

Held them but smale of reputation,
In his report; men may his writings see:
His fantasie, nor his opinion
Stode in that case of no authoritie:
Their kinge was took; their knightès all did flee:
Where was Bochas to help them at such nede?
Save with his pen, he made no man to blede.
B. xi. f. 2.16.

The epilogue addressed to the Duke of Gloucester, and the three envoyes which follow it, have much poetical expression in them, which was Lydgate's peculiar merit. However his name be now almost lost in oblivion, yet did his reputation continue flourishing above a hundred years after his death, and particularly we may see the esteem in which this work of "The Fall of Princes" was in, for eight poets in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and at the head of them Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, joined their forces to write a supplement to it, called "The Mirror of Magistrates." (See W. Baldwyn's preface, fol. 109 of the edition in 1587, in 4to.)

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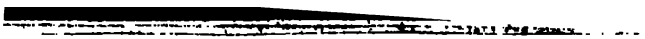
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